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INTRODUCTION

THIS volume contains one hundred and thirty-seven descriptions—or characters as it is convenient to call them—of English men and women, written by their contemporaries, from the twelfth century to the present day.

It is notoriously difficult to reproduce conversation we have listened to however striking the impression made on us may have been at the time. Even the gift for conveying in words the appearance and mental qualities of a person intimately known to the writer is not a common one. Nevertheless the number of characters in our language is large. The faculty for portraying real people vividly is by no means confined to our greatest writers, and studies of the physical and moral characteristics of a wide variety of people are to be found in many kinds of writings from early chronicles to modern newspapers. The field is, in fact, so large¹ that I have limited myself to books devoted to individuals or to small groups of people. Dictionaries of biography would have supplied me with material, but to have included an extract from one of them in the body of this book would have suggested that the sources of my collection were wider than they are.

Although it does not differ in kind from many other characters in this volume I will, by way of example, give part of Herbert Paul's description of Gladstone from the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

"Gladstone, though not tall, was above the middle height, broad-shouldered, but otherwise slight in figure, and muscular, with no superfluous flesh. He was gifted with an abundance of physical strength, and enjoyed throughout his life remarkably good health. His hair, in his youth and the prime of his manhood, was black. His complexion was pale, almost pallid, and an artist compared it to alabaster. His eyes were large, lustrous,

¹ For full accounts of early biographies, Donald A. Stauffer's *English Biography Before 1700* (1930) and *The Art of Biography in Eighteenth Century England* (1941) are invaluable.

and piercing; not quite black, but resembling agate in colour. His face, always handsome, acquired in old age an expression of singular dignity, majesty, and power. His voice, naturally musical and melodious, gained by practice an almost unexampled range of compass and variety. His manners were courteous, even ceremonious, and to women habitually deferential. He was punctilious in the matter of social precedence, and would not go out of the room before a peer of his own creation. Bishops, and indeed all clergymen, he treated with peculiar respect. His temper, though quick, and as he himself said, 'vulnerable,' was in private life almost invariably under perfect control. In parliament he sometimes gave way to indignation, for his wrath was kindled by public causes, and not by anything petty or personal. His talk was copious, lucid, and full of phrases which stamped themselves upon the memory. He was earnest and eager in argument, tenacious of his proposition, but ready to hear anything which could be said against it. Hard to convince at the time, he often came round afterwards to the view of an opponent, and would then make the admission with the utmost candour. He was a good listener as well as a good talker, and he had the instantaneous rapidity of perception supposed to be characteristic of great lawyers. . . . The defect of his conversation was that he could not help being earnest on all subjects, and failed to see that his views on the making of violins were less interesting than his experience of government by cabinet. In combined breadth and subtlety of intellect no statesman of his own age surpassed him, . . . Sometimes his subtlety led him to draw sophistical distinctions. His minute and punctilious scrupulosity in the smallest things often led to charges of equivocation, and the very completeness with which he defended himself against them produced a vague sense of distrust. Though he was himself the best abused man in England his own judgments were uniformly charitable, and he was seldom heard to say anything harsh of a political opponent in private. It has sometimes been alleged that Gladstone had no humour. Such a broad and unqualified statement is certainly false. Irony is a form of humour, and of irony he was a master. But it is true that his sense of humour was fitful and capricious. . . .

His habits were simple and domestic. He was a regular church-goer, even on weekdays, and on Sundays he usually read the lessons. He was frugal without being abstemious, but against luxury and ostentation he set his face. He spent a large proportion of his income on books, and gave away a still larger one in charity. But he had enough of the commercial spirit to drive a good bargain, and was in all respects an excellent man of business. He was not, however, in the ordinary sense, a man of the world. He approached moral questions rather as a clergyman than as a layman, and in dealing with individuals he wanted the tact which he displayed in dealing with assemblies. He had a bad memory for faces, and he did not always pay the personal attention which political followers of the less elevated kind expect."

I have called this volume a collection of characters, but the word collection may imply more uniformity than will be found. It is obvious that a book which includes descriptions of William Rufus and Mr. Gladstone must present a good deal of diversity.

Many readers will know Professor D. Nichol Smith's *Characters from the Histories and Memoirs of the Seventeenth Century* (1918).¹ The last fifty years of the seventeenth century was the period when characters were most conspicuous in literature. This was not, I think, because the character studies of that time were individually better than those in the memoirs of Horace Walpole or the diaries of Charles Greville. Indeed there is a certain similarity in the virtues and vices of many men of the seventeenth century, at any rate as the writers describe them, which gives the characters of that age a slight monotony. The more pious persons require remarkably little sleep, they are seldom troubled by the flesh, and their only failing seems to have been a readiness to anger. Probably some characteristics of the lives of Saints survived in the biographies of ecclesiastics. I have not included any passage from Walton's *Lives*. For as Dr. Stauffer remarks, Walton "is the antithesis of

¹ There have been very few anthologies of characters: a volume called *Characters of Eminent Men . . . from the Works of Lord Chancellor Clarendon* was published in 1793, and I have taken one piece from Mabel E. Wotton's *Word Portraits of Famous Writers* (1887). This is not a very satisfactory book.

Boswell, in that Boswell's work is subordinate to his hero, whereas Walton's heroes are subordinate to his art. He is refining the lives of his friends and re-shaping them to fit a pattern of his own."

Clarendon's characters are quite individualised and no analysis of a human being in our language equals in subtlety and penetrating reflection Halifax's "Charles II," but probably, because they are nearer our time, the later characters seem freer, on the whole, from touches of artificiality. Sir Anthony Weldon's "James I" is indeed a masterpiece, but Roger North's account of Dr. John North's neurotic temperament marks, perhaps, the change from the slightly formal to the more intimate character.

Most characters have, of course, been published after the persons described had died. The principal histories and memoirs of the seventeenth century were not written for publication till after the death of the authors as well, or were even not intended for publication at all. The law of seditious libel would have prevented the publication of most of them. Weldon's and Wilson's books¹ and several others appeared only when they did because, during the Commonwealth, the government took no action against books reflecting on the Stuarts or on Court favourites.

When biography, in its modern sense, became common in the eighteenth century the character tended to disappear. It is incompatible with a mass of detail about a man's life. A personality may emerge from a full-length biography, and, if the book is a good one it must do so, but a life is unlikely to contain a character which can be detached from the life as a whole. When character studies are found in biographies they are usually contributed by someone other than the author and the biography.

The difference between a biography and a character is well illustrated by Boswell's treatment of Dr. Johnson. The doctor comes to life in the pages of the great biography, as no man comes to life in any other book, but if we want a concise character of Johnson we must go to *A Tour to the Hebrides*:

¹ See Nos. 11 and 12.

“Let my readers then remember that he was a sincere and zealous Christian, of High-Church-of-England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both from a regard to the order of society and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay stern, in his taste; hard to please and easily offended, impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart; having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which he communicated with peculiar perspicuity and force, in rich and choice expression. He united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing, for he could reason close or wide as he saw best for the moment. He could, when he chose it, be the greatest sophist that ever wielded a weapon in the schools of declamation, but he indulged this only in conversation, for he owned that he sometimes talked for victory; he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it. He was conscious of his superiority. He loved praise when it was brought to him, but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. His mind was so full of imagery that he might have been perpetually a poet. . . . He had a constitutional melancholy the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking; yet, though grave and awful in his deportment when he thought it necessary or proper, he frequently indulged himself in pleasantries and sportive sallies. He was prone to superstition but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He had a loud voice and a slow deliberate utterance which no doubt gave some additional weight to the sterling metal of his conversation. . . . His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that *evil* which it was formerly imagined the *royal touch* could cure. He was now in his sixty-fourth year, and was become a little dull of hearing. His sight

had always been somewhat weak, yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head and sometimes also his body shook with a kind of motion like the effect of palsy; he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps or convulsive contractions, of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's dance. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes with twisted-hair buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots and a very wide brown cloth great-coat with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary, and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick."

This is an almost perfect character, because Boswell has the desire and the skill to describe Johnson's moral and mental qualities as well as his appearance. Some writers have interested themselves in one aspect of a person only. Clarendon does not tell us what the men he writes about looked like. Burnet can give a vivid picture of a man's face — especially if it is an odd one.¹

It is true that several pieces in this book are taken from works entitled "lives," but these lives are generally short, and are more in the nature of long character-studies, from which it has been possible to make extracts, than biographies as we now understand the word.

Professor Nichol Smith has discussed the history and literary models of the character in his book. It is only necessary that I should explain the basis of my own selection.²

A kind of character with which I am not concerned was

¹ See his description of Lauderdale, No. 44.

² *Characters of the Seventeenth Century* contains 76 characters in the body of the book; this volume contains 137. The texts in the two books are the same in my Nos. 11, 19, 20, 23, 25, 30, 31, 44, 47 and 59. Professor Nichol Smith gives my No. 21 in his notes. He gives longer texts of my Nos. 12, 13, 16, 18 and 22. My text of No. 39 is only, in part, the same as his. My Nos. 41, 49, 51 and 54 are from the *Supplement to Burnet's History*. Professor Nichol Smith uses the text of the *History* itself. I have included an extra section of Halifax's "Charles II," No. 52. For No. 27 see note.

very common for a time. This was the Theophrastan character, or description of a type of person, as distinct from an individual. Hall, Earle and Overbury are the best known writers of these characters in England.

Joseph Hall's *Characters of Virtues and Vices* was published in 1608, and characters of this kind continued to be written throughout the century and have never entirely disappeared. They reflected changes in social habits, and could be used for veiled political attack or for moral instruction. In the *Holy and Profane State* (1642) Thomas Fuller gave both forms side by side, e.g. "The Wise Statesman" and "The Life of William Cecil Lord Burleigh." Some interesting characters displaying various moral qualities were written by William Law for *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (1729).

Of course the character composed for the purpose of illustrating good and bad qualities cannot always be separated from a description of an individual. Swift wrote,¹ "In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whence we copy our description." "A Duke of Bucks," clearly intended for the second Duke of Buckingham, is the only character of this kind I have included.

Real people have been frequently introduced into novels by name or under more or less transparent disguises.² I have not taken any character from fiction even when the fiction was written for the express purpose of introducing living people.³

Having thus narrowed the field of selection I have imposed two restrictions on my choice. The character must have been written by someone who knew the person he was describing, and the object of the writer must have been to give a truthful portrait. The first character in the book will seem an exception to the first restriction. But Sir John Hayward's "William Rufus" is, so far as his appearance goes, a literal translation of a Latin chronicle: it is thus really akin to the modern translation of *The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond*.

¹ *The Examiner*, No. 15 (1710).

² Mazzini in Meredith's *Vittoria* is an obvious example.

³ Books in this class, such as Mrs. Manley's *New Atlantis* (1709), often contain libels rather than characters.

The second limitation presented greater difficulty. Professor C. D. Broad remarks¹ that "a biography, at best, is a series of photographs, taken from a limited number of positions on a selectively sensitive plate, by a photographer whose presence affects the expression of the sitter in a characteristic way." This applies with equal force to the character. A reader knows whether a description of a person is vivid or not, but he does not know whether the image is that of the actual man or woman.

It is not within the power of anyone to be entirely detached. A character may be intentionally, or unintentionally, distorted. Even Clarendon was only impartial within certain limits. I have included a few characters written by men with a bias. Swift had a personal grievance against Wharton,² and J. T. Smith would doubtless have seen Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens in a less grotesque light if he had been remembered in the sculptor's will. I have not, however, included characters which are deliberate caricatures. This has meant the omission of verse because most, if not all of the best characters of real people in verse, which are not playful, like those in Goldsmith's *Retaliation*, are satires. There must, of course, be a considerable element of truth in a satire for it to be effective, and Dryden in particular was a master of the verse character, which is both true and damaging. His famous lines on Zimri, the Second Duke of Buckingham, say very much what Burnet says. These lines and those on Shaftesbury are too well known to quote. In his character of Gilbert Burnet Dryden hardly exaggerates Burnet's assertiveness and his lack of sensitiveness. But the lines were written for a political purpose, and, moreover, Dryden was influenced by personal animosity.

"A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anak for his height:
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer;

¹ See p. 329.

² Swift wrote a series of characters of statesmen, including one of Wharton, for his *History of the Four Last Years of the Queen*, but here he professes only to "represent so much of their characters as may be supposed to have influenced their politics."

Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter;
 Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight,
 A prophet form'd to make a female proselyte.
 A theologue more by need than genial bent;
 By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
 Int'rest in all his actions was discern'd;
 More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd;
 Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
 Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled;
 But brought the virtues of his heav'n along,
 A fair behaviour and a fluent tongue.

Prompt to assail, and careless of defense,
 Invulnerable in his impudence,
 He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
 He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
 Frontless and satire-proof he scours the streets,
 And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.
 So fond of loud report, that not to miss
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
 He rather would be known for what he is."¹

Characters such as the above would not have been in accordance with the scheme of this book. Verse would have introduced a further difficulty. Most of Dryden's characters were written for political purposes: they are portraits of men about whose identity there has never been any question. Pope, who rivals Dryden as a writer of characters in verse, was (in this connection) more of an artist and less of a political journalist than Dryden. No doubt Pope's "Atossa," "Atticus," "Bufo," "Sporus," and others had, in varying degrees, their originals in the flesh.² But these poetical characters hardly bear the same relation to living men that Dryden's "Achitophel" bears to Shaftesbury.

¹ *The Hind and the Panther* (1687). Dryden was, no doubt, to some extent personally acquainted with Burnet.

² The Duchess of Marlborough or the Duchess of Buckingham, or both, Addison, the Earl of Halifax, John, Lord Hervey.

The characters of Edward Young mentioned by Dr. Johnson are not to be identified, and are very inferior to those of Pope.¹

A character has to be of some length, although much can be said in very few words. Dr. Johnson's remark about the Rev. F. Lewis: "Sir, he lived in London, and hung loose upon Society," tells us a great deal.²

I have aimed at giving characters by writers who saw—or at least believed they saw—their subjects distinctly. For this reason I have preferred Orrery's character of Swift to Deane Swift's. "Finding," as the latter says, his cousin "so exceedingly strange," Deane Swift was content with remarking some particulars which occurred to him. He fails to give a character of Swift as a whole, although his observations are illuminating enough.

"Neither could he [Swift] endure to be treated with any sort of familiarity; or, that any man living (his three or four old acquaintances in *England*, with whom he corresponded to the last, only excepted) should rank himself in the number of his friends. I remember there was a young person of quality, a good many years ago, who upon some occasion or other, I forget what it was, ventured to address the DOCTOR in the stile of DEAR SWIFT, and afterwards call himself the DOCTOR's friend. When the Dean opened his epistle; which if I mistake not, was designed as a compliment, his indignation took instant fire: 'DEAR SWIFT,' said he! 'What monstrous familiarity is here!' But, when he found the writer of the epistle had called himself his friend, he was out of all patience. 'My friend! my friend!' said the DOCTOR; 'pish, psha, psha; my friend! But'—(said he, recollecting himself) 'he is a lord, and so let it pass.'"³

¹ See p. 208. The characters are in Young's *The Universal Passion* (1725-8).

² John Macky's characters in his *Memoirs of the Secret Service . . . during the Reigns of King William, Queene Anne and King George* (1733) are too short for my purpose—even with Swift's comments added.

³ *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift. By Deane Swift, Esq.* (1755).

Some pieces which are accounts of incidents rather than characters have been included, but these, I think, at least give a clear picture of the person described, and differ from scenes such as Haydon's well-known account of the evening in his studio when Wordsworth, Keats and Lamb were present.

I have rather stretched a point by including Ben Jonson on Shakespeare, but we at least get a glimpse of Shakespeare from this passage.

I have not included self-portraits, although descriptions of men and women have, of course, been written by themselves. But a person is more likely to reveal a facet than write an unbiassed character of himself. He can hardly escape the dilemma described by Cowley: "It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself, it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the Readers Eares to hear any thing of praise from him." Possibly David Hume's short autobiography, written when he was dying, is as candid a character as anyone can write of himself.¹ There are numerous passages of self-revelation in books not written for publication. The following extract must suffice for an example:

"My wife admonished me that I was disliked by many gentlemen on account of my talkativeness, and because I speak at too great length. I am conscious of being disliked; but I know not why. I have never, unless extremely provoked, uttered the slightest reproach against any. I have injured no one. Yet I am beloved only by the clergy and some other learned persons, with whom I chiefly associate; perhaps for no other reason than the above. For while I desire to gratify them by useful and original remarks, I am an annoyance to their dainty ears and womanly patience. Nor in reading what

¹ *The Life of David Hume, Esq., Written by Himself* (1777). Cowley's "Of Myself" is more an account of his mental development than a character. Perhaps this is the only kind of deliberate self-portraiture which is possible. *The Prelude* is the most obvious example. Professor G. E. Moore's beautiful account of himself is another (The Library of Living Philosophers). Those who knew Mark Pattison have recorded that he distorted himself in his *Memoirs*.

I write are they interested as they appear to be. What then is to be done? I must speak seldom, briefly, and only when requested, must keep back many things, be silent on many subjects, and not communicate my writings to any but my nearest friends."—11th April 1677, *Diary and Autobiography of Edmund Bohun* (published 1853).¹

Some professions or callings are much more largely represented in this collection than others. Interest in our fellow-men does not always arise from what they have achieved. Books on J. H. Newman continue to be published unendingly: there is, I think, only one biography, and that a modest one, of James Clerk Maxwell. But apart from the perpetual interest which attaches to some personalities, a man's profession plays an important part in determining whether a record of him shall be handed down or not.

Authors naturally tend to write about each other, painters are less often described by their contemporaries, and the personalities of actors and actresses become confused with the parts they play on the stage. Statesmen, on the other hand, even if they do not write memoirs themselves are likely to be closely observed by those able to portray them in words. Men of action do not commonly come into contact with writers, or if they do it is not till their active life is over. Soldiers have an advantage over sailors. A happy chance decreed that Sir John Leake and Captain Martin should have had in the family so skilled a writer as Stephen Martin-Leake, and that the character still occasionally formed a separate part of a biography. In proportion to their numbers Kings and Queens have been more often the subject of character-studies than any class of their subjects.

I have to thank Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, Dr. Chapman, Professor Broad and Mr. Gow for allowing me to print passages from their books. I owe the two characters by Stephen Martin-Leake to Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. I am under obligations for suggestions to the Vice-Master of Trinity College, (Mr. D. A. Winstanley), Lord David Cecil, Miss K. T.

¹ Edmund Bohun (1645-1699), a man of some ability who had a pronounced capacity for getting into difficulties. See the *D.N.B.*

Butler, and Miss M. G. Lloyd-Thomas. I received some general advice from Professor D. Nichol Smith, but I did not consult him as to the passages I include and which are in his book.

THE TEXT

My texts have been taken, as far as possible, from the original editions—that is, generally the first editions—of the books in which the characters occur. This has not always been possible. I used, for instance, the first edition of Roger North's *Life of Lord Guilford* for the characters of Saunders and Jeffreys, but was compelled to take Roger's description of Dr. John North from the edition of 1826. I have adhered to the spelling of the editions I have used, except that *u* and *v* and *i* and *j* have been printed in accordance with modern usage. The short *s* has been substituted for the long *f*. Omissions are indicated by three dots. Dots are printed in Andrew Clark's *Brief Lives* (see No. 39). I have not differentiated these from my own. I was unable to transcribe direct from Aubrey's manuscripts, and for the passages from Clarendon I have used *Characters of the Seventeenth Century*. Professor Nichol Smith took his texts from the Clarendon manuscripts.

I have taken several characters from Miss Foxcroft's *Supplement to Burnet's History* (1902) instead of from the *History* itself. The *Supplement* contains "fragments of Dr. Burnet's *History* derived from an original version which differs in many respects from the text as eventually published."

I am aware that in one or two instances breaks in the texts are a little awkward. I have relied on the *D.N.B.* for my dates. Short notes will be found at the end of the volume. In these I have not been quite consistent in giving dates.

H. M.

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1. WILLIAM RUFUS

Died 1100

HE was a man of meane stature, thicke and square bodied, his belly swelling somewhat round; his face was red, his haire deeply ycalow, by reason whereof he was called *Rufus*; his forehead foure square like a window, his eyes spotted and not one like the other; his speech unpleasant and not easily uttered, especially when he was mooved with anger. He was of great abilitie in body, as well for naturall strength, as for hardinesse to endure all ordinary extremities both of travaile and of want. In Armes he was both expert and adventurous; full of inward braverie and fiercenesse; never dismayed, alwayes forward, and for the most part fortunate; in counsaile sudden, in performance a man; not doubting to undertake any thing which invincible valour durst promise to atchieve. Hee had bene bred with the sword; alwayes in action; alwayes on the favourable hand of Fortune: so as, albeit he was but yong, yet was he in experience well grounded; for invention subtile, in counsaile quicke, in execution resolute; wise to foresee a danger, and expedite to avoid it. In a word, the generall reputation of his valour and celeritie made him esteemed one of the best Chiefetaines in his time.

His behaviour was variable and inconstant; earnest in evry present passion, and for the most part accompanying the disposition of his mind, with outward demonstrations. Of nature he was rough, haughtie, obstinate, invincible, which was much enlarged both by his soveraigntie and youth: so singular in his owne conceit, that he did interpret it to his dishonour, that the world should deeme, that he did not governe by his owne judgement. In publicke he composed his countenance to a stately terrour; his face sowerly swelling, his eyes truculent, his voyce violent and fierce, scarce thinking himselfe Majesticall in the glasse of his understanding, but when he flashed feare from his presence. And yet in private he was so affable and pleasant, that he approched neere the degree of levitie: much given to scoffing, and passing over many of his evill

actions with a jeast. In all the other carriages of his life, he maintained no stable and constant course; but declared himselfe for every present, as well in vertue as in vice, strong, violent, extreeme.

In the beginning of his reigne he was esteemed a most accomplished Prince; and seemed not so much of power to bridle himselfe from vice, as naturally disposed to abhorre it. Afterwards, either with variation of times, or yeelding to the pleasures which prosperity useth to ingender even in moderate minds, or perhaps his nature beginning to disclose that which hee had cunningly concealed before; corruptions crept up, and he waved uncertainly betweene vertue and vice. Lastly, being imboldned by evill teachers, and by continuance both of prosperitie and rule, he is said to have made his height a priviledge of loosenesse, and to have abandoned himselfe to all licentious demeanour; wherein he seemed little to regard God, and nothing man.

Sir John Hayward

2. THE ABBOT SAMSON

Born 1135 Died 1211

ABBOT SAMSON was below the average height, almost bald; his face was neither round nor oblong; his nose was prominent and his lips thick; his eyes were clear and his glance penetrating; his hearing was excellent; his eyebrows arched, and frequently shaved; and a little cold soon made him hoarse. On the day of his election he was forty-seven, and had been a monk for seventeen years. In his ruddy beard there were a few grey hairs, and still fewer in his black and curling hair. But in the course of the first fourteen years after his election all his hair became white as snow.

He was an exceedingly temperate man; he possessed great energy and a strong constitution, and was fond both of riding and walking, until old age prevailed upon him and moderated his ardour in these respects. When he heard the news of the capture of the cross and the fall of Jerusalem, he began to wear under garments made of horse-hair, and a horse-hair shirt, and

gave up the use of flesh and meat. None the less, he willed that flesh should be placed before him as he sat at table, that the alms might be increased. He ate sweet milk, honey, and similar sweet things, far more readily than any other food. He hated liars, drunkards, and talkative persons; for virtue ever loves itself and spurns that which is contrary to it. He blamed those who grumbled about their meat and drink, and especially monks who so grumbled, and personally kept to the same manners which he had observed when he was a cloistered monk. Moreover, he had this virtue in himself that he never desired to change the dish which was placed before him. When I was a novice, I wished to prove whether this was really true, and as I happened to serve in the refectory, I thought to place before him food which would have offended any other man, in a very dirty and broken dish. But when he saw this, he was as it were blind to it. Then, as there was some delay, I repented of what I had done and straightway seized the dish, changed the food and dish for better, and carried it to him. He, however, was angry at the change, and disturbed. He was an eloquent man, speaking both French and Latin, but rather careful of the good sense of that which he had to say than the style of his words. He could read books written in English very well, and was wont to preach to the people in English, but in the dialect of Norfolk where he was born and bred. It was for this reason that he ordered a pulpit to be placed in the church, for the sake of those who heard him and for purposes of ornament.

The abbot further appeared to prefer the active to the contemplative life, and praised good officials more than good monks. He rarely commended anyone solely on account of his knowledge of letters, unless the man happened to have knowledge of secular affairs, and if he chanced to hear of any prelate who had given up his pastoral work and become a hermit, he did not praise him for this. He would not praise men who were too kindly, saying, "He who strives to please all men, deserves to please none." . . .

He had also a characteristic which I have never seen in any other man, namely, that he had a strong affection for many to whom he never or seldom showed a loving face, which the common saying declares to be usual, when it says, "Where

love is, there the glance follows." And there was another noteworthy thing, that he wittingly suffered loss from his servants in temporal matters, and allowed that he suffered it; but, as I believe, the reason for this was that he waited for a fit season when the matter might be conveniently remedied, or that by concealing his knowledge he might avoid greater loss.

The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond.

3. JOHN FISHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER

Born 1459 Executed 1535

IN stature of bodie he was tall and comly, exceeding the common and midle sort of men: for he was to the quantitie of 6 foote in height, and being therewith verie slender and leane, was nevertheles upright and well framed, straight backed, bigg joynted and strongly synewed. His hear by nature black, though in his later time, through age and imprisonment, turned to hoareness or rather whitenes, his eyes longe and rounde, neither full black nor full graie, but of a mixt color between both; his forehead smooth and large, his nose of a good and even proportion, somewhat wide mouthed and bigg jawed, as one ordained to utter speech much, wherin was notwithstandinge a certaine comlinessse; his skinne somewhat tawnie mixed with manie blew vaines; his face, handes, and all his bodie so bare of flesh as is almost incredible, which came the rather (as may be thought) by the great abstinence and pennance he used upon himself many yeres together, even from his youth. In his countenance he bare such a reverend gravitie, and therewith in his doings exercised such discreet severitie, that not only of his equalls, but even of his superiors he was both honored and feared. In speech he was verie milde, temperat, and modest, saving in matters of god and his charge, which then began to trooble the worlde; and therin he wolde be earnest above his accustomed order. But vainly or without cause he would never speake, nether was his ordinarie talke of common worldly matters, but rather of the Divinitie and high power of god; of the joys of heaven and the paines of

hell; of the glorious death of martirs, and streight lyfe of Confessors, with such lyke vertuous and profitable talk, which he alwaies uttered with such a heavenly grace, that his wordes were alwaies a great edifyinge to his hearers. He had such a continewell impression of death in his hart, that his mowth never ceased to utter the inward thoughts of his minde, not only in all tynes of his exercise, but also at his meales; for he would alwaies saie that the remembrance of death came never out of season. And of his owne death he would now and then (as occasion of speech was geuen) cast out such wordes as though he had some foreknowledge of the manner of his death. For divers of his Chaplens and howsehold servants have reported that longe before his death they have heard him say that he should not die in his bedd; but alwaies in speaking therof he would utter his wordes with such a cheerfull countenance as they might easily perceiue him rather to conceive joy then sorrowe thereat. In studie he was verie laborious, and painfull, in preachinge assiduous, ever beating downe heresie and vice; in praier most fervent and devout; in fasting, abstinence, and punishing of his bare bodie, rigorous without measure. And generally in all things belonginge to the care and charge of a trew bishopp, he was to all the bishops of England living in his daies the verie mirrour and lanterne of light.

Anonymous.

4. SIR THOMAS MORE

Born 1478 Executed 1535

LADY MORE SCOFFS AT MORE'S LACK OF AMBITION

THIS wife, when she saw that Sir Thomas More, her husbände, had no list to growe greatly upward in the world, nor neyther would labour for office of authoritie, and over that forsooke a right woorshipfull rowme when it was offered him, she fell in hande with him and all too rated him, and asked him:

"What will you doo, that you list not to put foorth your selfe as other folke doo? Will you sitt still by the fire, and make goslinges in the ashes with a sticke as children doo?"

"What would you doo, I praye you?"

"By God, goe forward with the first; for as my mother was wont to say, God have mercy on her soule, it is ever better to rule then to be ruled. And therefore, by God, I would not, I warrant you, be so foolishe to be ruled where I might rule."

"By my throth, wife," quoth her husbände, "in this I dare say you say truth, for I never founde you willing to be ruled yet."

When he was prisoner in the towre, and there had continued a good while, his saide wife obtayned licence to see him. Who, at the first comming, like a simple ignorant woman, and somewhat worldly too, with this manner of salutation bluntly saluted him: "What the goodyere, Master More," quoth she, "I marvaile that you [that] have beene alwayes hitherto taken for so wise a man, will now so play the foole to lye here in this close, filthy prison, and be content thus to be shutt up amonge mise and rattes; when you might be abroad at your libertie, with the favour and good will both of the king and his counsaile, if you would but doo as all the Bisshopps and best learned of this Realme have done. And seeing you have at Chelsey a right faire house, your librarie, your bookes, your gallerie, your garden, your orchyarde and all other necessities so handsome about you, where you might in the company of me your wife, your children and housholde, be mery, I muse what a Gods name you meane here still thus fondlye to tarye."

After he had a while quietly heard her, with a cheerefull countenaunce he saide unto her:

"I pray thee, good mistris Als, tell me one thing."

"What is that?" quoth she.

"Is not this house," quoth he, "as nigh heaven as mine owne?"

To whom she, after her accustomed homely fasshion, not lyking suche talke, aunswered: "Tille valle, Tille valle."

"Howe say you, mistris Als?" quoth he, "is it not so?"

"*Bone Deus, Bone Deus*, man, will this gere never be lefte?" quoth she.

"Well, then, mistris Alice, if it be so," quoth he, "it is very well. For I see no great cause why I shoulde muche joye eyther of my gaye house or of any thing belonging thereunto, when,

if I should but seven yeres lye buried under the grounde, I should not faile to finde some therein that would bidd me gett me out [of] dores, and tell me it were none of mine. What cause have I then to like suche a house as would so soone forgett his master?" . . .

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE

It shall not be perchaunce amisse, seeing we have sett forth to your sight his excellent learning and some singuler qualities of his blessed soule and minde, somewhat also here to interlace to the contentation of suche as be desyrus thereof, before we goe farther, of his body also, and of other thinges thereto belonging. Then, as he was no tall man, so was he no notable lowe and little man; all the partes of his body were in as good proportion and congruance as a man would wishe. His skinne was somewhat white, and the colour of his face drewe rather to whiteness than to paleness, farre from rednes, saving that some little thinne redde sparkles everywhere appered. His heare was blackishe yeallowe, or rather yelow blackishe, his beard thinne, his eyes greye and speckled, which kinde of eyes do commonly betoken and signifie a very good and sharpe witt. And they say that suche kind of eyes are least incombred with diseases and faults. His countenaunce was conformable to his nature and disposition, pleasaunt and amiable, somewhat resembling and tending to the fasshion of one that would laugh.

His voyce was neyther too boystrous and bigge, neyther too small and shrill. He spake his wordes very distinctly and treatably, without any maner of hastiness or stuttering. And albeit he delighted in all kinde of melodie, yet he seemed not of nature to be apte and meete to sing himselfe.

He enjoyed the health of his body full well; and though he were not very stronge of body, yet was he able to goe throughe with any labour and paine meete and convenient for him for to dispatche his busines and affaires. He was very little infested and incombred with sickenes, saving a little before he gave over the office of the Lorde Chauncellour, and especially afterwarde, when he was shutt up in the towre.

And nowe somewhat to speake of his dyet. Being a yonge

man, he used and delighted much in drinking of water. He used very small ale, and as for wine, he did but sippe of it onely for companies sake and pledging of his friendes. He more delighted to feede upon biefe, salte meates and course breade, and that very well leavened, then upon fine meates and breade. He loved very well milke and fruit and especially egges.

It was great pleasure to him to see and beholde the forme and fashion, the maner and disposition, of divers beastes. There was not lightly any kinde of birdes that he kept not in his house, as he kept also the ape, the foxe, the wesell, the ferrett, and other beastes that were rare and not common. Besydes, if there had beene any thing brought out of straunge countreys, or woorthie to be looked upon, that was he very desirous to buye, and to adorne and furnishe his house withall, to the contentation and pleasure of suche as came to him: who took great pleasure in the beholding of suche thinges, and himselfe also with them.

Nicholas Harpsfield.

5. DR. NICHOLAS METCALFE

Born 1475? Died 1539

Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1516-1537

DOCTOR NICO. MEDCALFE, that honorable father, was Master of *S. Johnes Colledge*, when I came thether: A man meanlie learned himselfe, but not meanely affectioned to set forward learning in others. He found that Colledge spending scarce two hundred markes by [the] yeare: he left it spending a thousand markes and more. Which he procured, not with his mony, but by his wisdome; not chargeable bought by him, but liberallie geven by others by his meane, for the zeale and honor they bare to learning. And that which is worthy of memorie, all theis givers were almost Northenmen: who being liberallie rewarded in the service of their Prince, bestowed it as liberallie for the good of their Contrie. Som men thought therefore, that *D. Medcalfe* was parcial to Northenmen, but sure I am of this, that Northrenmen were parcial, in doing

more good, and geving more landes to the forderence of learning, than any other contrie men, in those dayes, did: which deede should have beene, rather an example of goodnes, for other to folow, than matter of malice, for any to envie, as some there were that did. Trewly *D. Medcalfe* was parciall to none: but indifferent to all: a master for the whole, a father to every one, in that Colledge. There was none so poore, if he had, either wil to goodnes, or wit to learning, that could lacke being there, or should depart from thence for any need. I am witnes my selfe, that mony many times was brought into yong mens studies by strangers whom they knew not. In which doing, this worthy *Nicolaus* folowed the steppes of good olde *S. Nicolaus*, that learned Bishop. He was a Papist in deede, but would to God, amonges all us Protestants I might once see but one, that would winne like praise, in doing like good, for the advauncement of learning and vertue. And yet, though he were a Papist, if any yong man, geven to new learning (as they termed it) went beyond his fellowes, in witte, labor, and towardnes, even the same neyther lacked open praise to encourage him, nor private exhibition to mainteyne hym, as worthy *Syr J. Cheke*, if he were alive would beare good witnes and so can many mo. I my selfe one of the meanest of a great number, in that Colledge, because there appeared in me som small shew of towardnes and diligence, lacked not his favor to forder me in learning.

And being a boy, new Bachelor of arte, I chanced amonges my companions to speake against the Pope: which matter was than in every mans mouth, bycause *D. Haines* and *D. Shippe* were cum from the Court, to debate the same matter, by preaching and disputation in the universitie. This hapned the same tyme, when I stode to be felow there: my taulke came to *D. Medcalfes* eare: I was called before him and the Seniores: and after grevous rebuke, and some punishment, open warning was geven to all the felowes, none to be so hardie to geve me his voice at that election. And yet for all those open threatates, the good father himselfe privilie procured, that I should even than be chosen felow. But, the election being done, he made countenance of great discontentation thereat. This good mans goodnes, and fatherlie discretion, used towards me that one

day, shall never out of my remembrance all the dayes of my life. And for the same cause, have I put it here, in this small record of learning. For next Gods providence, surely that day, was by that good fathers meanes, *Dies natalis*, to me, for the whole foundation of the poore learning I have, and of all the furderance, that hetherto else where I have obteyned.

This his goodnes stood not still in one or two, but flowed abundantlie over all that Colledge, and brake out also to norishe good wittes in every part of that universitie: whereby, at his departing thence, he left soch a companie of fellowes and scholers in *S. Johnes Colledge*, as can scarce be found now in some whole universitie: which either for divinitie, on the one side or other, or for Civill service to their Prince and contrie, have bene, and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to this whole Realme.

Roger Ascham.

6. SIR JOHN PERROT

Born 1527? Died 1592

SIR JOHN PERROT, was a Man in Stature very tall and bigg, exceeding the ordinary Stature of Men by much, and almost equal to the mightiest Men that lived in his Time: His Body was very compact, and proportionable through all the Partes: As he did exceed most Men in Stature, so did he in Strength of Body. His Hair was Alborne, untill it grew gray in his elder yeares. His Countenance full of Majestie, his Eye marvellous percing, and carrying a commaunding Aspect, insomuch that when he was angrie, he had a very terrible Visage or Looke; and when he was pleased, or willing to shew Kindness, he then had as amiable a Countenance as any Man: All which, as many as knew hym can well testify for a Truth; in this resembling *Augustus Cæsar*, who, as it is written of hym, had so great a Majestie in his Eye and Countenance, percing like the Sun-Beams, that a Soldier beholding hym, could not continue, but retired back, saying, That he was not able to indure the Brightness and Majestie of his Eies.

His Conditions, and Qualities of his Mynde were answerable,

and did keepe a kynd of Correspondence with those of his Bodie: For as he did surpasse most Men in Greatness and Comliness of his Stature; so did he surmount the most Part of Men of his Time, in the Greatness and Magnanimitie of his Mynd; the Greatness of his Body and his Mynd seemed to strive which should grace him most, for he was of undaunted Spirite, never regarding his Adversarys, were they never so many or so great. In Time of Danger he shewed hymselfe always resolute and valiant; he had a very sharpe Witt, and was (as may be sayd) naturally wise, for though he were not learned in the Sciences, yet would he give as good a Reason for Matters of Experiment, as most Men. And as he had in hym many excellent Partes, as Magnanimitie, Valour, Ripeness of Judgment, Understanding of the Languages, as the *French*, *Spanish*, and the *Italian*, Judgment in the Warres, in Home Government, in forayne States, in courtly Carriage, and in most Matters that a Man not professing Learning could comprehend; soe had he some Defectes (else had he not byn Flesh and Blood) as namely, he was by Nature very choloricke, and could not brooke any Crosses, or dissemble the least Injuries, although offered by the greatest Personages, whereby he procured to hymselfe many and mightie Adversarys, and in the End, such as wrought his Overthrow; although, even 'tyll then (what by the Justness of his Cause, the Clearness of his Conscience, and Resolution of his Mynde) he supported himselfe agaynst all his Adversarys, being many and great. In Anger he would sometimes deal roughly and severely, even with them he loved best, but that being once pacified, he would easily forget his former Displeasure; and as longe as any Man did contend with hym, he would use all Opposition he could by the Sword or by Law; but if Submission were offered by his Inferior, or Reconcilliation by his Equall, he would as readily receve it as any Man. He would (being moved to Wrath) sweare too much, which proceeding partly from Custome, and partly from Choller, he could hardly refrayne it when he was provoked. Also he was adicted to that Sine whereto Men are by Nature enclined; and although he were not that way altogether soe unmeasurable in his Desiers as many Men are, nor did not maintayne it with such publick Ostentation

and Defence as some Men do, yet did he offend so farre in that Kynde, as it drew God's Displeasure towards hym, which (if Men may pronounce God's Judgments) was the Cause of his Ruine, he being otherwise cleare of any notable Crime in all the Course of his Life. He was in his Youth prodigall, but ariving to riper Age, he grew frugall, and yet not soe savinge, but that he regarded his Honnor before Profitt, and measured both by the Habillitie of his Estate, which he would not exceed, nor yet live under the highest Countenance of his Degree and Calling: For he mayntayned the Parte rather of a Nobleman then of a Knight, for the Space of Forty Yeres, in Retinew, in Howse-keepinge, and in all other Respects. Yet did he manage his Estate soe providently, so he would make the most of his owne with Reason; (and without Injurie to any) he improved his Lands to a high Rate, yet soe as his Tenants might live on it, and under hym, and tho' he were therefore sumewhat complayned on in his Life-tyme, yet there are none of his Tenants but would be glad to take Leases thereof now, and pay sumewhat more for it at the same Rent, which of him they might have had without Fine, but never sought it, because he did not displace any that were able and willing to pay theyr Rents and Duties: for synce his Death, such as have had to do with his Living, have improved that which by hym was thought to be hardly rented before.

He was very firme and faythful unto his Frendes; and if any of them had done amisse, or had offended hym, he would be sure to tell hym of it in the sharpest Manner; but if any other Man would go about to agravate any such Matter agaynst his Frendes, he would first hear it, and if there were Cause, he would shame his Frende; but otherwise he would answer for hym as much as might be. He was verie juste and unspotted for Bribery, which he could not abyde in any Man, nor never was tainted with it by his greatest Adversarys. In Causes that concerned Right or Wronge (wherein he had to doe) he was very upright, and void of all Partiallitie; yea, if his nearest Frend or Kinsman were a Partie: Pirates he could never endure, but did prosecute them with all his Power, when they came upon those Costes where he dwelte, or had to doe. To conclude his Virtues were many, and his Faltes were not to

be excused or silenced; for besides those Faltes which have already bin touched, he was high-mynded, and made no Accompt of any which he thought did not love hym; neither could his Heart be thoroughly humbled, untill his last Adversitie and extreame Disaster, which brought hym Home from the World to hymselfe, and unto God. *Anonymous.*

7. QUEEN ELIZABETH

Born 1533 Died 1603

THE EARLY YEARS

Now, if ever any person had either the gift or the skill to winne the hearts of people, it was this Queene; and if ever shee did expresse the same, it was at that present, in coupling mildnesse with majesty as she did, and in stately stouping to the meanest sort. All her faculties were in motion, and every motion seemed a well guided action: Her eye was set upon one, her eare listened to another, her judgement ranne upon a third, to a fourth shee addressed her speech: Her spirit seemed to be every-where, and yet so entire in her selfe, as it seemed to bee no where else. Some she commended, some she pitied, some she thanked, at others she pleasantly and wittily jeasted, contemning no person, neglecting no office; and generally casting forth such courteous countenances, gestures and speeches, that thereupon the people againe redoubled the testimonies of their joy, and afterwards, raising every thing to the highest straine, filled the eares of all men with immoderate extolling their Prince.

Shee was a Lady, upon whom nature had bestowed and well placed many of her fairest favours; of stature meane, slender, streight, and amiably composed; of such state in her carriage, as every motion of her seemed to beare majesty: her haire was enclined to pale yellow, her fore-head large and faire, a seemly seat for Princely grace: her eyes lively and sweet, but short sighted; her nose somewhat rising in the midst: the whole compasse of her countenance somewhat

long, but yet of admirable beauty, not so much in that which is termed the flower of youth, as in a most delightfull composition of majesty and modesty in equall mixture. But without good qualities of minde, the gifts of nature are like painted flowers, without either vertue or sap; yea, sometimes they grow horrid and loathsome. Now her vertues were such as might suffice to make an Ethiopian beautifull, which the more a man can know and understand, the more he shall admire and love. In life she was most innocent, in desires moderate, in purpose just; of spirit above credit and almost capacity of her sexe; of divine wit, as well for depth of judgment, as for quicke conceit and speedy expedition; of eloquence, as sweet in the utterance, so ready and easie to come to the utterance: of wonderfull knowledge both in learning and affaires; skilfull not only in Latine and Greeke, but in divers other forraine languages: None knew better the hardest art of all others, that is, of commanding men. She was religious, magnanimous, mercifull and just; respective of the honour of others, and exceeding tender in the touch of her owne. Shee was lovely and loving, the two principall bands of duty and obedience. Shee was very ripe and measured in counsell and experience, as well not to let goe occasions, as not to take them when they were greene. Shee maintained Justice at home, and Armes abroad, with great wisdom and authority in either place. Her majesty seemed to all to shine through courtesie: but, as shee was not easie to receive any to especiall grace, so was she most constant to those whom shee received; and of great judgement to know to what point of greatnesse men were fit to be advanced. Shee was rather liberall than magnificent, making good choice of the receivers; and for this cause was thought weake by some against the desire of money. But it is certaine, that beside the want of treasure which shee found, her continuall affaires in *Scotland*, *France*, the *Low-countries*, and in *Ireland*, did occasion great provision of money, which could not bee better supplied, than by cutting off either excessive or unnecessary expence at home.

Sir John Hayward.

8. ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT

Born 1530? Died 1604

BUT I returne unto our Archbishop againe. He gave audience unto suitors twice a day, and afforded them set houres for their dispatch, at which time he would so courteously entreate them, giving them so milde, and gentle answeres, that even they that sped not of their suites did depart without discontentment. Wherein I may justly compare him unto *Titus, qui neminem unquam a se tristem dimisit*; He dismissed no man sorrowfull from his presence. Wherefore hee gave also expresse commandement unto his Officers, that suitors and strangers should ever be courteously entertained, as well for expedition of their suits, as for hospitalitie sake.

He had a desire alwayes to keepe a great and bountifull house; and so he did, having the same well ordered and governed by his head Officers therein, and all things in plentifull manner, both for his owne service and entertainment of strangers, according to their severall qualities and degrees. He often feasted the Cleargie, Nobilitie, and Gentry, of his Diocesse, and neighbourhood. And at Christmasse, especially, his gates were alwayes open, and his Hall set twice or thrice over with strangers: upon some chiefe festivall dayes, he was served with great solemnitie, sometime upon the knee, as well for the upholding of the state that belonged unto his place, as for the better education, and practise of his Gentlemen, and attendants in point of service.

Every yeere hee entertained the Queene at one of his houses, so long as he was Archbishop: and some yeeres twice or thrice, where all things were performed in so seemely an order, that shee went thence alwayes exceedingly well pleased. And beside many publique, and gracious favours done unto him, she would salute him, and bid him farewell by the name of *blacke husband*; calling also his men her servants, as a token of her good contentment with their attendance and paines.

Every third yeere he went into Kent (unlesse great occasions hindered him) where hee was so honourably attended upon by his owne traine (consisting of two hundred persons) and with the

Gentlemen of the Country, that he did sometimes ride into the Citie of Canterburie, and into other Townes with eight hundred or a thousand horse. And surely the entertainment which he gave them, and they him, was so great, that, as I am verily perswaded, no shiere in England did, or could, give greater, or with more cheerfull mindes, each unto other. The fatherly care, which he had of his Cleargie, (whom he never charged with *visitation*, but once in twentie yeeres) his affabilitie amongst the Gentlemen, and courteous usage of his Tennants, gayned him so great love, that hee might very farre prevaile with them; yea, they never denied him any request, that he made unto them. . . . Howbeit, some of neere alliance unto Sir *Frauncis [Walsingham]*, bearing themselves very boldly upon his favour, would oftentimes handle the Archbishop verie roughly, and much provoke him by vaine speeches, and bragges of their owne worth, and schollarship, and (being meere lay men) would very unmannerly compare themselves with the best conformable Devines, for true knowledge, and understanding of the Scriptures. But the Archbishop smiling at their vanities, would notwithstanding courteously handle and entreate them in his owne house, according to the true rule of hospitalitie; not unlike unto *Pericles*, who being reviled by a leud fellow in the Market-place, all the day long, returned no bad language, but dispatched his affaires, in hearing the Suppliants, and determining their causes, and when night came on, the partie followed him still, railing upon him, till hee came to his owne house; It being now darke, *Pericles*, as he entered in, commanded one of his servants to light him home.

You see now of what an excellent nature this Archbishop was, how farre from giving offence, how readie to forgive a wrong, mercifull, compassionate, and tender-hearted. Yet was he not voide (as no man is) of infirmities. The holy Scripture noteth of *Elias*, that he was a man subject to the like passions as we are. But, as *Horace* saith,—*Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur*; so may it be confessed of this Archbishop, that the greatest, or rather onely fault knowne in him was choler; and yet in him so corrected, not by Philosophie alone (as *Socrates* confessed of his faults) but by the word, and grace of God, as it rather served for a Whetstone of his courage in just causes,

then any weapon whetted against the person, goods, or good name of any other. So that it may (as I am veryily perswaded) be rightfully said of him, that hee was such a Magistrate, as *Jethro* advised *Moyses* to take in judging the people of God, and such a Bishop as Saint *Paul* requireth in the Church of Christ. . . .

And albeit the Archbishop had ever a great affection to lie at his mansion house at Croydon, for the sweetenesse of the place, especially in Summer time; whereby also he might some times retyre himselfe from the multiplicity of businesses, and suitors in the vacations; yet, after he had builded his hospitall, and schoole, he was farther in love with the place, then before. The chiefe comfort of repose, or solace that he tooke, was in often dyning at the hospitall among his poore bretheren, as hee called them; There hee was often visited by his entire, and honourable friends, the Earle of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Cumberland, the Lord Zouch, the Bishop of London, and others of neere place about her Majestie, in whose company hee chiefly delighted.

In the absence of his friends, he would be exceeding cheerful & affable, with his owne gentlemen, and servants, though his bounty towards them, & the poore, did not consist in words, but in deeds, for hee was very liberall in rewarding them, both with leases, offices, and otherwise with supplies, as their occasions required, out of his purse; and would, I make no question, have done much more for them out of his owne estate, if hee had had ability, and time (after his sicknesse first seized upon him) to dispose of his worldly affaires.

As his bountie was very great towards his owne (for in that number likewise he alwaies accounted the poore societie of his hospitall) so were his hands every where reached out to the necessities of all sorts. Yea such was his charity, that if he had seene poore men addicted to labour, he would have given them money, and waste ground, to employ in gardening, or some such use, as might be for their reliefe. Or if hee heard that any of his poore neighbors were decrepit, or destitute of meanes to follow their trade, he would supply their needs either with mony or fewel, & sometimes poore Watermens wants with boats, and such like,

Sir George Paule.

9. SHAKESPEARE

Born 1564 Died 1616

I remember, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out line. My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine owne candor, (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature: had an excellent *Phantsie*; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too. Many times hee fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when hee said in the person of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him; *Cæsar thou dost me wrong*. Hee replyed: *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause*: and such like; which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices, with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be praysed, then to be pardoned.

Ben Jonson.

10. SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Born 1552? Executed 1618

HE had in the outward man, a good presence, in a handsome and well compacted person, a strong naturall wit, and a better judgement, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage; and to these he had the adjuncts of some generall Learning, which by diligence he enforced to a great augmentation, and perfection; for he was an indefatigable Reader, whether by Sea or Land, and none of

the least observers both of men and the times; and I am confident, that among the second causes of his growth, that variance between him, and my *Lord Gray*, in his descent into *Ireland*, was a principall; for it drew them both over the Councell Table, there to plead their cause, where (what advantage he had in the cause, I know not) but he had much better in the telling of his tale; and so much, that the Queen and the Lords took no slight mark of the man, and his parts; for from thence he came to be known, and to have accesse to the Queen, and the Lords; and then we are not to doubt how such a man would comply, and learn the way of progression. And whether *Leicester* had then cast in a good word for him to the Queen, which would have done no harm, I doe not determine: But true it is, He had gotten the Queens care at a trice, and she began to be taken with his elocution, and loved to hear his reasons to her demands: and the truth is, she took him for a kind of Oracle, which netled them all; yea, those that he relyed on, began to take his sudden favour as an Allarum, and to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his, which made him shortly after sing, *Fortune my foe, &c.* So that finding his favour declining, and falling into a recesse, he undertook a new peregrination, to leave that *Terra infirma* of the Court, for that of the Warres, and by declining himself, and by absence, to expell his, and the passion of his enemies, which in Court was a strange device of recovery, but that he knew there was some ill office done him, that he durst not attempt to mind any other wayes, than by going aside; thereby to teach envy a new way of forgetfulnesse, and not so much as to think of him; howsoever, he had it alwayes in mind, never to forget himself; and his device took so well, that at his return he came in (as *Rammes* doe, by going backward) with the greater strength, and so continued to her last, great in her grace, and Captain of the Guard, where I must leave him; but with this observation, That though he gained much at the Court, yet he took it not out of the Exchequer, or meerly out of the Queens purse, but by his wit, and the help of the Prerogative; for the Queen was never profuse in the delivering out of her treasure, but payed many, and most of her servants part in money, and the rest with grace, which as the case stood, was taken for

good payment, leaving the Arrear of recompence due to their merit, to her great Successor, who payed them all with advantage.

Sir Robert Naunton.

11. JAMES I

Born 1566 Died 1625

THIS Kings Character is much easier to take then his Picture, for he could never be brought to sit for the taking of that, which is the reason of so few good peeces of him; but his Character was obvious to every eye.

He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his cloathes than in his body, yet fat enough, his cloathes ever being made large and easie, the Doublets quilted for steletto prooffe, his Breeches in great pleits and full stuffed: Hee was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted Doublets: His eyes large, ever rowling after any stranger came in his presence, insomuch, as many for shame have left the roome, as being out of countenance: His Beard was very thin: His Tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full in the mouth, and made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup of each side of his mouth. His skin was as soft as Taffeta Sarsnet, which felt so, because hee never washt his hands, onely rubb'd his fingers ends slightly with the wet end of a Naptkin: His Legs were very weake, having had (as was thought) some foul play in his youth, or rather before he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age, that weaknesse made him ever leaning on other mens shoulders, his walke was ever circular, his fingers ever in that walke fidling about his Codpiece: He was very temperate in his exercises, and in his dyet, and not intemperate in his drinking; however in his old age, and *Buckinghams* joviall Suppers, when he had any turne to doe with him, made him sometimes overtaken, which he would the very next day remember, and repent with teares; it is true, he dranke very often, which was rather out of a custom then any delight, and his drinks were of that kind

for strength, as Frontiniack, Canary, High Country wine, Tent Wine, and Scottish Ale, that had he not had a very strong brain, might have daily been overtaken, although he seldom drank at any one time above four spoonfulls, many times not above one or two; He was very constant in all things (his Favourites excepted) in which he loved change, yet never cast down any (he once raised) from the height of greatnesse, though from their wonted nearnesse, and privacy; unlesse by their own default, by opposing his change, as in *Somersets* case: yet had he not been in that foul poysoning business; and so cast down himself; I do verily beleieve not him neither; for al his other Favorites he left great in Honour, great in Fortune; and did much love *Mountgomery*, and trusted him more at the very last gaspe, then at the first minute of his Favoriteship: In his Dyet, Apparrell, and Journeys, he was very constant; in his Apparrell so constant, as by his good wil he would never change his cloathes untill worn out to very ragges: His Fashion never: Insomuch as one bringing to him a Hat of a *Spanish* Block, he cast it from him, swearing he neither loved them nor their fashions. Another time, bringing him Roses on his Shooes, he asked, if they would make him a ruffe-footed Dove? one yard of six penny Ribbond served that turne: His Dyet and Journies were so constant, that the best observing Courtier of our time was wont to say, were he asleep seven yeares, and then awakened, he would tell where the King every day had been, and every dish he had had at his Table.

Hee was not very uxorious, (though he had a very brave Queen that never crossed his designes, nor intermedled with State affaires, but ever complied with him (even against the nature of any, but of a milde spirit) in the change of Favourites;) for he was ever best, when furthest from his Queene, and that was thought to be the first grounds of his often removes, which afterwards proved habituall. He was unfortunate in the marriage of his Daughter, and so was all Christendome besides; but sure the Daughter was more unfortunate in a Father, then he in a Daughter: He naturally loved not the sight of a Souldier, nor of any valiant man; and it was an observation that Sir *Robert Mansell* was the only valiant man he ever loved, and him he loved so intirely, that for all *Buckinghams* greatnesse

with the King, and his hatred of Sir *Robert Mansell*, yet could not that alienate the Kings affections from him; insomuch as when by the instigation of *Cottington* (then Embassadour in *Spaine*) by *Buckingham*s procurement, the *Spanish* Embassadour came with a great complaint against Sir *Robert Mansell*, then at *Argiers*, to suppress the Pirats, That he did support them; having never a friend there, (though many) that durst speak in his defence, the King himselfe defended him in these words: *My Lord Embassadour, I cannot beleieve this, for I made choyce my selfe of him, out of these reasons; I know him to be valiant, honest, and Nobly descended as most in my Kingdome, and will never beleieve a man thus qualified will doe so base an act.* He naturally loved honest men, that were not over active, yet never loved any man heartily untill he had bound him unto him by giving him some suite, which he thought bound the others love to him again; but that argued a poore disposition in him, to beleieve that any thing but a Noble minde, seasoned with vertue, could make any firme love or union, for mercinary mindes are carried away with a greater prize, but Noble mindes, alienated with nothing but publick disgraces.

He was very witty, and had as many ready witty jests as any man living, at which he would not smile himselfe, but deliver them in a grave and serious manner: He was very liberall, of what he had not in his own gripe, and would rather part with 100. *li.* hee never had in his keeping, then one twenty shillings peece within his owne custody; He spent much, and had much use of his Subjects purses, which bred some clashing with them in Parliament, yet would alwayes come off, and end with a sweet and plausible close; and truly his bounty was not discommendable, for his raising Favourites was the worst: Rewarding old servants, and releiving his Native Country-men, was infinitely more to be commended to him, than condemned. His sending Embassadours, were no lesse chargeable than dishonourable and unprofitable to him and his whole Kingdome; for he was ever abused in all Negotiations, yet hee had rather spend 100000. *li.* on Embassies, to keep or procure peace with dishonour, then 10000. *li.* on an Army that would have forced peace with honour: He loved good Lawes, and had many made in his time, and in his last Parliament, for the good of his

Subjects, and suppressing Promoters, and proggings fellowes, gave way to that *Nullum tempus*, &c. to be confined to 60. yeares, which was more beneficiall to the Subjects in respect of their quiets, then all the Parliaments had given him during his whole Reign. By his frequenting Sermons he appeared Religious; yet his Tuesday Sermons (if you will beleve his owne Country-men, that lived in those times when they were erected, and well understood the cause of erecting them) were dedicated for a strange peece of devotion.

He would make a great deale too bold with God in his passion, both in cursing and swearing, and one straine higher vergeing on blasphemie; But would in his better temper say, he hoped God would not impute them as sins, and lay them to his charge, seeing they proceeded from passion: He had need of great assurance, rather then hopes, that would make daily so bold with God.

He was very crafty and cunning in petty things, as the circumventing any great man, the change of a Favourite, &c. inso-much as a very wise man was wont to say, he beleved him the wisest foole in Christendome, meaning him wise in small things, but a foole in weighty affaires.

He ever desired to prefer meane men in great places, that when he turned them out again, they should have no friend to bandy with them: And besides, they were so hated by being raised from a meane estate, to over-top all men, that every one held it a pretty recreation to have them often turned out: There were living in this Kings time, at one instant, two Treasurers, three Secretaries, two Lord Keepers, two Admiralls, three Lord chief Justices, yet but one in play, therefore this King had a pretty faculty in putting out and in: By this you may perceive in what his wisdom consisted, but in great and weighty affaires even at his wits end.

He had a trick to cousen himselfe with bargains under hand, by taking 1000. *li.* or 10000. *li.* as a bribe, when his Counsell was treating with his Customers to raise them to so much more yearly, this went into his Privy purse, wherin hee thought hee had over-reached the Lords, but cousened himselfe; but would as easily breake the bargaine upon the next offer, saying, he was mistaken and deceived, and therefore no reason he should

keep the bargain; this was often the case with the Farmers of the Customes; he was infinitely inclined to peace, but more out of feare then conscience, and this was the greatest blemish this King had through all his Reign, otherwise might have been ranked with the very best of our Kings, yet sometimes would hee show pretty flashes of valour which might easily be discerned to be forced, not naturall; and being forced, could have wished, rather, it would have recoiled backe into himselfe, then carryed to that King it had concerned, least he might have been put to the tryall, to maintaine his seeming valour.

In a word, he was (take him altogether and not in peeces) such a King, I wish this Kingdom have never any worse, on the condition, not any better; for he lived in peace, dyed in peace, and left all his Kingdomes in a peaceable condition, with his owne Motto:

Beati Pacifici.

Sir Anthony Weldon.

12. FRANCIS BACON

Born 1561 Died 1626

NOT long after comes the great *Lord Chancellor Bacon* to a *Censure*, for the most *simple*, and *ridiculous follies*, that ever entred into the *heart* of a *Wise man*. He was the true *Emblem* of *humane frailty*, being *more* than a *man* in some things, and less than a *woman* in others. His *crime* was *Briberie*, and *Extortion*, (which the King hinted at in his Speech, when he *facetiously* sayd, *He thought the Lords had bribed the Prince to speak well of them*) and these he had often condemned others for as a *Judge*, which now he comes to suffer for as a *Delinquent*: And they were proved, & aggravated against him with so many *circumstances*, that they fell very *fouly* on him, both in *relation* to his *Reception* of them, and his expending of them: For that which he raked in, and scrued for one way, he scattered and threw abroad another; for his Servants, being young, prodigall and expensive Youths, which he kept about him, his Treasure was their common Store, which they took without stint, having free accesse to his most retired Privacies; and his

indulgence to them, and familiarity with them, opened a *gap* to infamous *Reports*, which left an unsavoury *Tincture* on him; for where such *Leeches* are, there must be *putrid* blood to fill their *craving Appetites*. His *gettings* were like a *Prince*, with a strong hand; his *expenses* like a *Prodigall*, with a weak head; and 'tis a wonder a man of his Noble, and Gallant Parts, that could fly so high above *Reason*, should fall so far below it; unlesse that *Spirit* that *acted* the first, were too proud to stoop, to see the *deformities* of the last. And as he affected his men, so his Wife affected hers: Seldome doth the Husband deviate one way, but the Wife goeth another. . . .

He lost his *Peerage* and *Seal*, and the *Scale* was wavering whether he should carry the *Title* of *Viscount St. Albones* to his grave, and that was all he did; having only left a poor empty *being*, which lasted not long with him, his *honour* dying before him. And to heighten his *misery* the more, many others were crushed to peeces by his *fall*; for he had a *vast debt* lay upon him, which they were forced to pay; and though he had a *Pension* allowed him by the King, he wanted to his last, living obscurely in his lodgings in *Grays-Inn*, where his *loneness* and *desolate condition*, wrought upon his *ingenious*, and therefore then more *melancholly temper*, that he pined away. And had this unhappiness after all his height of *plentitude*, to be denied beer to quench his thirst: For having a sickly tast, he did not like the beer of the house, but sent to Sir *Fulk Grevill*, Lord *Brook*, in neighbourhood (now and then) for a bottle of his beer, and after some grumbling, the *Butler* had order to deny him. So *sordid* was the one, that advanced himself to be called Sir *Philip Sidnies* friend, and so friendless was the other, after he had dejected himself from what he was.

He was of *middling stature*, his countenance had indented with *Age* before he was old; his *Presence* grave and comely; of a high-flying and lively *Wit*, striving in some things to be rather admired than understood, yet so quick and easie where he would express himself, and his *Memory* so strong and active, that he appeared the *Master* of a large and plenteous *store-house* of *Knowledge* being (as it were) *Nature's Midwife*, stripping her *Callow-brood*, and clothing them in new *Attire*.

Arthur Wilson.

13. THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Born 1592 Died 1628

THE Duke was indeede a very extraordinary person, and never any man in any age, nor I believe in any country or nation, rose in so shorte a tyme to so much greatnesse of honour fame and fortune upon no other advantage or recommendation, then of the beauty and gracefulness and becommingnesse of his person; and I have not the least purpose of undervalewing his good partes and qualityes (of which ther will be occasion shortly to give some testimony) when I say, that his first introduction into favour was purely from the handsomnesse of his person: He was the younger Sunn of Sr George Villyers of Brookesby in the County of Leicester, a family of an auncient extraction, even from the tyme of the conquest, and transported then with the conqueror out of Normandy, wher the family hath still remayned and still continues with lustre . . .

This greate man was a person of a noble nature and generous disposition, and of such other indowments, as made him very capable of beinge a greate favorite to a greate Kinge; he understoode the Arts and artifices of a Courte, and all the learninge that is professed ther, exactly well; by longe practice in business, under a Master that discourced excellently, and surely knew all things wounderfully, and tooke much delight in indoctrinatinge his younge unexperienced Favorite, who he knew would be alwayes looked upon as the workmanship of his owne handes, he had obtayned a quicke conception and apprehension of businesse, and had the habitt of speakinge very gracefully, and pertinently. He was of a most flowinge courtesy and affability to all men, who made any addresse to him, and so desyrus to oblige them, that he did not enough consider the valew of the obligation, or the meritt of the person he chose to oblige, from which much of his misfortune resulted. He was of a courage not to be daunted, which was manifested in all his actions, and his contests with particular persons of the greatest reputation, and especially in his whole demeanour at the Isle of Rees, both at the landinge and upon

the retriecte, in both which no man was more fearelesse, or more ready to expose himselfe to the brightest daungers. His kindnesse and affection to his frends was so vehement, that it was so many marriages for better and worse, and so many leagues offensive and defensive, as if he thought himselfe oblied to love all his frends, and to make warr upon all they were angry with, let the cause be what it would. And it cannot be denyed, that he was an enemy in the same excesse, and prosecuted those he looked upon as his enemyes, with the utmost rigour and animosity, and was not easily induced to a reconciliation; and yett ther were some examples of his reccadinge in that particular; and in highest passyon he was so farr from stooping to any dissimulation, whereby his displeasure might be concealed and covered, till he had attayned his revenge, the low methode of Courts, that he never indeavoured to do any man an ill office, before he first told him what he was to expecte from him, and reproched him with the injures he had done, with so much generosity, that the person found it in his pouer, to receave farther satisfaction in the way he would chuse for himselfe . . .

His single misfortune was (which indeede was productive of many greater) that he never made a noble and a worthy frendshipp with a man so neare his æquall, that he would frankly advize him, for his honour and true interest, against the current, or rather the torrent of his impetuous passyons: which was partly the vice of the tyme, when the Courte was not replenished with greate choyce of excellent men, and partly the vice of the persons, who were most worthy to be applyed to, and looked upon his youth, and his obscurity, as obligations upon him, to gayne ther frendships by extraordinary application; then his ascent was so quicke, that it seemed rather a flight, then a growth, and he was such a darlinge of fortune, that he was at topp before he was seene at the bottome, for the gradation of his titles, was the effecte, not cause of his first promotion, and as if he had bene borne a favorite, he was supreme the first moneth he came to Courte, and it was wante of confidence, not of creditt, that he had not all at first, which he obtayned afterwards, never meetinge with the least obstruction, from his settinge out, till he was as greate as he could be,

so that he wanted dependants, before he thought he could wante coadjutors; nor was he very fortunate in the election of those dependants, very few of his servants having bene ever qualified enough to assiste or advize him, and were intente only upon growinge rich under him, not upon ther masters growinge good as well as greate, insomuch as he was throughout his fortune, a much wiser man, then any servant or frende he had: Lett the faulte or misfortune be what and whence it will, it may very reasonably be believed that if he had bene blessed with one faythfull frende, who had bene qualified with wisdome and integrity, that greate person would have committed as few faults, and done as transcendent worthy actions, as any man who shyned in such a sphere in that age, in Europe, for he was of an excellent nature, and of a capacity very capable of advice and counsell; he was in his nature just and candid, liberall, generous, and bountifull, nor was it ever knowne that the temptation of money swayed him to do an unjust, or unkinde thinge, and though he left a very greate inheritance to his heyres, consideringe the vast fortune he inherited by his wife (the sole daughter and Heyre of Francis Earle of Rutlande,) he owed no parte of it to his oune industry or sollicitation, but to the impatient humour of two kings his masters, who would make his fortune æquall to his titles, and the one above other men, as the other was, and he considered it no otherwise then as thers, and left it at his death ingaged for the crowne, almost to the valew of it, as is touched upon before. If he had an immoderate ambition, with which he was charged, and is a weede (if it be a weede) apt to grow in the best soyles, it does not appeare that it was in his nature, or that he brought it with him to the Courte, but rather founde it ther, and was a garment necessary for that ayre; nor was it more in his power to be without promotion, and titles, and wealth, than for a healthy man to sitt in the sunn, in the highest dogge dayes, and remayne without any warmth: he needed no ambition who was so seated in the hartes of two such masters.

The Earl of Clarendon.

14. BEN JONSON

Born 1573? Died 1637

HE can set Horoscopes, but trusts not in them, he with the consent of a friend Cousened a lady, with whom he had made ane apointment to meet ane old Astrologer in the suburbs, which she Keeped & it was himself disguysed in a Longe Gowne & a whyte beard at the light of a Dimm burning Candle up in a litle Cabinet reached unto by a Ledder.

every first day of the new year he had 20lb sent him from the Earl of Pembrok to buy bookes.

after he was reconciled with the Church & left of to be a recusant at his first communion in token of true Reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wyne.

being at the end of my Lord Salisburie's table with Inigo Jones & demanded by my Lord, why he was not glad, My Lord said he yow promised I should dine with yow, bot I doe not, for he had none of his meate, he esteemed only that his meate which was of his owne dish.

he heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen tartars & turks Romans and Carthaginions feight in his imagination.

Northampton was his mortall enimie for brauling on a St Georges day one of his attenders, he was called befor the Councell for his Sejanus & accused both of popperie and treason by him. Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes. j. sold them all for Necessity.

he heth a minde to be a churchman, & so he might have favour to make one Sermon to the King, he careth not what thereafter sould befall him, for he would not flatter though he saw Death. . . .

He is a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and Scorne of others, given rather to losse a friend, than a Jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink) which is one of the Elements in which he liveth) a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth, thinketh nothing well bot what either

he himself, or some of his friends and Countrymen hath said or done. he is passionately kynde and angry, carelesse either to gaine or keep, Vindicative, but if he be well answered, at himself.

for any religion as being versed in both.

interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst:

oppressed with fantasie, which hath even mastered his reason, a generall disease in many poets. his inventions are smooth and easie, but above all he excelleth in a translation.

William Drummond of Hawthornden.

15. NICHOLAS FERRAR'S MOTHER:

NICHOLAS FERRAR

Born 1592 Died 1637

N. F.^s Mother, was of the antient Cheshire Family of the Woodnotes of Shavington, where her Ancestors had enjoyed that Ldp. upon 500: yeares from father to Son, & ally'd to most of the gentry in that County: & as there were few women (as all that knew her can testify) that exceeded her in comelyness of her body, excellent Beauty, of fair, modest, & sober Deportment, grave in her lookes, humble in her carriage towards all people, superlative in discretion, of few words, but as occasion offred it selfe, but when she spake (It was, as Bp: Lindsell, her Son, N. F.^s: Tutor, that knew her many a yeare, & to her dying day, & ever called her, Mother) would say of her, That he knew no woman, that passed her in Eloquency (w^{ch} was naturall to her) in Judgment & Wisdome, as he did ever admire her. And for her Devotion towards God, her Piety, her Charity, her love to God's word, her constant dayly reading Scripture, her singing Psalms, when she satt at work with her Children & Mayds about her, & hearing them read Chapters, & her often reading in the Booke of Martyrs, her going to the Church Prayers Wednesdayes & Fridayes, her having heard (as it was computed in her life time) 12: Thousand Sermons (for she was also addicted that way.) And what good use she made of all these

things, Let the world speak it, her Deeds will prayse her in the Gates of the City, & the Country in the open fields abroad. In a word, The Bishop would say, It was noe wonder, that such a Mother should bring forth such a son as N. F. was. . . .

Many arguments N. F. used, fully to satisfy his Friends, in those his actions, in spareness of diet, fasting, watching & that he that did abridge his health & life, by those meenes or otherwise, was a kind of Felo de se, & so would be found in God's Books at the last. And this here in this place may be upon this occasion declared, that (as he told his Mother) she & others should see, & find that he should be more healthfull, by that course he held, then he was in the former part of his Life, & be able to performe more of his duty to God & that Family. And it is known to all, that he never had so much health together, & Ability of bodyly strength & mind, as in the last seaven yeares of his life, when he was (as they thought) most strictest in these things. For 18: houres of the 24: of the day & night he spent in some employments or other, of both paynes & care, for he reserved usually but six houres for his Sleep, Diet, & the like needfull actions in those kinds. That he grew seldome to sitt by the fire—but when by some occasions, to satisfy others, he was invited—That he, after his Mother's death (though before to satisfy her mind, went to bed, or lay down upon a Bed some 4: houres) did only lye upon a Board, with a white Bears Skin under him, & wrapping himself in a great Shag black freeze gown, & from 9: to one (as you heard before) at what houre of one, he rose up to Prayer & Meditation. These things I only here touch, as a proof that he found no impairing of health, or strength, in the last 7: years of his age, & the most strickness of his life as some terme it. . . .

But to proceed with N. F.^s Life & actions. He always gave command, then whenever he were at Study, If any Stranger or other did come, & desire to speak with him, he might know it, for he would say, that it might in one kind or other be hoped, they came for his good, or their owne, & was the thing he loved, to make himself or others better: He would observe some thing from them, or out of them, to be of benefit to himself, to confirm in what was good, or to hate Vice more & more: & he would endeavour to do them all the good, he

could, by words or example, & seldom or never any parted with him, but received satisfaction.

He had great skill in Phisiognomy—he had ever a speciall regard of all mens actions & dispositions, their tempers & affections. Insomuch that many of his now friends & Acquaintance that were intimate with him, would say of him, that he did know their tempers, & their selves, inside & outside, much better then themselves did, & it hath been proved, that if he did but converse some few dayes with men, & that they did not know his Intent, by what he heard from them, & by such kinde of discourse, that he would put to them, that he would tell, how those men were inclined, what wayes & meanes would soon please or displease them, how they were to be dealt with, in perswading, or diswading to this or that; & in brief, how most men were to be ruled & overcome & mastered by their Counsellor & Friends—& he so wonne the affections of most that he conversed with, as it was strange to all that knew him, how he could deal with all sorts of people for their good: & as some merry Friends would say, Make himself Master of them. He had this very Art from his younger yeares, Insomuch as it is well known, that when some differences have been in the College, amongst the Fellows, many times in some College affaires, he then but a young Fellow, yet so wun upon each side, that he could draw them off many times, from their Resolutions, to leave their Passions, & hearken to reason, & what was (as it ought to be) & that in such a winning way, & sweet way, in knowing all their tempers of minde, & applying his arguments properly to them, that oftentimes in a little Calme, some of the Fellows having found that such & such had receded from their Determinations, & changed their minds, they would say in their Passions this young Boy Nick Ferrar, can doe more with his Tutor Lindsell & others than all we can (such an insinuating, subtle Boy he is.) And his Tutor would laugh heartily at his Friends, & tell them, If Nick tooke them to taske, he would alter them also. But for all these things, yet he never lost their love, nor Friendship one Inche, but having better considered of it, would merrily put it over, & pass it off. He would never for love or feare, in a right matter & just thing step one jott out of the way, to give way

to a wrong business. His Tutor Lindsell would often say, of him, to the rest of the Fellows, God keep Nick in a right mind & way, for if he should turne Schismatick, or Heretick, he would make work for all the world, such a head, such an Heart, such prevalent Arguments he hath, & such a ready tongue & Pen, such a Memory, with that indefatigable paynes (for sayd he, I think he is made up of Industry) that I know not, who will be able to grapple with him. *John Ferrar.*

Though he was far from one of the volatile or *bird-witted* (as one ingeniously calls that sort of men, that are ever hopping from bough to bough and can never fix upon anything), yet he would never be long in any of his studies or in any employment, but keep (as exactly as his many accidental occasions would give him leave) such and such hours for such and such affairs; and out of doubt this was best for his body and mind. 'Tis certain he found a real advantage in shifting the scenes, besides a new pleasure and refreshment at every turn, though, if occasion were, he could set himself day and night to any task and never give over, till he could say '*Tis perfect.*' . . .

If any one attended him for his advice in a thing of moment (as he was the oracle of his friends) if the time and place would bear it, he would write down in brief the substance of what they propounded; then he would set down his answer, his advice and reasons, why he liked or disliked the proposition. He found by experience, delivering his mind in a short written note, especially to his country tenants, when they came to treat with him, saved a great deal of time, preventing impertinent talking and passions and misunderstandings.

Francis Turner.

16. THE EARL OF STRAFFORD

Born 1593 Executed 1641

HE was a man of greate partes and extraordinary indowments of nature, not unadorned with some addicion of Arte and learninge, though that agayne was more improoved and illustrated by the other, for he had a readynesse of conception, and sharp-

nesse of expressyon, which made his learninge thought more, then in truth it was. His first inclinations and addresses to the Courte, were only to establish his Greatnesse in the Country, wher he apprehended some Actes of power from the L^d Savill, who had bene his ryvall alwayes ther, and of late had strengthened himselfe by beinge made a Privy Counsellour, and Officer at Courte, but his first attempts were so prosperous that he contented not himselfe with beinge secure from his power in the Country, but rested not till he had bereaved him of all power and place in Courte, and so sent him downe a most abject disconsolate old man to his Country, wher he was to have the superintendency over him too by getting himselfe at that tyme made L^d President of the North. These successes, applyed to a nature too elate and arrogant of it selfe, and a quicker progresse into the greatest imployments and trust, made him more transported with disdayne of other men, and more contemninge the formes of businesse, then happily he would have bene, if he had mett with some interruptions in the beginning, and had passed in a more leasurely gradation to the office of a Statesman. He was no doubt of greate observation, and a piercinge judgement both into thinges and persons, but his too good skill in persons made him judge the worse of thinges, for it was his misfortune to be of a tyme, wherein very few wise men were æqually imployed with him, and scarce any (but the L^d Coventry, whose trust was more confined) whose facultyes and abilityes were æquall to his, so that upon the matter he wholly relyed upon himselfe, and decerninge many defects in most men, he too much neglected what they sayd or did. Of all his passions his pryde was most prædominant, which a moderate exercise of ill fortune might heve corrected and reformed, and which was by the hande of heaven strangely punished, by bringinge his destruction upon him, by two thinges, that he most despised, the people, and S^r Harry Vane; In a worde, the Epitaph which Plutarch recordes, that Silla wrote for himselfe, may not be unfitly applyed to him; That no man did ever passe him, either in doinge good to his frends, or in doinge mischief to his enemyes, for his Actes of both kindes were most exemplar and notorious.

The Earl of Clarendon.

17. WILLIAM BEDELL AT GREAT HORNING SHEATH

Born 1571 Died 1642

IN his family relation his example and authority was such that all, from his yoke-fellow to the meanest servant, held all due reverence to him. His children he had in very great subjection and nurture, wherein God had given him an helper conformable and answerable to himself, both of them, as in all things, so in this happily concurring. And though oftentimes where children of two several companies are in one family, discords arise either between the children or parents or both, yet their impartiality and joint care for the good of the children was such that no considerable emulation or variance was ever found among the children, nor the least difference between the parents.

His manner was to rise very early (commonly at four, winter and summer), and so to retire presently to his study; where he would be so fixed till prayer time, that if any thing (as business of the family, or some stranger or neighbour coming to speak with him) did happen to call him down, he would be even angry with the messenger (wife, child, or servant) of any such occasion of interruption.

For prayer he observed three seasons, morning, noon, and evening, never tedious or prolix. At noon his manner was to read and expound some chapter of the Bible before prayer. His expositions were methodical, concise, and substantial.

As his children grew up (their mother having taught them to read English and give an account of the heads of the catechism), then he took them under his own teaching; and two of his sons he thus took pains with for some years. But his other many occasions, as hereafter will appear, and his studies especially, not allowing so great a distraction, he was fain to give that task over.

Some little recreation he used sometime before dinner or supper; which for the most part was planting, transplanting, grafting and inoculating, and sometimes digging in his garden.

For his habit he was a great lover of plainness, both for the matter and fashion; never changing his fashion in all his life. His rules were easiness for the stirring of his body, and service-

ableness, avoiding all vanity and superfluity. And in his children he still laboured to have the same rules observed; wherein only he differed something from the disposition of his yoke-fellow, she according to her education, sex, and the quality of her former husband, affecting elegance and neatness of habit, which also she did sometimes endeavour to observe in her children. But his will and authority bore the sway. Some of his friends would blame him for this carelessness and neglect (as they counted it). But among other grave answers he usually gave, this was one: that *in our baptism we had all avowed to forsake the pomps and vanities of this wicked world*. When his friends came to visit him, his entertainment was friendly, neat and bountiful; but his grave deportment and savoury discourse surmounted all, which was of such influence that it gave a law to the company, and held them (as it were) under a kind of discipline; which that he might somewhat relax and yet not warp from his own principles, he would retire from them to his study with some grave *item*, leaving them to enjoy themselves. If they were ministers or scholars he would tarry longer, but so as he would be sure their discourse should be profitable.

And here it cannot be omitted what an admirable gift and grace God had given him in the command and ordering of his speech. For as he was well stored with all kinds of knowledge, so he was of such sanctified wisdom, that still he would be communicating to others, and that in such a pleasing and delightful way, that not the least appearance of pride or vain glory could be found in his discourse; no place left for vanity, if he were present; nothing could be heard but piety and morality, no man present but was either pleased or profited or charmed. If any other would speak any thing savoury, he would stand still and hear; yea of the two he was more forward to learn than teach; to hear rather than to speak; giving place to any, though his inferiors by many degrees. Yea by an Art he had, he would so observe the tempers of men, that in discourse with them he would draw forth whatever little good was in them; suppressing their vanity by his gravity, and hiding their ignorance by his wisdom and humility. . . .

There is yet farther to be noted in his domestical course of

conversation his behaviour towards beggars, bedlams and travellers, that use to come to men's doors. These he would not fail to examine, mixing both wholesome instructions and severe reproofs. Nor rested he there; but if they had any passes to travel by, he would be sure to scan them thoroughly, and finding them false or counterfeit, his way was to send for the constable, and after correction given according to law, he would make them a new pass, and send them to the place of their last settlement or birth. This made him so well known among that sort of people, that they shunned the town for the most part, to the no small quiet and security of him and all his neighbours.

One principal point more is yet behind; and that is his manner of governing his family upon the Lord's day. Being risen himself (mostly commonly the first in the house), he presently retired to his study, where while he was busied in prayer and meditation, his wife was hastening to get the children ready a convenient time before the time of public meeting; that all might be in readiness against his coming down to prayer in the family. His company being come together, he would come down among them; but as at all times, so more especially then, with his countenance composed to all possible gravity, piety and solemnity; so as the presence of that day, and his deportment together, wrought no small effects both upon children and servants as to preparation for the service of God; so truly was he God's vice-regent in his family. Before prayer some time he would give some admonition to his company, as he judged most suitable. And then falling down on his knees he would perform prayer among them. Which being done, all repaired together to church. In the passage from his house to the church, which was not very far, strict notice was taken of the gestures and behaviour of his children, either by himself or to be sure by his consort, an helper to him to the height in these best things. But especially their words were observed. And when once they were come to the place, then all possible reverence and attention was expected both from children and servants, and of such failings as were committed, this godly couple were diligent observers and severe correctors.

William Bedell the younger.

18. JOHN HAMPDEN

Born 1594 Killed 1643

HE was a gentleman of a good family in Buckinghamshyre, and borne to a fayre fortune, and of a most civill and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world, he indulged to himselfe all the licence in sportes and exercises, and company, which was used by men of the most jolly conversation; afterwards he retired to a more reserved and melancholique society, yet præserveinge his owne naturall cheerfulnessse and vivacity, and above all a flowinge courtesy to all men; Though they who conversed neerely with him founde him growinge into a dislike of the Ecclesiasticall government of the church, yet most believed it rather a dislike of some Churchmen, and of some introducements of thers which he apprehended might disquyett the publique peace: He was rather of reputation in his owne Country, than of publique discourse or fame in the Kingdome, before the businesse of Shippmony, but then he grew the argument of all tounge, every man enquyringe who and what he was, that durst at his owne charge supporte the liberty and property of the kingdome, and reskue his Country from beinge made a prey to the Courte; his carriage throughout that agitation was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to finde some advantage against his person to make him lesse resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony: and the judgement that was given against him infinitely more advanced him, than the service for which it was given. When this Parliament began (beinge returned Knight of the Shyre for the County wher he lived) the eyes of all men were fixed on him as their Patriæ Pater, and the Pilott that must steere ther vessell through the tempests and Rockes which threatned it: And I am perswaded his power and interest at that tyme was greater, to doe good or hurte, than any mans in the kingdome, or than any man of his ranke hath had in any tyme: for his reputation of honesty was universall, and his affections seemed so publiquely guyded, that no corrupte or pryvate ends could byasse them.

He was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of

that seeminge humility and submissyon of judgement, as if he brought no opinyons with him, but a desyre of information and instruction, yet he had so subtle a way of interrogatinge, and under the notion of doubts, insinuatinge his objections, that he left his opinions with those, from whome he prætended to learne and receave them; and even with them, who were able to præserve themselves from his infusions, and decerned those opinions to be fixed in him, with which they could not comply, he alwayes left the character of an ingenious and conscientious person. He was indeede a very wise man, and of greate partes, and possessed with the most absolute spiritt of popularity, that is the most absolute facultyes to governe the people, of any man I ever knew. For the first yeere of the parliament he seemed rather to moderate and soften the violent and distempred humours, then to inflame them, but wise and dispassioned men playnely decerned, that that moderation proceeded from prudence, and observation that the season was not rype, [rather] then that he approoved of the moderation, and that he begatt many opinions and motions the education whereof he committed to other men, so farr disguisinge his owne designes that he seemed seldome to wish more then was concluded, and in many grosse conclutions which would hereafter contribute to designes not yet sett on foote, when he founde them sufficiently backed by majority of voyces, he would withdraw himselfe before the questyon, that he might seeme not to consent to so much visible unreasonablenesse, which produced as great a doubte in some, as it did approbation in others of his integrity: What combination soever had bene originally with the Scotts for the invasion of England, and what farther was enter'd into afterwards, in favour of them, and to advance any alteration in Parliament, no man doubtles was at least with the privity of this gentleman.

After he was amongst those members accused by the Kinge of High treason, he was much altred, his nature and carriage seeminge much feircer then it did before; and without question when he first drew his sworde, he threw away the scabberd, for he passionately opposed the overture made by the Kinge for a treaty from Nottingham, and as eminently any expedients that might have produced an accommadation in this that was

at Oxforde, and was principally relyed on to prævent any infusions which might be made into the Earle of Essex towards peace, or to render them ineffectuall if they were made; and was indeede much more relyed on by that party, than the Generall himselfe. In the first entrance into the troubles he undertooke the commande of a Regiment of foote, and performed the duty of a Collonell on all occasyons most punctually: He was very temperate in dyett, and a supreme governour over all his passyons and affections, and had thereby a greate power over other mens: He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tyred out, or wearyed by the most laborious, and of partes not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharpe, and of a personall courage æqual to his best partes, so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have bene made a frende, and as much to be apprehended wher he was so, as any man could deserve to be, and therefore his death was no lesse congratulated on the one party then it was condoled on the other. In a worde, what was sayd of Cinna, might well be applyed to him, *Erat illi consilium ad facinus aptum, consilio autem neque lingua neque manus decrat*, he had a heade to contrive, and a tounge to perswade, and a hande to exequite any mischieve; his death therefore seemed to be a greate deliverance to the nation.

The Earl of Clarendon.

19. WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH

Born 1602 Died 1644

MR CHILLINGWORTH was of a stature little superiour to Mr Hales (and it was an Age in which ther were many greate and wounderfull men of that size) and a man of so greate a subtlety of understandinge, and so rare a temper in debate, that as it was impossible to provoke him into any passyon, so it was very difficulte to keepe a mans selfe from beinge a little discomposed by his sharpnesse and quicknesse of argument and instances, in which he had a rare facility, and a greate advantage over all men I ever knew. He had spent all his younger tyme in disputation, and had arryved to so greate a mastery, as he

was inferior to no man in those skirmishes: but he had with his notable perfection in this exercise, contracted such an irresolution and habit of doubting, that by degrees he grew confident of nothing, and a scepticke at least in the greatest mysteries of faith; This made him from first wavering in religion and indulgence to scruples, to reconcile himselfe to soone and to easily to the Church of Rome, and carryinge still his owne inquisitiveness aboute him, without any resignation to ther authority (which is the only temper can make that Church sure of its Proselytes) havinge made a journey to St Omers purely to perfecte his conversion by the conversation of those who had the greatest name, he founde as little satisfaction ther, and returned with as much hast from them, with a beliefe that an intire exemption from error was nether inherent in, nor necessary to, any Church; which occasioned that warr which was carryed on by the Jesuits with so greate asperity and reproches against him, and in which he defended himselfe by such an admirable eloquence of language, and the cleere and incomparable power of reason, that he not only made them appeare unæquall adversaryes, but carryed the warr into ther owne quarters, and made the Popes infallibility to be as much shaken and declyned by ther owne Doctors, and as greate an acrimony amongst themselves upon that subjecte, and to be at least as much doubted as in the schooles of the Reformed or Protestant, and forced them since to defende and maintayne those unhappy contraversyes in religion, with armes and weapons of another nature, then were used or knowne in the Church of Rome when Bellarmyne dyed: and which probably will in tyme undermyne the very foundation that supportes it.

Such a levity and propensity to change, is commonly attended with greate infirmities in, and no less reproch and præjudice to the person, but the sincerity of his heart was so conspicuous, and without the least temptation of any corrupt end, and the innocence and candour of his nature so evident and without any perverseness, that all who knew him cleerly decerned, that all those restlesse motions and fluctuation proceeded only from the warmth and jealousy of his owne thoughts, in a to nice inquisition for truth: nether the bookes of the Adversary,

nor any of ther persons, though he was acquainted with the best of both, had ever made greate impression upon him, all his doubttes grew out of himselfe, when he assisted his scruples with all the strength of his owne reason, and was then to hard for himselfe; but findinge as little quyett and repose in those victoryes, he quickly recover'd by a new appeale to his owne judgement, so that he was in truth upon the matter in all his Sallyes and retreits his own convertte, though he was not so totally devested of all thoughts of this worlde, but that when he was ready for it he admitted some greate and considerable Churchmen to be sharers with him, in his publique conversion. Whilst he was in perplexity, or rather some passionate disinclination to the religion he had bene educated in, he had the misfortune to have much acquaintance with one Mr Lugar a minister of that church, a man of competency of learninge in those points most contraverted with the Romanists, but of no acute parts of witt or judgement, and wrought so farr upon him, by weakeninge and enervating those arguments by which he founde he was governed (as he had all the logique and all the Rhetorique that was necessary to perswade very powerfully men of the greatest talents) that the poore man, not able to lyve longe in doubte, to hastily deserted his owne church, and betooke himselfe to the Roman, nor could all the arguments and reasons of Mr Chillingworth make him pawse in the expedition he was usinge, or reduce him from that Church after he had given himselfe to it, but had alwayes a greate animosity against him, for havinge (as he sayd) unkindly betrayed him, and carryed him into another religion, and ther left him: So unfitt are some constitutions to be troubled with doubttes, after they are once fixed.

He did really believe all warr to be unlawfull, and did not thinke that the Parliament (whose proceedings he perfectly abhorred) did intruth intende to involve the nation in a civill warr, till after the battell of Edgehill, and then he thought any expedient or stratagemm that was like to putt a speedy ende to it, to be the most commendable; and so havinge to mathematically conceived an Engyne that should moove so lightly, as to be a brestworke in all incounters and assaultes in the feilde, he carryed it to make the exsperiment into that parte

of his Majestys army, which was only in that winter season in the Feilde, under the commaunde of the L^d Hopton in Hampshire upon the borders of Sussex, wher he was shutt up in the Castle of Arundell, which was forced after a short, sharpe seige, to yeild for want of victuall, and poore M^r Chillingworth with it fallinge into the Rebells hands, and beinge most barbarously treated by them, especially by that Clargy which followed them, and beinge broken with sicknesse contracted by the ill accommadation and want of meate and fyre duringe the seige, which was in a terrible season of frost and snow, he dyed shortly after in pryson. He was a man of excellent parts, and of a cheerfull disposition, voyde of all kinde of vice, and indewed with many notable virtues, of a very publique hearte, and an indefatigable desyre to do good; his only unhappinesse proceeded from his sleepinge to little, and thinkinge to much, which sometymes threw him into violent feavers.

The Earl of Clarendon.

20. ARCHBISHOP LAUD

Born 1573 Died 1645

It was within one weeke after the Kings returne from Scotlande that Abbott dyed at his house at Lambeth, and the Kinge tooke very little tyme to consider who should be his successour, but the very next tyme the Bishopp of London (who was longer upon his way home, then the Kinge had been) came to him, his Majesty entertayned him very cheerefully, with this compellation, My L^{ds} Grace of Canterbury you are very wellcome, and gave order the same day for the dispatch of all the necessary formes for the translation, so that within a moneth, or therabouts, after the death of the other Arch-Bishopp, he was compleately invested in that high dignity, and settled in his Pallace at Lambeth: This Greate Prelate had bene before in greate favour with the Duke of Buckingham, whose greate confident he was, and by him recommended to the Kinge, as fittest to be trusted in the conferringe all Ecclesiasticall præferments, when he was but Bishopp of S^t Davids, or newly præ-

ferred to Bath and Wells, and from that tyme he intirely governed that Province without a ryvall, so that his promotion to Canterbury was longe foreseene and exspected, nor was it attended with any encrease of envy, or dislike.

He was a man of greate parts and very exemplar virtues, allayed and discredited by some unpopular naturall infirmities, the greatest of which was (besydes a hasty sharpe way of exspressinge himselfe) that he believed innocence of heart, and integrity of manners, was a garde stronge enough to secure any man, in his voyage through this worlde, in what company soever he travelled, and through what wayes soever he was to passe, and sure never any man was better supplied with that provisyon. He was borne of honest parents, who were well able to provyde for his education, in the schooles of learninge, from whence they sent him to St. Johns Colledge in Oxforde, the worst indowed at that tyme, of any in that famous university; from a scholar he became a fellow, and then the President of that Colledge, after he had receaved all the graces and degrees, the Proctorshipp and the Doctorshipp, could be obtayned ther: He was alwayes maligned and persecuted by those who were of the Calvinian faction, which was then very pouverfull, and who accordinge to ther usefull maxime and practice, call every man they do not love, Papist, and under this senselesse appellation they created him many troubles and vexations, and so farr suppressed him, that though he was the Kings Chaplyne, and taken notice of for an excellent preacher, and a scholar of the most sublime parts, he had not any præferment to invite him to leave his poore Colledge, which only gave him breade, till the vigour of his age was passed; and when he was promoted by Kinge James, it was but to a poore Bishopricke in Wales, which was not so good a supporte for a Bishopp as his Colledge was for a private scholler, though a Doctor. Parliaments in that tyme were frequent, and grew very busy, and the party under which he had suffer'd a continuall persecution appeared very powerfull and full of designe, and they who had the courage to oppose them, begann to be taken notice of with approbation and countenance, and under this style he came to be first cherished by the Duke of Buckingham, after he had made some exsperiments of the temper and spiritt

of the other people, nothinge to his satisfaction: from this tyme he prospered at the rate of his owne wishes, and beinge transplanted out of his cold barren Diocesse of St Davids, into a warmer climate, he was left, as was sayd before, by that omnipotent Favorite, in that greate trust with the Kinge, who was sufficiently indisposed towards the persons or the principles of Mr Calvins disciples.

When he came into greate authority, it may be he retayned to keene a memory of those who had so unjustly and uncharitably persecuted him before, and I doubte was so farr transported with the same passyons he had reason to complayne of in his adversaryes, that, as they accused him of Popery, because he had some doctrinall opinions, which they liked not, though they were nothinge allyed to Popery, so he intertayned to much præjudice to some persons, as if they were enemyes to the disciplyne of the Church, because they concurred with Calvin in some doctrinall points, when they abhorred his disciplyne, and revered the government of the Church, and prayed for the peace of it, with as much zeale and fervency, as any in the kingdome, as they made manifest in ther lives, and in ther sufferings with it and for it. He had, from his first entrance into the worlde without any disguise or dissimulation declared his owne opinion of that Classis of men, and as soone as it was in his power, he did all he could to hinder the growth and encrease of that faction, and to restrayne those who were inclined to it, from doinge the mischief they desyred to do: But his power at Courte could not enough qualify him, to goe through with that difficult reformation, whilst he had a superiour in the Church, who havinge the raynes in his hande, could slacken them accordinge to his owne humour and indiscretion, and was thought to be the more remisse to irritate his cholirique disposition, but when he had now the Primacy in his owne hande, the Kinge beinge inspired with the same zeale, he thought he should be to blame, and have much to answer, if he did not make hast to apply remedyes, to those diseases, which he saw would grow apace. . . .

The Arch-Bishopp had all his life eminently opposed Calvins doctryne in those contraversyes, before the name of Arminius was taken notice of or his opinions hearde of; and therupon for

wante of another name they had called him a Papiste, which nobody believed him to be, and he had more manifested the contrary in his disputations and writings, then most men had done: and it may be the other founde the more seveare and rigourous usage from him, for ther propagatinge that calumny against him. He was a man of greate courage and resolution, and beinge most assured within himselfe that he proposed no end in all his actions or designes, then what was pyous and just (as sure no man had ever a hearte more intire, to the Kinge, the Church, or his country) he never studyed the best wayes to those ends; he thought it may be, that any arte or industry that way, would discreditt, at least make the integrity of the end suspected: let the cause be what it will, he did courte persons to little, nor cared to make his designes and purposes appeare as candid as they were, by shewing them in any other dresse, then ther owne naturall beauty and roughnesse: and did not consider enough what men sayd, or were like to say of him. If the faultes and vices were fitt to be looked into and discover'd, let the persons be who they would that were guilty of them, they were sure to finde no connivence of favour from him. He intended the disciplyne of the Church should be felte, as well as spoken of, and that it should be applyed to the greatest and most splendid transgressors, as well as to the punishment of smaller offences, and meaner offenders; and thereupon called for, or cherished the discovery of those who were not carefull to cover ther owne iniquityes, thinkinge they were above the reach of other mens, or ther power, or will to chastice: Persons of honour and great quality, of the Courte, and of the Country, were every day cited into the High Com-misyon Courte, upon the fame of ther incontinence, or other skandall in ther lyves; and were ther prosecuted to ther shame and punishment, and as the shame, (which they called an insolent tryumph upon ther degree and quality, and levelling them with the common people) was never forgotten, but watched for revenge, so the Fynes imposed ther were the more questioned and repyned against, because they wer assigned to the rebuildinge and repayringe St. Pauls Church, and thought therefore to be the more sevearely imposed, and the lesse compassionately reduced and excused, which likewise made the

jurisdiction and rigour of the Starrchamber more felte and murmured against, which sharpened many mens humours against the Bishopps, before they had any ill intention toward the Church.

The Earl of Clarendon.

21. THE EARL OF ARUNDEL

Born 1586 Died 1646

HE was tall of Stature, and of Shape and proportion rather goodly than neat; his Countenance was Majestical and grave, his Visage long, his Eyes large black and piercing; he had a hooked Nose, and some Warts or Moles on his Cheeks; his Countenance was brown, his Hair thin both on his Head and Beard; he was of a stately Presence and Gate, so that any Man that saw him, though in never so ordinary Habit, could not but conclude him to be a great Person, his Garb and Fashion drawing more Observation than did the rich Apparel of others; so that it was a common Saying of the late Earl of *Carlisle*, Here comes the Earl of *Arundel* in his plain Stuff and trunk Hose, and his Beard in his Teeth, that looks more like a Noble Man than any of us. He was more learned in Men and Manners than in Books, yet understood the *Latin* Tongue very well, and was Master of the *Italian*; besides he was a great Favourer of learned Men, such as Sir *Robert Cotton*, Sir *Henry Spelman*, Mr. *Camden*, Mr. *Selden*, and the like. He was a great Master of Order and Ceremony, and knew and kept greater Distance towards his Sovereign, than any Person I ever observed, and expected no less from his inferiours; often complaining that the too great Affability of the King, and the *French* Garb of the Court would bring Majesty into Contempt. . . . He was the greatest Favourer of Arts, especially Painting, Sculpture, Designs, Carving, Building and the like, that this Age hath produced; his Collection of Designs being more than of any Person living, and his Statues equal in Number, Value and Antiquity to those in the Houses of most Princes; to gain which, he had Persons many Years employed both in *Italy*, *Greece*, and so generally in any part of *Europe* where Rarities

were to be had. His Paintings likewise were numerous and of the most excellent Masters, having more of that exquisite Painter *Hans Holben* than are in the World besides. . . . He was a Person of Great and universal Civility, but yet with that Restriction as that it forbad any to be bold or saucy with him; though with those whom he affected, which were Lovers of State, Nobility and curious Arts, he was very free and conversible; but they being but few, the Stream of the times being otherwise, he had not many Confidants or Dependents; neither did he much affect to have them, they being unto great Persons both burthensome and dangerous. He was not popular at all, nor cared for it, as loving better by a just Hand than Flattery to let the common People to know their Distance and due Observance. Neither was he of any Faction in Court or Council, especially not of the *French* or Puritan. . . . He was in Religion no Bigot or Puritan, and professed more to effect moral Vertues than nice Questions and Controversies. . . . If he were defective in any thing, it was that he could not bring his Mind to his Fortune; which though great, was far too little for the Vastness of his noble Designs.

Sir Edward Walker.

22. CHARLES I

Born 1600 Executed 1649

To speake first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royall virtues, He was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so greate a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongfull action, except it were so disguysed to him, that he believed it to be just; he had a tendernes and compassion of nature, which restrayned him from ever doinge a hard hearted thinge, and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to Malefactors, that his Judges represented to him the damage and insecurity to the publique that flowed from such his indulgence, and then he restrayned himselfe from pardoninge ether murthers or highway robberyes, and quickly decerned the fruits of his severity, by a wouderfull reformation of those

enormities. He was very punctuall and regular in his devotions, so that he was never knowne to enter upon his recreations or sportes, though never so early in the morninge, before he had bene at publique prayers, so that on huntinge dayes, his Chaplynes were bounde to a very early attendance, and he was likewise very stricte in observinge the howres of his private cabbinnett devotions, and was so seveare an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never indure any light or prophane worde in religion, with what sharpnesse of witt so ever it was cover'd; and though he was well pleased and delighted with readinge verses made upon any occasyon, no man durst bringe before him any thinge that was prophane or uncleane, that kinde of witt had never any countenance then. He was so greate an example of conjugall affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, did not bragge of ther liberty, and he did not only permitt but directe his Bishopps to prosecute those skandalous vices, in the Ecclesiasticall Courtes, against persons of eminence, and neere relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay that hindred them from shyninge in full lustre, and from producinge those fruites they should have bene attended with; he was not in his nature bountifull, though he gave very much, which appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely, and he paused to longe in givinge, which made those to whome he gave lesse sensible of the benefitt. He kept state to the full, which made his Courte very orderly, no man præsuminge to be seen in a place wher he had no pretence to be; he saw and observed men longe, before he receaved any about his person, and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himselfe to, at the Councell Board, and judged very well, and was dextrous in the mediatinge parte, so that he often putt an end to causes by perswasion, which the stubbornesse of mens humours made delatory in courts of justice. He was very fearelesse in his person, but not enterpryze, and had an excellent understandinge, but was not confident enough of it: which made him often tymes chaunge his owne opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of a man,

that did not judge so well as himselfe: and this made him more irresolute, then the conjuncture of his affayres would admitt: If he had bene of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have founde more respecte and duty, and his not applyinge some seveare cures, to approching evils, proceeded from the lenity of his nature, and the tendernesse of his conscience, which in all cases of bloode, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to seveare counsell how reasonably soever urged. This only restrayned him from pursuinge his advantage in the first Scotts expedition, when humanely speakinge, he might have reduced that Nation to the most slavish obedyence that could have bene wished, but no man can say, he had then many who advized him to it, but the contrary, by a wounderfull indisposition all his Councell had to fightinge, or any other fatigue. He was alwayes an immoderate lover of the Scottish nation, havinge not only bene borne ther, but educated by that people and besiedged by them alwayes, having few English aboute him till he was kinge, and the major number of his servants beinge still of those, who he thought could never fayle him, and then no man had such an ascendent over him, by the lowest and humblest insinuations, as Duke Hambleton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so stricte that he abhorred all deboshry to that degree, that at a greate festivall solemnity wher he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scotts were entertayned, he was told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they dranke, and that ther was one Earle who had dranke most of the rest downe and was not himselfe mooved or altred, the kinge sayd that he deserved to be hanged, and that Earle comminge shortly into the roome wher his Majesty was, in some gayty to shew how unhurte he was from that battle, the kinge sent one to bidd him withdraw from his Majestys presence, nor did he in some dayes after appear before the kinge. . . .

To conclude, he was the worthyest gentleman, the best master, the best frende, the best husbände, the best father, and the best Christian, that the Age in which he lyved had produced, and if he was not the best kinge, if he was without some parts

and qualityes which have made some kings greate and happy, no other Prince was ever unhappy, who was possessed of half his virtues and indowments, and so much without any kinde of vice.

The Earl of Clarendon.

25. CHARLES I

HE was a person, tho' born sickly yet who came thro' temperance and exercise, to have as firm and strong a body, as most persons I ever knew, and throughout all the fatigues of the warr, or during his imprisonment, never sick. His appetite was to plain meats, and tho' he took a good quantity thereof, yet it was suitable to an easy digestion. He seldom eat of above three dishes at most, nor drank above thrice; a glasse of small beer, another of claret wine, and the last of water; he eat suppers as well as dinners heartily; but betwixt meales, he never medled with anything. Fruit he would eat plentifully, and with this regularity, he moved as steddily, as a star follows its course. His deportment was very majestick; for he would not let fall his dignity, no not to the greatest Forraigners, that came to visit him and his Court; for tho' he was farr from pride, yet he was carefull of majestie, and would be approacht with respect and reverence. His conversation was free, and the subject matter of it (on his own side of the Court) was most commonly rational; or if facetious, not light. With any Artist or good Mechanick, Traveller, or Scholar he would discourse freely; and as he was commonly improved by them, so he often gave light to them in their own art or knowledge. For there were few Gentlemen in the world, that knew more of useful or necessary learning, than this Prince did: and yet his proportion of books was but small, having like Francis the first of France, learnt more by the ear, than by study. His way of arguing was very civil and patient; for he seldom contradicted another by his authority, but by his reason: nor did he by any petulant dislike quash another's arguments; and he offered his exception by this civill introduction, *By your favour, Sir, I think otherwise on this or that ground:* yet he would discountenance any bold or forward addresse unto him. And

in suits or discourse of busines he would give way to none abruptly to enter into them, but lookt, that the greatest Persons should in affairs of this nature addresse to him by his proper Ministers, or by some solemn desire of speaking to him in their own persons. His exercises were manly; for he rid the great horse very well; and on the little saddle he was not only adroit, but a laborious hunter or field-man; and they were wont to say of him, that he fail'd not to do any of his exercises artificially, but not very gracefully; like some well-proportioned faces, which yet want a pleasant air of countenance. He had a great plainnes in his own nature, and yet he was thought even by his Friends to love too much a versatile man; but his experience had thorowly weaned him from this at last.

He kept up the dignity of his Court, limiting persons to places suitable to their qualities, unless he particularly call'd for them. Besides the women, who attended on his beloved Queen and Consort, he scarce admitted any great Officer to have his wife in the family. Sir Henry Vane was the first, that I knew in that kind, who having a good dyet as Comptroller of the Household, and a tenuity of fortune, was winkt at; so as the Court was fill'd, not cramm'd. His exercises of Religion were most exemplary; for every morning early, and evening not very late, singly and alone, in his own bed-chamber or closet he spent some time in private meditation: (for he durst reflect and be alone) and thro' the whole week, even when he went a hunting, he never failed, before he sat down to dinner, to have part of the Liturgy read unto him and his menial servants, came he never so hungry, or so late in: and on Sundays and Tuesdays he came (commonly at the beginning of Service) to the Chappell, well attended by his Court-Lords, and chief Attendants, and most usually waited on by many of the Nobility in town, who found those observances acceptably entertain'd by him. His greatest enemies can deny none of this; and a man of this moderation of mind could have no hungry appetite to prey upon his subjects, tho' he had a greatnes of mind not to live precariously by them. But when he fell into the sharpnes of his afflictions, (than which few men underwent sharper) I dare say, I know it, (I am sure conscientiously I say it) tho' God dealt with him, as he did with St Paul, not remove the

thorn, yet he made his grace sufficient to take away the pungency of it: for he made as sanctified an use of his afflictions, as most men ever did.

No Gentleman in his three nations, tho' there were many more learned, (for I have supposed him but competently learned, tho' eminently rational) better understood the foundations of his own Church, and the grounds of the Reformation, than he did: which made the Pope's Nuncio to the Queen, Signior Con, to say (both of him and Arch-Bishop Laud, when the King had forced the Archbishop to admit a visit from, and a conference with the Nuncio) *That when he came first to Court, he hoped to have made great impressions there; but after he had conferr'd with Prince and Prelate, (who never denyed him any thing frowardly or ignorantly, but admitted all, which primitive and uncorrupted Rome for the first 500 years had exercised,)* he declared he found, *That they resolved to deal with his Master, the Pope, as wrestlers do with one another, take him up to fling him down.* And therefore tho' I cannot say, I know, that he wrote his *Icon Basilike*, or *Image*, which goes under his own name; yet I can say, I heard him, even unto my unworthy selfe, say many of those things it contains: and I have bin assur'd by Mr Levett, (one of the Pages of his Bedchamber, and who was with him thro' all his imprisonments) that he hath not only seen the Manuscript of that book among his Majestie's papers at the Isle of Wight, but read many of the chapters himselfe: and Mr Herbert, who by the appointment of Parliament attended him, says, he saw the Manuscript in the King's hand, as he believed; but it was in a running character, and not that which the King usually wrote. And whoever reads his private and cursory letters, which he wrote unto the Queen, and to some great men (especially in his Scotch affairs, set down by Mr Burnet, when he stood single, as he did thro' all his imprisonments) the gravity and significancy of that style may assure a misbeliever, that he had head and hand enough to express the ejaculations of a good, pious, and afflicted heart; and Soloman says, that *affliction gives understanding*, or elevates thoughts: and we cannot wonder, that so royal a heart, sensible of such afflictions, should make such a description of them, as he hath done in that book.

And tho' he was of as slow a pen, as of speech; yet both were very significant: and he had that modest esteem of his own parts, that he would usually say, *He would willingly make his own dispatches, but that he found it better to be a Cobler, than a Shoemaker.* I have bin in company with very learned men, when I have brought them their own papers back from him, with his alterations, who ever confest his amendments to have bin very material. And I once by his commandment brought him a paper of my own to read, to see, whether it was suitable unto his directions, and he disallow's it slightly: I desir'd him, I might call Doctor Sanderson to aid me, and that the Doctor might understand his own meaning from himselfe; and with his Majestie's leave, I brought him, whilst he was walking, and taking the aire; whereupon wee two went back; but pleas'd him as little, when wee return's it: for smilingly he said, *A man might have as good ware out of a Chandler's shop:* but afterwards he set it down with his own pen very plainly, and suitable unto his own intentions. The thing was of that nature, (being too great an owning of the Scots, when Duke Hamilton was in the heart of England so meanely defeated, and like the crafty fox lay out of countenance in the hands of his enemies,) that it chilled the Doctors ink; and when the matter came to be communicated, those honourable Persons, that then attended him, prevayl'd on him to decline the whole. And I remember, when his displeasure was a little off, telling him, how severely he had dealt in his charactering the best pen in England, Dr. Sanderson's; he told me, he had had two Secretaries, one a dull man in comparison of the other, and yet the first best pleas'd him: *For,* said he, *my Lord Carleton ever brought me my own sense in my own words; but my Lord Faulkland most commonly brought me my instructions in so fine a dress, that I did not alwaies own them.* Which put me in mind to tell him a story of my Lord Burleigh and his son Cecil: for Burleigh being at Councill, and Lord Treasurer, reading an order penn'd by a new Clerk of the Councill, who was a Wit and Scholar, he flung it downward to the lower end of the Table to his son, the Secretary, saying, *Mr Secretary, you bring in Clerks of the Councill, who will corrupt the gravity and dignity of the style of the Board:* to which the Secretary

replied, *I pray, my Lord, pardon this, for this Gentleman is not warm in his place, and hath had so little to do, that he is wanton with his pen: but I will put so much busines upon him, that he shall be willing to observe your Lordship's directions.* These are so little stories, that it may be justly thought, I am either vain, or at leasure to sett them down; but I derive my authority from an Author, the world hath ever revered, viz. Plutarch; who writing the lives of Alexander the great and Julius Cesar, runs into the actions, flowing from their particular natures, and into their private conversation, saying, *These smaller things would discover the men, whilst their great actions only discover the power of their States.*

One or two things more then I may warrantably observe: First, as an evidence of his natural probity, whenever any young Nobleman or Gentleman of quality, who was going to travell, came to kiss his hand, he cheerfully would give them some good counsel, leading to morall virtue, especially to good conversation; telling them, that *If he heard they kept good company abroad, he should reasonably expect, they would return qualified to serve him and their Country well at home;* and he was very carefull to keep the youth in his times uncorrupted. This I find in the Memories upon James Duke Hamilton, was his advice unto that noble and loyal Lord, William, afterwards, Duke Hamilton, who so well serv'd his Son, and never perfidiously disserv'd him, when in armes against him. Secondly, his forementioned intercepted letters to the Queen at Naisby had this passage in them, where mentioning religion, he said, *This is the only thing, wherein we two differ;* which even unto a miscreant Jew would have bin prooffe enough of this King's sincerity in his religion; and had it not bin providence or inadvertence, surely those, who had in this kind defam'd him, would never themselves have publish'd in print this passage, which thus justified him.

This may be truly said, That he valued the Reformation of his own Church, before any in the world; and was as sensible and as knowing of, and severe against, the deviations of Rome from the primitive Church, as any Gentleman in Christendom; and beyond those errors, no way quarrelsom towards it; for he was willing to give it its due, that it might be brought to

be willing to accept, at least to grant, such an union in the Church, as might have brought a free and friendly communion between Dissenters, without the one's totall quitting his errors, or the other's being necessitated to partake therein: and I truly believe this was the utmost both of his and his Archbishop's inclinations; and if I may not, yet both these Martyrs confessions on the scaffold (God avert the prophecy of the last, *Venient Romani*) surely may convince the world, that they both dyed true Assertors of the Reformation. And the great and learned light of this last age, Grotius, soon discern'd this inclination in him: for in his dedication of his immortal and scarce ever to be parallel'd book, *De Jure Belli & Pacis*, he recommends it to Lewis XIII, King of France, as the most Royall and Christian design imaginable for his Majestie to become a means to make an union amongst Christians in profession of religion; and therein he tells him, how well-knowing and well-disposed the King of England was thereunto. In a word, had he had as daring and active a courage to obviate danger; as he had a steddly and undaunted in all hazardous rencounters; or had his active courage equall'd his passive, the rebellious and tumultuous humor of those, who were disloyall to him, probably had been quash'd in their first rise; for thro'out the English story it may be observed, that the souldier-like spirit in the Prince hath bin ever much more fortunate and esteem'd than the pious: a Prince's awfull reputation being of much more defence to him, than his Regall (nay Legall) edicts. *Sir Philip Warwick.*

24. THE COUNTESS OF CARBERY

Died 1650

I CHOSE, not to declare her extraction and genealogy. It was indeed fair and Honorable; but having the blessing to be descended from worthy and Honoured Ancestors, and herself to be adopted and ingrafted into a more Noble family, yet she felt such outward appendages to be none of hers, because not of her choice, but the purchase of the vertues of others, which although they did ingage her to do noble things, yet they would upraid all degenerate and lesse honourable lives then were those

which began and increased the honour of the families. She did not love her fortune for making her noble; but thought it would be a dishonour to her if she did not continue her Noblesse and excellency of vertue fit to be owned by persons relating to such Ancestors. . . . She had a strict and severe education, and it was one of Gods graces and favours to her. For being the Heiress of a great fortune, and living amongst the throng of persons in the sight of vanities and empty temptations, that is, in that part of the Kingdom where greatnesse is too often expressed in great follies, and great vices, God had provided a severe and angry education to chastise the forwardness of a young spirit, and a fair fortune; that she might for ever be so far distant from a vice, that she might onely see it and loath it, but never tast of it, so much as to be put to her choice whether she would be vertuous or no. God intending to secure this soul to himself, would not suffer the follies of the world to seize upon her by way of too neer a trial, or busie temptation. She was married young; and besides her businesses of religion seemed to be ordained in the providence of God to bring to this Honourable family a part of a fair fortune, and to leave behinde her a fairer issue worth ten thousand times her portion; and as if this had been all the publick businesse of her life; when she had so far served Gods ends, God in mercy would also serve hers, and take her to an early blessednesse. . . .

As she was a rare wife: so she was an excellent Mother. For in so tender a constitution of spirit as hers was, and in so great a kindnesse towards her children, there hath seldom been seen a stricter and more curious care of their persons, their deportment, their nature, their disposition, their learning and their customs: And if ever kindnesse and care did contest, and make parties in her, yet her care and her severity was ever victorious; and she knew not how to do an ill turn to their severer part, by her more tender and forward kindnesse. And as her custome was, she turned this also into love to her Lord. For she was not onely diligent to have them bred nobly and religiously, but also was carefull and solicitous, that they should be taught to observe all the circumstances & inclinations, the desires and wishes of their Father; as thinking, that vertue to have no good circumstances which was not dressed by his

copy, and ruled by his lines, and his affections: And her prudence in the managing her children was so singular and rare, that when ever you mean to blesse this family, and pray a hearty and a profitable prayer for it, beg of God, that the children may have those excellent things which she designed to them, and provided for them in her heart and wishes, that they may live by her purposes, and may grow thither, whither she would fain have brought them. All these were great parts of an excellent religion as they concerned her greatest temporal relations. . . .

The other appendage of her religion, which also was a great ornament to all the parts of her life, was a rare modesty and humility of spirit, a confident despising and undervaluing of her self. For though she had the greatest judgement, and the greatest experience of things and persons that I ever yet knew in a person of her youth, and sex, and circumstances; yet as if she knew nothing of it she had the meanest opinion of her self; and like a fair taper when she shined to all the room, yet round about her own station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to everybody but her self. But the perfectnesse of her prudence and excellent parts could not be hid; and all her humility, and arts of concealment, made the vertues more amiable and illustrious. For as pride sullies the beauty of the fairest vertues, and makes our understanding but like the craft and learning of a Devil: so humility is the greatest eminency, and art of publication in the whole world; and she in all her arts of secrecy and hiding her worthy things, was but *like one that hideth the winde, and covers the oyntment of her right hand*. . . .

If we consider her Person, she was in the flower of her age, *Jucundum cum ætas florida ver ageret*; of a temperate, plain and natural diet, without curiosity or an intemperate palate; she spent lesse time in dressing, then many servants; her recreations were little and seldom, her prayers often, her reading much: she was of a most noble and charitable soul; a great lover of honourable actions and as great a despiser of base things; hugely loving to oblige others, and very unwilling to be in arrear to any upon the stock of courtesies and liberality; so free in all acts of favour, that she would not stay to hear her

self thanked, as being unwilling that what good went from her to a needful or an obliged person should ever return to her again; she was an excellent friend, and hugely dear to very many, especially to the best and most discerning persons, to all that conversed with her, and could understand her great worth and sweetness: she was of an Honourable, a nice and tender reputation; and of the pleasures of this world which were laid before her in heaps she took a very small and inconsiderable share, as not loving to glut her self with vanity, or to take her portion of good things here below.

If we look on her as a Wife, she was chaste and loving, fruitful and discreet, humble and pleasant, witty and compliant, rich and fair, & wanted nothing to the making her a principal and a precedent to the best Wives of the world, but a long life, and a full age.

If we remember her as a Mother, she was kinde and severe, careful and prudent, very tender, & not at all fond, a greater lover of her childrens souls, then of their bodies, and one that would value them more by the strict rules of honour and proper worth, then by their relation to her self.

Her servants found her prudent, and fit to Govern, and yet open-handed and apt to reward; a just Exactor of their duty and a great Rewarder of their diligence.

She was in her house a comfort to her dearest Lord, a guide to her children, a Rule to her Servants, an example to all.

Jeremy Taylor.

25. HENRY HASTINGS

Born 1551 Died 1650

MR HASTINGS, by his quality, being the son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon, and his way of living, had the first place amongst us. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather the copy of our nobility in ancient days in hunting and not warlike times; he was low, very strong and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair, his clothes always green cloth, and never all worth when new five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his

kitchen, many fish-ponds, and great store of wood and timber; a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed; they used round sand bowls, and it had a banqueting-house like a stand, a large one built in a tree. He kept all manner of sport-hounds that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger, and hawks long and short winged; he had all sorts of nets for fishing; he had a walk in the new Forest and the manor of Christ Church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish; and indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time in such sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters, there being not a woman in all his walks of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he were not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came. There he found beef pudding and small beer in great plenty, a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes, the great hall strewed with marrow bones, full of hawks' perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers, the upper sides of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's skinning, here and there a polecat intermixed, guns and keepers' and huntsmen's poles in abundance. The parlour was a large long room, as properly furnished; on a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers and the choicest hounds and spaniels; seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, stonebows, and other such like accoutrements; the corners of the room full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles; an oyster-table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons: the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of

this room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, on the other the Book of Martyrs; on the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, and such like, two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself; tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco-pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it. On the other side was a door into an old chapel not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pie, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was very good to eat at, his sports supplying all but beef and mutton, except Friday, when he had the best sea-fish as well as other fish he could get, and was the day that his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with "my part lies therein-a." He drank a glass of wine or two at meals, very often syrrup of gilliflower in his sack, and had always a tun glass without feet stood by him holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with a great sprig of rosemary. He was well natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastard and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to a hundred, never lost his eyesight, but always writ and read without spectacles, and got to horse without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

The Earl of Shaftesbury.

26. DR. JAMES USSHER

Born 1581 Died 1656

IN the next place I shall give you a faithful account (without flattery) of his personal Qualifications, Opinions, and Learning.

As for his outward form, he was indifferent tall, and well shaped, and went always upright to the last; his Hair naturally Brown, when young; his Complexion Sanguine; his Countenance expressed Gravity, and good Nature; his Carriage free; a presence that commanded both Respect, and Reverence; and though many Pictures were made of him, the Air of his face was so hard to hit, that I never saw but one that was like him: He was of a strong and healthy Constitution, so that he said, That for the most part of his life, he very rarely felt any pain in his head, or stomach; in his youth he had been troubled with the *Sciatica*, and some years after that, with a long *Quartan Ague*, besides the fit of the *Strangury* and *Bleeding* above mentioned, but he never had the *Gout*, or *Stone*: A little sleep served his turn; and even in his last years, though he went to Bed pretty late, yet in the summer he would rise by five, and in the Winter by six of the Clock in the Morning; his Appetite was always suited to his dyet, he would feed heartily on plain, wholsom Meat, without Sauce, and better pleased with a few Dishes, than with great Varieties; nor did he love to tast of what he was not used to Eat: He liked not tedious Meals, it was a weariness to him, to sit long at *Table*: but what ever he Eat, or Drank, was never offensive to his Stomach, or Brain, for he never exceeded at the greatest Feast; and I have heard some *Physicians* impute the easiness of his Digestion to something very particular, in the frame of his Body, for when the *Chyrurgeon* had opened him, he found a thick *Membrane* lined with Fat, which (as I suppose) was but a continuation of the *Omentum*, which extended it self quite over his Stomach, and was fastened above to the *Peritonæum*, somewhat below the *Diaphragma*; so I have heard him say he never felt his heart beat in the most exercise; . . .

As for his natural temper, and disposition, he was of a free, and easie humour, not morose, proud or imperious, but courteous and affable, and extremely obliging towards all he convers'd with; and though he could be angry, and rebuke sharply when he ought, (that is, when *Religion* or *Vertue* were concerned,) yet he was not easily provoked to passion, rarely for smaller matters such as the neglects of Servants, or worldly disappointments: He was of so sweet

a nature, that I never heard he did an injury or ill Office to any man, or revenged any of those that had been done to him, but could readily forgive them, as our blessed Lord and Master enjoyns: Nor envied he any man's happiness, or vilified any man's Person, or Parts; nor was he apt to censure or Condemn any man upon bare reports, but observed that rule of the Son of *Syrach*, *Blame not before thou hast examined the Truth; understand first, and then rebuke.*

His natural endowments were so various, and so great as seldom are to be met with in one man, *viz.* a Fertile Invention, a Tenacious Memory, with Solid and Well-weighed Judgment; whereby he was always, from a young man, presently furnished for any Exercise he was put upon, which lay within the compass of those studies he had applied himself to; . . .

But that which is above all, he was endowed with that Wisdom from above, *Which is Pure, Peaceable, Gentle, easie to be Intreated; full of Mercy, and good Fruits, without Partiality, and without Hypocrisie.* No man could charge him of Pride, Injustice, Covetousness, or any other known Vice; he did nothing mis-becoming a prudent, or a good man; and he was so Beneficent to the Poor that when he was in prosperity (besides the large *Alms* with which he daily fed the attendants at his door) he gave a great deal away in money, keeping many of the *Irish* poor Children at School, and allowing several Stipends to necessitous Scholars at the *University*, not to mention other Objects which he still found out, on whom to bestow his Charity.

Richard Parr?

27. OLIVER CROMWELL

Born 1599 Died 1658

CRUMWELL (though the greatest Dissembler livinge) alwayes made his hypocrisy of singular use and benefitt to him, and never did any thinge, how ungratious or imprudent soever it seemed to be, but what was necessary to the designe; even his roughnesse and unpolishednesse which in the beginninge of the Parliament he affected, contrary to the smoothnesse and com-

placency which his Cozen and bosome frende Mr Hambden practiced towards all men, was necessary, and his first publique declaration in the beginninge of the Warr, to his troope when it was first mustered,—that he would not deceave or cozen them by the perplexed and involved exspressions in his Com-mis-sion to fight for Kinge and Parliament, and therefore told them that if the Kinge chanced to be in the body of the enemy that he was to charge, he woulde as soone discharge his pistoll upon him, as at any other private person, and if their conscience would not permitt them to do the like, he advized them not to list themselves in his troope or under his commaunde,—which was generally looked upon, as imprudent and malicious, and might by the professyons the Parliament then made, have proved daungerous to him, yett served his turne, and severed and united all the furious and incensed men against the government, whether Ecclesiasticall or Civill, to looke upon him as a man for ther turne, and upon whome they might depende, as one who would go through his worke that he undertooke; and his stricte and unsociable humour in not keepinge company with the other officers of the Army in ther jollityes and excesses, to which most of the superiour officers under the Earle of Essex were inclined, and by which he often made himselfe ridiculous or contemptible, drew all those of the like sowre or reserved natures to his society and conversation, and gave him opportunity to forme ther understandings, inclinations, and resolutions to his owne modell; and by this he grew to have a wounderfull interest in the Common souldyers, out of which, as his authority increased, he made all his Officers, well instructed how to lyve in the same manner with ther Souldyers, that they might be able to apply them to ther owne purposes. Whilst he looked upon the Presbiterian humour as the best incentive to rebellion, no man more a Presbiterian, he sunge all Psalmes with them to ther tunes, and looved the longest sermons as much as they: but when he discover'd, that they would prescribe some limits and bounds to ther rebellion, that it was not well breathed, and would expyre as soone as some few particulars were granted to them in religion which he cared not for, and then that the govern-ment must runn still in the same channell, it concerned him to

make it believed, that the State had bene more Delinquent, then the Church, and that the people suffer'd more by the civill, then by the Ecclesiasticall power, and therfore that the change of one would give them little ease, if ther were not as greate an alteration in the other, and if the whole government in both were not reformed and altred; which though it made him generally odious and irreconciled many of his old frends to him, yett it made those who remayned more cordial and firme to him, and he could better compute his owne strength, and upon whome he might depende; and this discovery made him contrive the Modell, which was the most unpopular acte, and disobliged all those who first contrived the rebellyon, and who were the very soule of it; and yett if he had not brought that to passe and chaunged a Generall, who though not very sharpe-sighted would never be governed, nor applyed to any thinge he did not like, for another who had no eyes, and so would be willinge to be ledd, all his designes must have come to nothings, and he remayned a private Collonell of horse, not considerable enough to be in any figure upon an advantagious composition.

He was one of those men, quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simil laudent, for he could never have done halfe that mischieve, without greate partes of courage and industry and judgement, and he must have had a wonderfull understandinge in the natures and humours of men; and as greate a dexterity in applyinge them, who from a private and obscure birth, (though of a good family) without interest of estate, allyance or frendshipps, could rayse himselfe to such a height, and compounde and kneade such opposite and contradictory tempers humour and interests, into a consistence, that contributed to his designes and to ther owne destruction, whilst himselfe grew insensibly powerfull enough, to cutt off those by whome he had climed, in the instant, that they projected to demolish ther owne buildinge. . . . Without doubte, no man with more wickednesse ever attempted any thinge, or brought to passe what he desyred more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and morall honesty, yet wickednesse as greate as his could never have accomplish'd those trophes without the assistance of a greate spiritt, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to reconcile the affections of the standers by, yett as he grew into place and authority, his partes seemed to be renew[d], as if he had concealed facultyes till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to acte the parte of a greate man, he did it without any indecency through the wante of custome.

The Earl of Clarendon.

28. LUCY, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

Born 1599 Died 1660

THIS Ladie's birth is Noble, from a high and antient Descent; and, in it, her bloud is kept pure, by often Alliance with great and Princely Families. Time has allowed it a Line of longer measure, than, almost, to any, by continuance; and so, as we cannot, with ease, give an account, of the first Greatnesse and Elevation of her Ancestors: but yet, it leaves certain marks, by which we may, as by a kind of back-light, point at many of them, whose Courage and Vertues have dignified both their fortunes and their ill. . . .

She has as much Sense, and gratitude for the actions of friendship, as so extream a Beauty will give her leave to entertain. And from our Sex, she may expect all expressions of servitude, by the very nature and duty thereof.

She more willingly allowes of the conversation of Men, than of Women; yet, when she is amongst those of her own sex, her discourse is of Fashions and Dressings, which she hath ever so perfect upon her self, as she likewise teaches it by seeing her. Amongst men, her person is both considered and admired; and her Wit, being most eminent, among the rest of her great abilities, She affects the conversation of the persons, who are most famed for it; though yet, she be so handsomely civill to all, as that at the first, you would believe her to be more guided by that civility of hers, than perhaps she is; since she will rather shew what she can do, than let her nature continue in it; unlesse she consider something in the persons, very extraordinary and new, which she cannot find by their admiring her, for that is not to be avoided; and then she may requite them,

by allowing it. But yet, if even that be not expressed, with the assistance of fortune; and when she is in a good humour, and in the distance, and with the duty for which she looks; you may, perhaps find scorn, when you expect acceptance: reproving more the omissions of that, which the Majesty of her person teaches Reverence; than she cherishes, what her Beauty both begets and enforces, Love. Yet will she freely discourse of Love, and hear both the fancies and powers of it; but if you will needs bring it within her knowledge, and boldly direct it to her self, she is likely to divert the discourse, or, at least, seem not to understand it. By which, you may know her humour, and her justice; for, since she cannot love in earnest, she would have nothing from Love. So contenting her self to play with love, as would a child. She hath too great a heart, to have naturally any strong inclination to others, not allowing them to grow from thence, as finding there no motions of affection, but onely upon consideration of the merit of others towards her. So that naturally, she hath no passion at all; since inclinations are the ground and foundation, upon which passion is built. But yet, she will observe them, whose reputation gives a value to their persons and condition; as if she would not be unwilling to find something of entertainment, whereby to please herself, or passe her time. But then, her examinations going ever by way of compulsion towards her self, they return unsatisfied.

I conceive her not to be of a lesse sensible nature, than she will acknowledge in her self; I believe, she cannot find it in those little tendernesses, which she will disallow in others; but yet, upon occasions, worthy of her kindnesse or compassion, which, though they differ in their nature, yet they agree in the same shews: It hath broken out sometimes, like supprest flames. But, I confesse, they are so few occasions that can bring it thus to light, as she may well be mistaken in her own heart, by the seldom working of it; or, peradventure, in her reason, she may make it this defence, against those expressions, that they are the occasions to force her, to take this unsensibleness upon her nature, which is like giving of denyalls, before suits be asked; or else, as Proclamations, which forbid what may happen, and then, if they be disobeyed, it is to be upon our own perill.

She affects particularly so much, that she dislikes generall courtesies; and you may fear, to be lesse valued by her, for your obliging her; she, peradventure, believing it to proceed in them from some easinesse and custom of the mind, rather than from a generosity and humanity of the nature; which I conceive to be her greatest injustice, having observed her to be so carefull for some, who have desired favours from her, as that her charity, or her nature, hath sought advantages for them, who were strangers to her; who yet might well have taken them from those other, who were not so for her.

To shew her understanding, not her disvaluing of persons, she will freely deliver her opinion of them: And as, in whomsoever we can speak of, there is, for the greatest part, more to be reformed than commended; so, in the delivering of her censures, that way it shewes, her judgment can discover, that which we strive most to conceal, our imperfections and errours. Though she be observed, not to be very carefull in the publick Exercises of our Religion; yet, I agree not with their opinion, who hold her likely to abandon and change it, not onely for the faith and trust which she hath in the truth and goodnesse of it; but to avoid the doing of that, which she believes to be a levity, and declaration of a former ignorance.

This Lady, whom both Fortune and Nature have ever been in strife to serve; the one, with her benefits; the other, with her blessings; wants not a sense and contentment in both. But conveniences of this kind being no true delights, she takes the greatest joy in the perfections of her own person, since Fortune cannot give her such a store and stock, as Nature doth, to all that behold her; from which, you may yet, perhaps, come to take so much, that you may find it to be a burthenous treasure, since you cannot lay it out, or make any use of it, she being not to be purchased by her own gifts. If gratitude may be procured from her, it may go for an extraordinary reward, though from others it would be held but for a cold charity.

She is more esteemed than beloved by her own-Sex, in two respects; the one, for that her Beauty far exceeds theirs; and the other, for that her Wit doth the like: Which makes most of them, especially such as pretend towards either of these Excellencies, to avoid her company through their envy, as being

constrained in it; Her Beauty putting their Faces out of countenance, as her Wit doth their Minds. She is so great a lover of Variety, as that when she may not otherwise expresse it, she will remove her own thoughts, if not change her opinions, even of those persons that are not least considered by her, when they have given her this entertainment, and let them settle again in their former places with her.

She hath certain high and elevated thoughts, in which she is pleased most; and they carry her mind above any thing, within her knowledge. She believeth nothing to be worthy of her consideration, but her own imaginations: These gallant fancies keep her in satisfaction, when she is alone, where she will make something worthy of her liking, since, in the world she cannot find any thing worthy of her loving.

Amongst the rest of her un-numbred perfections, she hath a grace and facility and, I might well say, a felicity, in her expressions, since they are certain, and alwaies in the best, and fewest words. And as they are handsom, they are likewise so faithfull in the relation of any thing, as that she refines the Language, and yet within the true limits of the occasion; adding nothing to the substance, but yet infinitely by the manner.

She is in disposition inclined to be cholerick, which she suppresses; not, perhaps, in consideration of the persons who occasion it, but upon a belief that it is unhandsome towards her self; which yet, being thus covered, doth so kindle and fire her wit, as that in very few words, it saies somewhat, so extracted, as that it hath a sharpnesse, and strength, and taste, to disrelish, if not to kill, the proudest hopes which you can have, of her value of you.

She affects Extreames, because she cannot suffer any condition, but of plentie and glorie; in which, if she had not an assured, and very eminent kind of Being, she would flie to the other Extream, of Retirednesse, and so rather obscure her self, than not be her self; it being naturall to her, as her life, to maintain it in magnificence.

She hath been told by her Physitians, that she is inclined to melancholy; and this opinion of theirs proved to be the best remedy for it, by the mirth which she expressed at it. This I

say, to shew her to be of a cheerfull nature, in her own opinion, who best can judge of it, as she, the most comely of all creatures, can expresse it.

She hath, as all noble hearts have, Ambition, which, I conceive, she rather conserves, as an humour necessary to the mind, (as those of the body also are) than for any particular end or wish; she being so free from the want of any thing, as that it must be a study, and in that, a pain, for her to enquire what to desire.

Sir Tobie Matthew.

29. DR. HENRY HAMMOND

Born 1605 Died 1660

'Tis easily to be presum'd the Reader will not be disoblig'd, if we a while divert from this remaining sadder part of the undertaken Narrative, and entertain him with a Survey of the Personal accomplishments of the Excellent *Doctor*. The particulars whereof would not readily have faln into the thred of History, or at least had been disjoynted there, and under disadvantage; but will be made to stand in a much fairer light, when represented to the view by way of Character and Picture.

And therefore to this prospect we chearfully invite all eyes in whose esteem Vertue it self is lovely.

The frame of his Body was such as suited with the noble use to which it was design'd, the entertaining a most pure and active Soul, built equally to the advantages of Strength and Comeliness. His *Stature* was of just height and all proportionate dimensions, avoiding the extremes of gross and meager, advantag'd by a graceful Carriage, at once most grave, and yet as much obliging. His *Face* carried dignity and attractives in it, scarce ever clouded with a frown, or so much as darkned by reservedness. His *Eye* was quick and sprightful, his *Complexion* clear and florid, so that (especially in his youth) he had the esteem of a very beauteous person; which was lessen'd onely by the colour of his Hair: though if the sentence of other Ages and Climates be of value, that reasonably might be vouch'd as an accession to it.

To this outward Structure was joyn'd that strength of Con-

stitution, patient of severest toyl and hardship; insomuch that for the most part of his life, in the fiercest extremity of cold, he took no other advantage of a fire, then at the greatest distance that he could to look upon it. As to Diseases (till immoderate Study had wrought a change) he was in a manner onely lyable to Feavers, which too a constant temperance did in a great measure prevent, and still assisted to relieve and cure.

Next to his frame of Body, if we survey his inward Faculties, we shall finde them just unto the promises of his outward shape. His *Sight* was quick to an unusual degree; insomuch that if by chance he saw a knot of men, a flock of sheep or herd of cattel, being ingag'd in discourse, and not at all thinking of it, he would involuntarily cast up their number, which others after long delayes could hardly reckon. His *Ear* was accurate and tun'd to his harmonious Soul, so that having never learn'd to sing by book or study, he would exactly perform his part of many things to a *Harpsicon* or *Theorbo*; and frequently did so in his more vigorous years after the toyl and labour of the day, and before the remaining studies of the night. His *Elocution* was free and graceful, prepared at once to charm and command his audience: and when with Preaching at his Countrey charge he had in some degree lost the due manage of his voice, his late *Sacred Majesty*, by taking notice of the change, became his Master of Musick, and reduc'd him to his ancient decent modulation; a kindness which the *Doctor* very gratefully acknowledg'd to his dying day, and reported not onely as an instance of the meek and tender condescensions of that gracious Prince, but improved to perswade others by so great an Example to that most friendly office of telling persons of their Faults, without which very commonly (as here it happen'd) men must be so far from amending their Errours, that 'tis morally impossible they should ever know them.

As to his more inferiour Faculties, we must allow the first place to his *Invention*, his richest, altogether unexhausted treasure, whose flowings were with that full torrent, that for several years, after his choice of Subject, which generally he had in prospect beforehand, a little meditation on the Saturday night made up his sermon: but in the last twelve of his life, finding the recollection of his thoughts disturb his sleep, he remitted the par-

ticular care of . . . his future Discourse to the Sunday morning, wherein an hours consideration fitted him to the office of the day. With the like swiftness he dispatch'd his Writings, usually composing faster than his *Amanuensis*, though a very dexterous person, could transcribe after him. *His Considerations of present necessity concerning Episcopacy* were drawn up after ten of clock at night in a friends Chamber, who professes, that sitting by all the while, he remembers not that he took off Pen from Paper till he had done; and the very next morning, it being fully approved by the Bishop of *Salisbury*, he sent it to the Press: to which work he could have no premeditation or second thoughts, he being that very night after Supper employ'd by the before-mentioned Lord Bishop of *Salisbury*, now of *Winchester*, on that task. . . . His general correspondencies by Letter, whereof some cost him 10, others 20, 30, 40, nay 60 sheets of paper, and ever took up two dayes of the Week entirely to themselves; the time exhausted by his sicknesses, which in the later years of his life gave him but short and seldom truce, and alwaies made it necessary for him not to stir from his chair, or so much as read a letter for two hours after every meal, failance wherein being certainly reveng'd by a fit of the gout; . . . As to his *Memory*, twas serviceable, but not officious; faithful to things and business, but unwillingly retaining the contexture and punctualities of words: which defect he frequently lamented, it being harder with him to get one Sermon by heart than to pen twenty.

His way of *Speech* and faculty of communicating notions was sufficiently happy, having onely this best kind of defect, exuberance and surplusage of plenty, the tide and torrent of his matter being not easily confin'd by periods; whereby his style, though round and comprehensive, was encumbered sometimes by *Parentheses*, and became difficult to vulgar understandings; but by the use of writing, and his desire to accommodate himself to all capacities, he in his later years had master'd that defect. . . .

His *Judgment*, as in it self the highest Faculty, so was it the most eminent among his natural endowments: . . .

As to acquir'd habits and abilities in *Learning*, his writings have given the World sufficient account of them, there remains

onely to observe, that the range and compass of his knowledge fill'd the whole Circle of the Arts, and reach'd those severals which single do exact an entire man unto themselves, and full age. . . . But after all we must take leave to say, and do it upon sober recollection, that the *Doctor's* Learning was the least thing in him; the *Scholar* was here less eminent than the *Christian*: . . . In the Catalogue of his Vertues his *Chastity* and *Temperance* may claim the earliest place, as being the Sacrists to the rest, and in him were therefore onely not the greatest of his Excellencies, because every thing else was so.

And first, his *chaste* thoughts, words and carriage so disciplin'd his lower faculties, as not onely restrain'd through all the heats of youth, made more then usually importunate by the full vigour of a high and sanguine constitution (which his escape he gratefully referr'd unto the onely mercy of Almighty God) but gave a detestation of all those verbal follies, that have not onely the allowance of being harmless mirth, but the repute of wit and gaiety of humor: so that the scurrilous jest could sooner obtain his tears in penance for it, then the approbation of a smile; . . .

In his first remove to *Pensehurst* he was perswaded by his friends that the Matrimonial state was needful to the bearing off those household cares and other intercurrent troubles which his condition then brought with it; and on this ground he gave some eare to their advices: which he did then more readily, for that there was a person represented to him, of whose Vertue as well as other more usually-desired accomplishments he had been long before well satisfied. But being hindred several times by little unexpected accidents, he finally lay'd down all his pretensions upon a ground of perfect self-denial; being inform'd that one of a fairer fortune and higher quality then his was, or else was like to be, and consequently one who in common account would prove the better match, had kindness for her. Having thus resolv'd, the charity of his Mother, who undertook the manage of his Family, became a seasonable assistant and expedient in this single state; till after several years her age making those cares too great a burthen for her shoulders, he again was induc'd to resume his thoughts of Marriage. But the National disturbances (that afterwards

brake out in War and Ruine) appearing then in ferment, he was again diverted by recollecting the Apostles advice I. *Cor.* 7. 26. enforc'd upon his thoughts the reading of St *Jerom's* Epistle to *Agereuchia*, where after glorious Elogies of Marriage, the Father concluded in an earnest dehoration from it, upon a representation of a like face of things, the *Goths* then breaking into *Italy*, as they had before done into the other near parts of the *Roman* Empire, and filling all with slaughter, cruelty and ruine. Upon which prospect the good *Doctor* casting a serious Eye, and with prophetick sorrows and misgivings fearing a parallel in this our Nation, the second time deposited his conjugal intendments, and thenceforth courted and espoused (what he preserv'd inviolate) unto his death the more eminent perfection of spotless virgin Chastity.

His *Appetite* was good, but the restraint of it was very eminent and extraordinary; for his Diet was of the plainest meats, and commonly not onely his dishes, but the parts of them were such as most others would refuse. Sauces he scarce ever tasted of, but often express'd it his wonder *how rational Creatures should eat for any thing but health, since he that did eat or drink that which might cause a fit of the Stone or Gout, though a year after, therein unman'd himself, and acted as a beast.* So that his self-denials were quite contrary to the usual ones; for considering the time lost in Eating, and the vacancy succeeding it, his meals were the greatest pressure, and his fasting-day the most sensual part of his week.

In the time of his full and more vigorous health he seldome did eat or drink more then once in twenty four hours, and some Fruit towards night; and two dayes in every week, and in *Lent* and *Ember-week* three days, he eat but once in thirty six. Nor did he ever with so much regret submit unto any prescript, as when his Physicians, after his great Feaver that he had in *Oxford*, requir'd him to eat Suppers. Which severity of injunction he soon shook off, and returned to his beloved abstinence, untill renew'd infirmities brought him back unto the penance of more indulgence to himself. . . .

The *Carving* at the Table he alwaies made his province, which he said he did as a diversion to keep him from eating overmuch: but certainly that practice had another more

immediate cause, a natural distributiveness of humour and a desire to be employ'd in the relief of every kinde of want of every person. . . .

His *temperance in Sleep* resembled that of his meats, Midnight being the usual time of his going to rest, and four or five and very rarely six, the hour of his rising.

There was scarce any thing he resented so much in his infirmities & multiplied diseases as their having abridg'd him of his night-studies, professing thereby he lost *not only his greatest pleasure, but highest advantage in reference to business*. And in his latter time of weakness, when to take benefit of a gentle breathing sweat, which usually came in the morning, he had been engaged by his Physician to continue in bed till it was over; and upon complaint of costiveness he was directed to rise somewhat early in the morning; this later injunction he look'd upon as a mere rescue and deliverance, often mentioning it with thanks, as if it had been an eminent favour done him.

His disposal of himself in the other parts of time was to perpetual *industry and diligence*: he not onely avoided, but bore a perfect hate, and seem'd to have a forcible antipathy to Idleness, and scarcely recommended any thing in his advices with that concern and vigour, *as to be furnish'd alwayes with somewhat to doe*. . . . When he walk'd abroad, which he did not so much to recreate himself, as to obey the prescripts of his Physician, he never fail'd to take a book with him, and read all the while: And in his Chamber also he had one lay constantly open, out of which his Servant read to him while he was dressing and undressing; by which one piece of husbandry in short space he dispatch'd severall considerable Volumes. . . .

Next to downright Idleness he dislik'd *slow and dilatory undertakings*, thinking it a great folly to spend that time in gazing upon business which should have serv'd for the doing of it. In his own practice he never consider'd longer then till he could discern whether the thing propos'd was fit or not: when that was seen, he immediately set to work. When he had perfected one business, he could not endure to have his thoughts lye fallow, but was presently consulting what next to set about.

John Fell.

30. THOMAS FULLER

Born 1608 Died 1661

HE was of Stature somewhat Tall, exceeding the meane, with a proportionable bigness to become it, but no way inclining to Corpulency: of an exact Straightnesse of the whole Body, and a perfect Symmetry in every part thereof. He was of a Sanguine constitution, which beautified his Face with a pleasant Ruddinesse, but of so Grave and serious an aspect, that it Awed and Discountenanced the smiling Attracts of that complexion. His Head Adorned with a comely Light-Coloured Haire, which was so, by Nature exactly Curled (an Ornament enough of it self in this Age to Denominate a handsome person, and wherefore all Skill and Art is used) but not suffered to overgrow to any length unseeming his modesty and Profession.

His Gate and Walking was very upright and graceful, becoming his well shapen Bulke: approaching something near to that we terme Majesticall; but that the Doctor was so well known to be void of any affectation or pride. Nay so Regardlesse was he of himselfe in his Garb and Rayment, in which no doubt his Vanity would have appeared, as well as in his stately pace: that it was with some trouble to himselfe, to be either Neat or Decent; it matter'd not for the outside, while he thought himself never too Curious and Nice in the Dresses of his mind.

Very Carelesse also he was to seeming inurbanity in the modes of Courtship and demeanour, deporting himself much according to the old *English* Guise, which for its ease and simplicity suited very well with the Doctor, whose time was designed for more Elaborate businesse: and whose MOTTO might have been sincerity.

As inobservant he was of persons, unlesse businesse with them; or his concerns pointed them out and adverted him; seeing and discerning were two things: often in several places, hath he met with Gentlemen of his nearest and greatest Acquaintance, at a full rencounter and stop, whom he hath endeavoured to passe by, . . . not minding of them, till rectified and recalled by their familiar compellations.

This will not (it may be presumed) and justly cannot be

imputed unto any indisposednesse and unaptnesse of his Nature, which was so far from Rude and untractable, that it may be confidently averred, he was the most complacent person in the Nation, as his Converse and Writings, with such a freedome of Discourse and quick Jocundity of style, do sufficiently evince.

He was a perfect walking Library, and those that would finde delight in him must turn him; he was to be diverted from his present purpose with some urgency: and when once Unfixed and Unbent, his mind freed from the incumbency of his Study; no Man could be more agreeable to Civil and Serious mirth, which limits his most heightened Fancy never transgressed.

He had the happinesse of a very Honourable, and that very numerous acquaintance, so that he was no way undisciplined in the Arts of Civility; yet he continued *semper idem*, which constancy made him alwaies acceptable to them.

At his Diet he was very sparing and temperate, but yet he allowed himself the repasts and refreshings of two Meals a day: but no lover of Dainties, or the Inventions of Cookery: solid meats better fitting his strength of Constitution; but from drink very much abstemious, which questionlesse was the cause of that uninterrupted Health he enjoyed till this his First and Last sicknesse: of which Felicity as he himself was partly the cause of by his exactnesse in eating and drinking, so did he the more dread the sudden infliction of any Disease, or other violence of Nature, fearing this his care might amount to a presumption, in the Eyes of the Great Disposer of all things, and so it pleased GOD it should happen.

But his great abstinence of all was from Sleep, and strange it was that one of such a Fleshly and Sanguine composition, could overwatch so many heavy propense inclinations to Rest. For this in some sort he was beholden to his care in Diet afore-said, (the full Vapours of a repletion in the Stomach ascending to the Brain, causing that usual Drowsinesse we see in many) but most especially to his continual custome, use, and practise, which had so subdued his Nature, that it was wholly Governed by his Active and Industrious mind.

And yet this is a further wonder: he did scarcely allow himself, from his First Degree in the University any Recreation

or Easie Exercise, no not so much as walking, but very Rare and Seldome; and that not upon his own choice, but as being compelled by friendly, yet, Forcible Invitations; till such time as the War posted him from place to place, and after that his constant attendance on the Presse in the Edition of his Books: when was a question, which went the fastest, his Head or his Feet: so that in effect he was a very stranger, if not an Enemy to all pleasure.

Riding was the most pleasant, because his necessary convenience; the Doctors occasions, especially his last work, requiring Travel, to which he had so accustomed himself: so that this Diversion, (like Princes Banquets only to be lookt upon by them, not tasted of) was rather made such then enjoyed by him.

So that if there were any Felicity or Delight, which he can be truly said to have had: it was either in his Relations or in his Works. As to his Relations, certainly, no man was more a tender, more indulgent a Husband and a Father: his Conjugal Love in both matches being equally blest with the same Issue, kept a constant Tenour in both Marriages, which he so improved, that the Harmony of his Affections still'd all Discord, and Charmed the noyse of passion.

Towards the Education of his Children, he was exceeding carefull, allowing them any thing conducing to that end, beyond the present measure of his estate; which it's well hoped will be returned to the Memory of so good a Father, in their early imitation of him in all those good qualities and Literature, to which they have now such an Hereditary clayme.

As to his Books, which we usually call the Issue of the Brain, he was more then Fond, totally abandoning and forsaking all things to follow them. And yet if Correction and Severity (so this may be allowed the gravity of the Subject) be also the signes of Love: a stricter and more carefull hand was never used. True it is they did not grow up without some errours, like the Tares: nor can the most refined pieces of any of his Antagonists boast of perfection. He that goes an unknown and beaten Track in a Dubious way, though he may have good directions, yet if in the journey he chance to stray, cannot well be blamed; they have perchance plowed with his Heifer, and been beholden

to those Authorities (for their Exceptions) which he first gave light to.

To his Neighbours and Friends he behaved himselfe with that cheerfulness and plainnesse of Affection and respect, as deservedly gained him their Highest esteeme: from the meanest to the highest he omitted nothing what to him belonged in his station, either in a familiar correspondence, or necessary Visits: never suffering intreaties of that which either was his Duty, or in his power to perform. The quickness of his apprehension helped by a Good Nature, presently suggested unto him (without putting them to the trouble of an *innuendo*) what their severall Affairs required, in which he would spare no paynes: insomuch that it was a piece of Absolute Prudence to rely upon his Advice and Assistance. In a word, to his Superiours he was Dutifully respectfull without Ceremony or Officiousnesse; to his equalls he was Discreetly respectful; without neglect or unsociableness, and to his Inferiours, (whom indeed he judged Christianly none to be) civilly respectfull without Pride or Disdain.

But all these so eminent vertues, and so sublimed in him were but as foyles to those excellent gifts where with God had endued his intellectuals. He had a Memory of that vast comprehensiveness, that he is deservedly known for the first inventer of that Noble Art, whereof having left behind him no Rules, or directions, save onely what fell from him in discourse, no further account can be given, but a relation of some very rare experiments of it made by him.

He undertook once in passing to and fro from *Temple-bar* to the furthest Conduit in *Cheapside*, at his return again to tell every Signe as they stood in order on both sides of the way, repeating them either backward or forward, as they should chuse, which he exactly did, not missing or misplacing one, to the admiration of those that heard him.

The like also would he doe in words of different Languages, and of hard and difficult prolation, to any number whatsoever: but that which was most strange, and very rare in him, was his way of writing, which something like the *Chineses*, was from the top of the page to the bottom: the manner thus. He would write near the Margin the first words of every Line

down to the Foot of the Paper, then would be beginning at the head againe, fill up every one of these Lines, which without any interlineations or spaces but with full and equal length, would so adjust the sense and matter, and so aptly Connex and Conjoyn the ends and beginnings of the said Lines, that he could not do it better, as he hath said, if he had writ all out in a Continuation.

Anonymous.

51. COLONEL JOHN HUTCHINSON

Born 1615 Died 1664

HE was of a middle stature, of a slender and exactly well-proportion'd shape in all parts, his complexion fair, his hayre of a light browne, very thick sett in his youth, softer then the finest silke, curling into loose greate rings att the ends, his eies of a lively grey, well-shaped and full of life and vigour, graced with many becoming motions, his visage thinne, his mouth well made, and his lipps very ruddy and gracefull, allthough the nether chap shut over the upper, yett it was in such a manner as was not unbecoming, his teeth were even and white as the purest ivory, his chin was something long, and the mold of his face, his forehead was not very high, his nose was rays'd and sharpe, but withall he had a most amiable countenance, which carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixt with sweetnesse, that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him; his skin was smooth and white, his legs and feete excellently well made, he was quick in his pace and turnes, nimble and active and gracefull in all his motions, he was apt for any bodily exercise, and any that he did became him, he could dance admirably well, but neither in youth nor riper yeares made any practise of it, he had skille in fencing such as became a gentleman, he had a greate love to musick, and often diverted himselfe with a violl, on which he play'd masterly, he had an exact eare and judgement in other musick, he shott excellently in bowes and gunns, and much us'd them for his exercise, he had greate judgment in paintings, graving, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had

many curiosities of vallue in all kinds, he tooke greate delight in perspective glasses, and for his other rarities was not so much affected with the antiquity as the merit of the worke—he tooke much pleasure in emproovement of grounds, in planting groves and walkes, and fruite-trees, in opening springs and making fish-ponds; of country recreations he lov'd none but hawking, and in that was very eager and much delighted for the time he us'd it, but soone left it off; he was wonderful neate, cleanly and gentile in his habitt, and had a very good fancy in it, but he left off very early the wearing of aniething that was costly, yett in his plainest negligent habitt appear'd very much a gentleman; he had more addresse than force of body, yet the courage of his soule so supplied his members that he never wanted strength when he found occasion to employ it; his conversation was very pleasant for he was naturally chearfull, had a ready witt and apprehension; he was eager in every thing he did, earnest in dispute, but withall very rationally, so that he was seldome overcome, every thing that it was necessary for him to doe he did with delight, free and unconstrain'd, he hated cerimonious complement, but yett had a naturall civillity and complaisance to all people, he was of a tender constitution, but through the vivacity of his spiritt could undergo labours, watchings and journeyes, as well as any of stronger compositions; he was rheumatick, and had a long sicknesse and distemper occasion'd thereby two or three yeares after the warre ended, but elce for the latter halfe of his life was healthy tho' tender, in his youth and childhood he was sickly, much troubled with weaknesse and tooth akes, but then his spiritts carried him through them; he was very patient under sicknesse or payne or any common accidints, but yet upon occasions, though never without just ones, he would be very angrie, and had even in that such a grace as made him to be fear'd, yet he was never outrageous in passion; he had a very good facultie in perswading, and would speake very well pertinently and effectually without premeditation upon the greatest occasions that could be offer'd, for indeed his judgment was so nice, that he could never frame any speech beforehand to please himselfe, but his invention was so ready and wisdome so habituall in all his speeches, that he never had reason to repent himselfe of speak-

ing at any time without ranking the words beforehand, he was not talkative yett free of discourse, of a very spare diett, not much given to sleepe, an early riser when in health, he never was at any time idle, and hated to see any one elce soe, in all his naturall and ordinary inclinations and composure, there was somthing extraordinary and tending to vertue, beyond what I can describe, or can be gather'd from a bare dead description; there was a life of spiritt and power in him that is not to be found in any copie drawne from him: to summe up therefore all that can be sayd of his outward frame and disposition wee must truly conclude, that it was a very handsome and well furnisht lodging prepar'd for the reception of that prince, who in the administration of all excellent vertues reign'd there awhile, till he was called back to the pallace of the universall emperor.

Lucy Hutchinson.

32. SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

Born 1608 Died 1666

HE was of the highest size of men, strong, and of the best proportion, his complexion sanguine, his skin exceeding fair, his hair dark brown and very curling, but not very long, his eyes gray and penetrating, his nose high, his countenance gracious and wise, his motion good, his speech clear and distinct. He never used exercise but walking, and that generally with some book in his hand, which often-times was poetry, in which he spent his idle hours. Sometimes he would ride out to take the air; but his most delight was to go only with me in a coach some miles, and there discourse of those things which then most pleased him of what nature soever. He was very obliging to all, and forward to serve his master, his country and friends, cheerful in his conversation, his discourse ever pleasant, mixed with the sayings of wise men and their histories, repeated as occasion offered; yet so reserved that he never shewed the thought of his heart in its greatest sense but to myself only. And this I thank God with all my soul for, that

he never discovered his trouble to me but went from me with perfect cheerfulness and content; nor revealed he his joys and hopes but would say that they were doubled by putting them in my breast. I never heard him hold dispute in my life, but often would he speak against it, saying it was an uncharitable custom, which never returned to the advantage of either party. He would never be drawn to the faction of either Party, saying he found it sufficient honestly to perform that employment he was in. He loved and used clearness in all his actions, and professed his religion in his life and conversation. He was a true Protestant of the Church of England, so born, so brought up, and so died. His conversation was so honest that I never heard him speak a word in my life that tended to God's dishonour or encouragement of any kind of debauchery or sin. He was ever much esteemed by his two masters, Charles the First and Charles the Second, both for great parts and honesty, as for his conversation, in which they took great delight, he being so free from passion that made him beloved of all that knew him; nor did I ever see him moved but with his master's concerns, in which he would hotly pursue his interest through the greatest difficulties. He was the tenderest father imaginable, the carefulest and most generous master I ever knew. He loved hospitality, and would often say it was wholly essential for the constitution of England. He loved and kept order with the greatest decency possible, and though he would say I managed his domestics wholly, yet I ever governed them and myself by his commands, in the managing of which I thank God I found his approbation and content.

Now you will expect I should say something that may remain of us jointly, which I will do, though it makes my eyes gush out with tears, and cuts me to the soul, to remember and in part express the joys I was blessed with in him. Glory be to God we never had but one mind throughout our lives, our souls were wrapped up in each other, our aims and designs one, our loves one, and our resentments one. We so studied one the other that we knew each other's mind by our looks; whatever was real happiness, God gave it me in him. But to commend my better half (which I want sufficient expression for) methinks is to commend myself, and so may bear a censure; but might

it be permitted, I could dwell eternally in his praise most justly; but thus without offence I do, and so you may, imitate him in his patience, his prudence, his chastity, his generosity, his perfect resignation to God's will, and praise God for him as long as you live, and with him hereafter in the kingdom of Heaven.

Lady Fanshawe.

33. GENERAL MONCK

Born 1608 Died 1670

HE died silently and without noise, himself not troubled nor troubling others.

The Fanaticks did a little triumph that he dyed in his Chaire, because they had prophesied long before that he should never dye in his bed. . . . He was of a very comly personage, his countenance very Manly and Majestick, the whole Fabrick of his body very strong, his Constitution very healthful and fitted for business, before his sickness; he never was known to desire meat or drink till called to it, which was but once a day, and seldome drank but at his meal: he was of a great natural force, his eyes were a little deficient at a distance, but near hand very excellently usefull, being able to the last to read the worst hand writing without Spectacles: his ears were so quick that it was dangerous to whisper in the room without you would have him privy to your discourse: his Judgment was slow but sure, he was very cogitative, and of a great natural prudence and cunning in his own affairs. . . .

His Courage is not questioned by any, yet some would give him too much, but these men did not discern into the spirit of this Great Captain, for no man was ever more wary, and where victory could be gotten any other way, he would never put it to the hazard, nor let the quarrel come to blood, holding those victories the most glorious that are bought the cheapest; in action he was very resolute, but it was after long deliberation, so that his courage was not a flash of lightning, but a settled habit of mind, that even the greatest dangers did heighten and increase, and I think it may be aserted without derogation to any, that he was one of the sufficientest Captaines both at sea and Land

for Courage, Conduct, and Knowledge in the Arts of War, and for the provision of an Army that this age hath shewn; he had not the arts of Ostentation and vapour so that his hidden worth was not visible to vulgar spirits, who cannot look beyond the appearance of things; . . .

His Justice was very great, for he looked upon an Officer that oppressed his Souldiers in any manner, as a Tyrant, and a little Devil, and hated the sight of such under his command; he would not suffer any in his Army to shelter themselves from Law, but abandoned them to Justice, often confirming that Axiom of his, an army must not be a Sanctuary for Rogues and Cheats. He was no bearing person to head any down, whatsoever affronts or injuries he had received from them, he had a great memory for wrongs done to him, and might have wished with *Themistocles* to have learnt that Art of forgetfulness; for none could deceive him twice. He wrested no mans Office or Lands out of his hands though he had power enough, nor robbed the King or Kingdom of thousands that he might make a purse for himself; he dyed possessed of a good estate, but it was the Kings Bounty, and in a great measure his own Frugality, and if some had had the like advantages, I believe they would have doubled his increase, and perhaps some have not omitted their diligence, but afterwards confounded it with Prodigality and Riot: we must allow him just, for did he not put his life in jeopardy to do that prime piece of justice of giving *Cæsar* the things which are *Cæsars*; and no throngs of Creditors ever mustered at his Gate waiting for their own rights; his affairs and business was always managed with the paying at the time of receiving.

His temperance was remarkable (whatsoever the black mouthed Sectaries assert, who smut all them that are not in confederacy with themselves). I have known him fast from eating and drinking above thirty hours many times upon the obligation of necessary and important affairs, and constantly made but one meal a day, and in that was not over curious, having been accustomed to the hardships of a Souldiers life in his younger years. He was the most watchful person that you have heard of, four hours sleep was to him sufficient and full satisfaction; . . .

He took no delight in the vanities of Pomp and State; he so abhorred the debauchery of drinking, that he would never prefer an Officer that was guilty of that beastliness: Towards the latter end of his life, he was for some years after a long Fever disposed to a Dropsie, which is a thirsty disease, but then I have known him for many moneths never drink between meales at the time of his residence at *New-hall*. A lesson of Temperance that I could wish many would learn that censure others of excess, yet spend their days in *Coffee-houses* and *Taverns*; sometimes but rarely he did remit, but it was upon extraordinary occasions, out of complacence and civility, never for his own delight or desire. . . .

His prudence was a Vertue Paramount in him and Mistress of all the rest, and this appeared that after the exclusion of Majesty, and put out of the Throne for many years, he restored it without one drop of blood, and made them his instruments, who had been the excluders, and having to doe with so many various interests and factions, (all striving for the Power) he managed them so well that they were all serviceable to his ends, and those children of the Serpent, with all their little Policies and cunning, could never give him the Go-by, but he out-witted them all. And certainly we may conclude his Prudence exceeded his Courage; For to the first he owed all his greatness, and the bravest Actions he performed; which was, restoring Majestie to its proper Rights and Prerogatives, without any deductions or abatements; and perhaps, had the opportunity been well improved, higher then in the days of our Ancestors; This was Prudence indeed, which was not constituted of Eloquence or words, but a practical Dexterity to apply Actions to their proper times and seasons, wherein he was no small Craftsman. . . . In all his Passions and great concerns where he had provocation enough, yet was never observed to swear an oath, and I think none can witness the contrary. . . . He was thought to be somewhat too frugal, but this was the indisposition of his Age; we must separate men out of the wold, when we abstract them from all weakness and infirmities. . . .

His diligence and painfulness was much admired by all that knew him, being unwearied in business; his manner of life

at *Dalkeith* is not to be omitted, which may be no ill example to others, who are intrusted with the managery of publick affairs; he was always an early Riser in the Morning, where after dressing and Closet-Retirements, which were all finished before seven of the Clock; at which time he wholly till night attended publick Affairs, being waited upon with his two Secretaries, and gave access to all, even the poorest Souldiers as well as the greatest Lords; after discoursing with them, he presently gave his Secretaries Order in it, and they were dispatched the very same houre. If they stayed till dinner, they had hearty welcom with great freedom. And after dinner he returned to the same publick Offices and Services, hearing all grievances and complaints. . . . By this means he understood the inclinations of his whole Army, and was not ignorant of the temper of the Countrey, and every considerable person in it; I have admired at his continual duty, being never tyred out when business lasted night and day; he was not too sudden in matters of great concern, but took time well to deliberate, and then he seldome missed his way. . . . All his pleasure was walking and conferring with a trustie Friend in a spacious room, but if any the least business invited, he applied to it: Afterwards his Physicians in *England* did advise him to play for divertisement, being inclined a little to Lethargy after his Fever, wherein he never wagered more, then what he was indifferent either to win or lose, yet he loved the victory.

Thomas Gumble.

34. DR. EDMUND STAUNTON

Born 1600 Died 1671

President of Corpus.College, Oxford

WHEN the Affairs of the *College* called him forth into places remote from the *University*, he was alwayes ready to take any opportunity to do good to the souls of men.

One who hath rode many hundred Miles in company with him, hath alwayes observed his deportment in all places, and

toward all persons, to be such as became an heavenly minded *Christian*, and a true *Minister* of Christ.

When he was *riding on the way*, he entertained his company with heavenly discourse; and as variety of Objects did present themselves to him, he alwayes drew excellent matter out of them; glorifying God for the power, wisdom, and goodness which appeared in the Works of *Creation*, and *Providence*.

As he passed by such as were about their occasions in the *Fields*, he would many times make an halt, and enter into a short discourse with them: He would, first, ask them some ordinary questions, such as Travellers use to ask, and then take an occasion, from their answers, to ask them other questions of more weight and concernment to their Souls; leaving alwayes some serious word with them, at parting, for them to *ruminate* upon: and I am persuaded, that there are many, who never saw his face, nor he theirs, but thus, *in transitu*, that have blest God for him. When he came to his Lodging, either in a publick or private house; as he had a better advantage there, so he constantly made good use of it, for the *glory* of *God*, and the *edification* of whatever company he was cast upon.

He had an excellent gift, and rare faculty, beyond what I did ever observe in any man beside, to improve discourse so as to make it, not only *pleasant* to those with whom he did converse, but very *profitable* to their souls, aiming still at the last, as the mark which he had constantly in his eye.

When he came among persons of *Quality* (being himself well born, well educated, of a generous spirit, and a chearful temper) his company, and converse was, usually, very *acceptable to them*, which gave him an advantage to tell them (as he would *plainly*, though *prudently*) of what he saw amiss in them; to mind them of the vanity of the World, of better things above, and to put them (as he often would) upon good designs, to shew their thankfulness to God for his mercy to them.

Nor was there a person so mean, but he could, and would readily, and humbly condescend to him, as knowing what precious souls dwell in the poorest *houses of clay*.

He spake to such alwayes in their own dialect, and in a phrase they well understood; trying their knowledge, and feeling the pulse of their souls: if he found them ignorant, or

unsensible, he would endeavour to awaken them, by laying plain Texts of Scripture before them, for their conviction.

If he met with humbled and burdened souls, or such as were babes in Christ, he would gather them as *lambs* in his arms, and *gently* lead them to the *Wells of Salvation*.

If at any time there hapned to be a mixt company at the Table with some serious Christians, some Professors at large, his manner was to be very free and pleasant in discourse with them, which caused them all to give great attention to him: then might you have seen, how, ever and anon, the honey dropt from his lips, while the company were hanging on them; how skilful he was in dividing the Word aright, to every one his portion; and how wise in winning souls.

If he observed any to take the boldness, from his innocent mirth, and pleasant humour, to incline to vain, and frothy discourse, he would very dexterously turn to some more profitable matter, and, as occasion was given, afford a serious reproof, tempered with kindness and love to their souls, which was, usually, well taken at his hand.

If his occasions required his stay, a day or two, at any place, he seldom departed before he had Preached to the People.

He found, by much and long experience, that a plain way of Preaching was most effectual to the ends for which that Ordinance was appointed; and therefore constantly used it, even in the *College* and *University*; though he could easily have appeared in another strain, had he preferred an aiery Reputation with some, before the Work of his Master, and the real advantage of others.

By *J. M.*, Sometime Fellow of Corpus.

35. JOHN MILTON

Born 1608 Died 1674

HEE was of a moderate Stature, and well proportion'd, of a ruddy Complexion, light brown Hair, & handsom Features; save that his Eyes were none of the quickest. But his blindness, which proceeded from a *Gutta Serena*, added no further

blemish to them. His deportment was sweet and affable; and his Gate erect & Manly, bespeaking Courage and undauntedness (or a Nil conscire). On which account hee wore a Sword while hee had his Sight, and was skill'd in using it. Hee had an excellent Ear, and could bear a part both in Vocal & Instrumental Music. His moderate Estate left him by his Father was through his good Oeconomy sufficient to maintain him. Out of his Secretary's Salary hee had sav'd two thousand pounds, which being log'd in the Excise, and that Bank failing upon the Restoration, hee utterly lost; Beside which, and the ceasing of his Imploiment hee had no damage by that change of Affairs. For hee early sued out his Pardon; and by means of that, when the Serjeant of the house of Commons had officiously seisd him, was quickly set at liberty. Hee had too at the first return of the Court in good manners left his house in Petty France, which had a door into the Park; and in all other things demeaning himself peaceably, was so farr from being reckon'd disaffected, that hee was visited at his house in Bunhill by a Chief Officer of State, and desir'd to imploy his Pen on thir behalfe. . . . By the great fire in 1666 hee had a house in Bread street burnt: wch was all the Real Estate hee had. Hee rendred his Studies and various Works more easy & pleasant by allotting them thir several portions of the day. Of these the time friendly to the Muses fell to his Poetry; And hee waking early (as is the use of temperate men) had commonly a good Stock of Verses ready against his Amanuensis came; which if it happend to bee later then ordinary, hee would complain, saying *hee wanted to be milkd*. The Evenings hee likewise spent in reading some choice Poets, by way of refreshment after the days toyl, and to store his Fancy against Morning. Besides his ordinary lectures out of the Bible and the best Commentators on the week day, That was his sole subject on Sundays. And Davids Psalms were in esteem with him above all Poetry. The Youths that hee instructed from time to time servd him often as Amanuenses, & some elderly persons were glad for the benefit of his learned Conversation, to perform that Office. His first Wife dy'd a while after his blindness seizd him, leaving him three Daughters, that liv'd to bee Women. Hee marry'd two more, whereof one surviv'd

him. He dy'd in a fitt of the Gout, but, with so little pain or Emotion, that the time of his expiring was not perceiv'd by those in the room. And though hee had bin long troubl'd with that disease, insomuch that his Knuckles were all callous, yet was hee not ever observ'd to bee very impatient.

Hee had this Elogy in common with the Patriarchs and Kings of Israel that hee was gather'd to his people; for hee happen'd to bee bury'd in Cripplegate where about thirty yeer before hee had by chance also interr'd his Father.

John Phillips.

36. THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

Born 1592 Died 1676

MY Lord may justly be compared to *Titus* the *Deliciæ* of Mankind, by reason of his sweet, gentle and obliging Nature; for though his Wisdom and Experience found it impossible to please all men, because of their different humours and dispositions; yet his Nature is such, that he will be sorry when he seeth that men are displeased with him out of their own ill Natures, without any cause; for he loves all that are his Friends, and hates none that are his Enemies. He is a Loyal Subject, a kind Husband, a Loving Father a Generous Master, and a Constant Friend. His natural Love to his Parents has been so great, that I have heard him say, he would most willingly, and without the least repining, have begg'd for his daily relief, so God would but have let his Parents live.

He is true and just both in his words and actions, and has no mean or petty Designs, but they are all just and honest. He condemns not upon Report, but upon Proof; nor judges by Words, but Actions; he forgets not past Service, for present Advantage; but gives a present Reward to a present Desert.

He hath a great Power over his Passions, and hath had the greatest tryals thereof; for certainly He must of necessity have a great share of Patience, that can forgive so many false, treacherous, malicious, and ungrateful Persons as he hath done; but he is so wise, that his Passion never outruns his

Patience, nor his Extravagancies his Prudence; and although his Private Enemies have been numerous, yet I verily believe, there is never a subject more generally beloved then He is.

He hates Pride and loves Humility; is civil to Strangers, kind to his Acquaintance, and respectful to all persons, according to their Quality; He never regards Place, except it be for Ceremony: To the meanest person he'll put off his Hat, and suffer everybody to speak to him.

He never refuses any Petition, but accepts them; and being informed of the business, will give a just, and as much as lies in him, a favourable answer to the Petitioning Party.

He easily Pardons, and bountifully Rewards; and always praises particular mens Virtues, but covers their Faults with silence. He is full of Charity and Compassion to persons that are in misery, and full of Clemency and Mercy; insomuch, that when he was General of a great Army, he would never sit in Council himself upon Causes of Life and Death, but granted Pardon to many Delinquents that were condemned by his Council of War; so that some were forced to Petition him not to do it, by reason it was an ill precedent for others. To which my Lord merrily answer'd, That if they did hang all, they would leave him none to fight.

His Courage he always show'd in Action, more then in Words, for he would Fight, but not Rant.

He is not Vain-glorious to heighten or brag of his Heroick Actions; Witness that great Victory upon *Atherton-moor*, after which he would not suffer his Trumpets to sound, but came quietly and silently into the City of *York*; for which he would certainly have been blamed by those that make a great noise upon small causes; and love to be applauded, though their actions little deserve it.

His noble Bounty and Generosity is so manifest to all the World, that I should light a Candle to the Sun, if I should strive to illustrate it; for he has no self-designs or self-interest, but will rather wrong and injure himself then others. To give you but one proof of this noble Vertue, it is known, that where he hath a legal right to Felons Goods, as he hath in a great part of his Estate, yet he never took or exacted more then some inconsiderable share for acknowledgment of his Right; saying,

That he was resolved never to grow rich by other mens misfortunes.

In short, I know him not addicted to any manner of Vice except that he has been a great lover and admirer of the Female Sex; which whether it be so great a crime as to condemn him for it; I'll leave to the judgment of young Gallants and beautiful Ladies.

His Shape is neat, and exactly proportioned; his Stature of a middle size, and his Complexion sanguine.

His Behaviour is such, that it might be a Pattern for all Gentlemen; for it is Courtly, Civil, easie and free, without Formality, or Constraint; and yet hath something in it of grandeur, that causes an awful respect towards him.

His Discourse is as free and unconcerned as his Behaviour, Pleasant, Witty, and Instructive; He is quick in Repartees or sudden answers, and hates dubious disputes, and premeditated Speeches. He loves also to intermingle his Discourse with some short pleasant stories, and witty sayings, and always names the Author from whom he hath them; for he hates to make another man's Wit his own.

He accouters his Person according to the Fashion, if it be one that is not troublesome and uneasie for men of Heroic Exercises and Actions. He is neat and cleanly; which makes him to be somewhat long in dressing, though not so long as many effeminate persons are. He shifts ordinarily once a day, and every time when he uses Exercise, or his temper is more hot than ordinary.

In his Diet he is so sparing and temperate, that he never eats nor drinks beyond his set proportion, so as to satisfy onely his natural appetite. He makes but one Meal a day, at which he drinks two good Glasses of Small-Beer, one about the beginning the other at the end thereof, and a little Glass of Sack in the middle of his Dinner; which Glass of Sack he also uses in the morning, for his Breakfast, with a Morsal of Bread. His supper consists of an Egg, and a draught of Small-Beer. And by his Temperance he finds himself very healthful, and may yet live many years, he being now of the Age of Seventy-three, which I pray God from my soul, to grant him.

His prime Pastime and Recreation hath always been the

Exercise of Mannage and Weapons; which Heroick Arts he used to practise every day; but I observing that when he had overheated himself, he would be apt to take cold, prevail'd so far, that at last he left the frequent use of the Mannage, using nevertheless still the Exercise of Weapons; and though he doth not ride himself so frequently as he hath done, yet he takes delight in seeing his Horses of Mannage rid by his Escuyers, whom he instructs in that Art for his own pleasure. But in the Art of Weapons (in which he has a method beyond all that ever were famous in it, found out by his own Ingenuity and Practice) he never taught anybody but the now the Duke of *Buckingham*, whose Guardian He hath been, and his own two Sons.

The rest of his time he spends in Musick, Poetry, Architecture and the like.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

37. ISAAC BARROW

Born 1630 Died 1677

HE was in person of the lesser size and lean, of extraordinary strength, of a fair and calm complexion, a thin Skin, very sensible of the cold; his Eyes gray, clear and somewhat short-sighted, his Hair of a light aubrun, very fine and curling. He is well represented by the Figure of *Marcus Brutus* on his *Denarii*, and I will transfer hither what is said of that great Man.

Vertue was thy Life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
The gentle vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference.

The Estate he left was Books; those he bought, so well chosen as to be sold for more than they cost; and those he made, whereof a Catalogue is annexed, and it were not improper to give a farther account of his Works than to name them: Beside their number, variety, method, style, fullness and usefulness, I might thence draw many proofs to confirm what I have before endeavoured to say to his advantage, and many

more important reflections will be obvious to you [Dr. Tillotson] than to such a Reader as I am. . . .

There are beside other particulars which are grateful to talk over among Friends, not so proper perhaps to appear in a publick Writing. For instance, One morning going out a Friend's House before [which] a huge and fierce Mastiff was chained up (as he used to be all day) the Dog flew at him, and he had that present courage to take the Dog by the Throat, and after much struggling bore him to the ground, and held him there till the People could rise and part them, without any other hurt than the streining of his Hands, which he felt some days after.

Some would excuse me for noting that he seem'd intemperate in the love of Fruit, but it was to him Physick as well as Food; and he thought that if Fruit kill hundreds in Autumn, it preserves thousands; and he was very free too in the use of Tobacco, believing it did help to regulate his thinking.

I did at first mention the uniformity and constant tenour of his life, and proceeding on have noted several particulars of a very different nature. I therefore explain my self thus, that he was always one by his exact conformity to the rule in a vertuous and prudent conversation, he steered by the same compass to the same Port when the storms forced him to shift his Sails. His fortune did in some occasions partake of the unsettledness of the times wherein he lived; and to fit himself for the several works he was to do, he enter'd upon studies of several kinds, whereby he could not totally devote himself to one, which would have been more for the publick benefit, according to his own opinion, which was, that general Scholars did more please themselves, but they who prosecuted particular subjects did more service to others.

Being thus engaged with variety of men and studies, his mind became stored with a wonderful plenty* of words wherewith to express himself; and it happened that sometime he let slip a word not commonly used, which upon reflexion he would doubtless have altered, for it was not out of affectation. . . .

All I have said, or can say, is far short of the Idea which Dr. Barrow's Friends have formed of him, and that Character under which he ought to appear to them who knew him not.

Beside all the defects on my part, he had himself this disadvantage of wanting foils to augment his lustre, and low places to give eminence to his heights; such vertues as his, Contentment in all conditions, Candour in doubtful cases, Moderation among differing Parties, Knowledge without ostentation, are Subjects fitter for praise than narrative. *Abraham Hill.*

38. GILBERT SHELDON

Born 1598 Died 1677

GEORGE MORLEY

Born 1597 Died 1684

THERE were two churchmen so considerable at this time that I shall add somewhat of them. The one was Sheldon, made at first bishop of London, that had the greatest hand in all that passed concerning the church; for Juxon, archbishop of Canterbury (to whom he succeeded in that see), was superannuated. Sheldon was a man of great pleasantness of conversation and cheerful rather to excess, considering his character; he had much wit, and was ~~very~~ well turned for a court, if not too well; he had great quickness of apprehension and strength of judgment; he was considerably learned before the wars and perfectly understood all he pretended to, but the politics had worn learning out of his thoughts. He was a generous and charitable man, he lived splendidly, and had an art peculiar to himself of treating every one that came to him with some particular and distinguishing civilities; but he seemed to have no great sense of religion, nor of the true concerns of the church, of which he spoke commonly rather as of a matter of policy than of conscience, and he was thought to have allowed himself in many indecent liberties; he was civil to all, but friendly to very few. The other bishop was Morley, made at first bishop of Worcester, and soon after (upon Duppa's death) translated to Winchester. He is a man of a lively wit and great openness of heart, and is both a learned and devout man, and is now perhaps one of the perfectest men of his age in the world. He was at first known

to the world in Falkland's company, and was thought favourable to the puritans before the wars; but he has given such demonstrations to the contrary that, though he is a Calvinist in the matter of decrees and grace, yet no man is more zealous for the church of England than he is. He is a very bountiful and generous man, and has no other fault but that he is too credulous and too passionate, and will be soon possessed with prejudices which cannot be easily rooted out. He was more particularly in Clarendon's favour, having been his chaplain, but Sheldon was thought the abler man.

Gilbert Burnet.

39. THOMAS HOBBS

Born 1588 Died 1679

MR. HOBBS person, etc.:—hazel, quick eie, which continued to his last. He was a tall man, higher then I am by about halfe a head . . . i.e. I could putt my hand between my head and his hatt. When young he loved musique and practised on the lutte. In his old age he used to sing prick-song every night (when all were gone and sure nobody could heare him) for his health, which he did beleeeve would make him live two or three years longer.

In his youth unhealthy; of an ill yellowish complexion; wett in his feet, and trod both his shoes the same way.

His complexion. In his youth he was unhealthy, and of an ill complexion (yellowish).

His lord, who was a waster, sent him up and downe to borrow money, and to gett gentlemen to be bound for him, being ashamed to speake him selfe: he tooke colds, being wett in his feet (then were no hackney coaches to stand in the streetes), and trod both his shoes aside the same way. Notwithstanding he was well-beloved: they lov'd his company for his pleasant facetiousness and good nature.

From forty, or better, he grew healthier, and then he had a fresh, ruddy, complexion. He was *sanguineo-melancholicus*; which the physiologers say is the most ingeniose complexion.

He would say "that there might be good witts of all complexions; but good-natured impossible."

Head. In his old age he was very bald (which clayned a veneration); yet within dore, he used to study, and sitt, bare-headed, and sayd he never tooke cold in his head, but that the greatest trouble was to keepe-off the flies from pitching on the baldness. His head was . . . inches in compasse (I have the measure), and of a mallet-forme (approved by the physiologers).

Skin. His skin was soft and of that kind which my Lord Chancellor Bacon in his *History of Life and Death* calles a goose-skin, i.e. of a wide texture.

Face. Not very great; ample forehead; whiskers yellowish-redish, which naturally turned up—which is a signe of a brisque witt, e.g. James Howell, Henry Jacob of Merton College.

<Beard.> Belowe he was shaved close, except a little tip under his lip. Not but that nature could have afforded a venerable beard (*Sapientem pascere barbam*—Horat. Satyr, lib. 2) but being naturally of a cheerfull and pleasant humour, he affected not at all austerity and gravity and to looke severe. [Vide page 47 of Mr. *Hobbes considered*—"Gravity and heavinesse of countenance are not so good marks of assurance of God's favour, as a chearfull, charitable, and upright behaviour, which are better signes of religion than the zealous maintaining of controverted doctrines."] He desired not the reputation of his wisdom to be taken from the cutt of his beard, but from his reason— . . .

Eie. He had a good eie, and that of a hazell colour, which was full of life and spirit, even to the last. When he was earnest in discourse, there shone (as it were) a bright live-coale within it. He had two kind of looks:—when he laugh't, was witty, and in a merry humour, one could scarce see his eies: by and by, when he was serious and positive, he open'd his eies round (i.e. his eie-lids). He had midling eies, not very big, nor very little (from Sir W<illiam> P<etty>).

Stature. He was six foote high, and something better (quaere James Wh<eldon>), and went indifferently erect, or rather, considering his great age, very erect.

Sight; witt. His sight and witt continued to the last. He had a curious sharp sight, as he had a sharpe witt, which was also so sure and steady (and contrary to that men call *bro<a>d-*

wittedness) that I have heard him oftentimes say that in multiplying and dividing he never mistooke a figure: and so in other things.

He thought much and with excellent method and stedinesse, which made him seldome make a false step. . . .

He had very few bookes. I never sawe (nor Sir William Petty) above halfe a dozen about him in his chamber. Homer and Virgil were commonly on his table; sometimes Xenophon, or some probable historie, and Greek Testament, or so.

Reading. He had much, if one considers his long life; but his contemplation was much more then his reading. He was wont to say that if he had read as much as other men, he should have knowne no more then other men

He was wont to say that he had rather have the advice, or take physique from an experienced old woman, that had been at many sick people's bed-sides, then from the learnedst but unexperienced physitian.

'Tis not consistent with an harmonick soule to be a woman-hater, neither had he an abhorrescence to good wine but . . . this only *inter nos*.

Temperance and diet. He was, even in his youth, (generally) temperate, both as to wine and women (*et tamen hæc omnia mediocriter*)—*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*.

I have heard him say that he did beleieve he had been in excesse in his life, a hundred times; which, considering his great age, did not amount to above once a yeare. When he did drinke, he would drinke to excesse to have the benefitt of vomiting, which he did easily; by which benefitt neither his witt was disturbt longer then he was spuing nor his stomach oppressed; but he never was, nor could not endure to be, habitually a good fellow, i.e. to drinke every day wine with company, which, though not to drunkennesse, spoiles the braine.

For his last 30+ yeares, his dyet, etc., was very moderate and regular. After sixty he dranke no wine, his stomach grew weak, and he did eate most fish especially whittings . . . He rose about seaven, had his breakfast of bread and butter; and tooke his walke, meditating till ten; then he did putt downe the minutes of his thoughts, which he penned in the afternoon. . . .

His dinner was provided for him exactly by eleaven, for he could not now stay till his lord's howre—scil. about two: that his stomach could not beare.

After dinner he tooke a pipe of tobacco, and then threw himselfe immediately on his bed, with his band off, and slept (tooke a nap of about halfe an houre).

In the afternoon he penned his morning thoughts.

Exercises. Besides his dayly walking, he did twice or thrice a yeare play at tennis (at about 75 he did it); than went to bed there and was well rubbed. This he did believe would make him live two or three yeares the longer.

In the countrey, for want of a tennis-court, he would walke up-hill and downe-hill in the parke, till he was in a great sweat, and then give the servant some money to rubbe him. . . .

Habit. In cold weather he commonly wore a black velvet coate, lined with furre; if not, some other coate so lined. But all the yeare he wore a kind of bootes of Spanish leather, laced or tyed along the sides with black ribons.

Singing. He had alwayes bookes of prick-song lyeing on his table:—e.g. of H. Lawes' etc. *Songs*—which at night, when he was abed, and the dores made fast, and was sure nobody heard him, he sang aloud (not that he had a very good voice) but for his health's sake: he did beleeeve it did his lunges good, and conduced to prolong his life.

Shaking palsey. He had the shaking palsey in his handes; which began in France before the yeare 1650, and haz growne upon him by degrees, ever since, so that he haz not been able to write very legibly since 1665 or 1666, as I find by some of his letters to me.

His goodness of nature and willingness to instruct any one that was willing to be informed and modestly desired it, which I am a witnesse of as to my owne part and also to others.

Charity. . . . He was very charitable (pro suo modulo) to those that were true objects of his bounty. One time, I remember, goeing in the Strand, a poor and infirme old man craved his almes. He, beholding him with eies of pittie and compassion, putt his hand in his pocket, and gave him 6*d.* Sayd a divine (scil. Dr. Jasper Mayne) that stood by—"Would you have donne this, if it had not been Christ's command?"—"Yea," sayd he.—

"Why?" quoth the other.—"Because," sayd he, "I was in paine to consider the miserable condition of the old man; and now my almes, giving him some reliefe, doth also ease me."

John Aubrey.

40. A DUKE OF BUCKS

Is one that has studied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a Monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that Fabric that *Nature* raised in him, and built himself up again after a Model of his own. He has dam'd up all those Lights, that Nature made into the noblest Prospects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. His Appetite to his Pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the Pica in a Woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for Food, or a Girl in the Green-sickness, that eats Chalk and Mortar. Perpetual Surfeits of Pleasure have filled his Mind with bad and vicious Humours (as well as his Body with a Nursery of Diseases) which makes him affect new and extravagant Ways, as being sick and tired with the Old. Continual Wine, Women, and Music put false Values upon Things, which by Custom become habitual, and debauch his Understanding so, that he retains no right Notion nor Sense of Things. And as the same Dose of the same Physic has no Operation on those, that are much used to it; so his Pleasures require a larger Proportion of Excess and Variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to Bed by the *Julian* Account, long after all others that go by the *new Stile*; and keeps the same Hours with Owls and the *Antipodes*. He is a great Observer of the *Tartars* Customs, and never eats, till the great *Cham* having dined makes Proclamation, that all the World may go to Dinner. He does not dwell in his House, but haunts it, like an evil Spirit, that walks all Night to disturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loses his Time, as Men do their Ways in the

Dark; and as blind Men are led by their Dogs, so is he governed by some mean Servant or other, that relates to his Pleasures. He is as inconstant as the Moon, which he lives under; and altho' he does nothing but advise with his Pillow all Day, he is as great a Stranger to himself, as he is to the rest of the World. His Mind entertains all Things very freely, that come and go; but like Guests and Strangers they are not welcome, if they stay long—This lays him open to all Cheats, Quacks, and Imposters, who apply to every particular Humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with St. *Paul*, tho' in a different sense, he *dies daily*, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adorn her, like *Indians*, that hang Jewels in their Lips and Noses. His Ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddlestick. He endures Pleasures with less Patience, than other men do their Pains. *Samuel Butler.*

41. THE SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Born 1628 Died 1687

AND now I have done with the men of business of that time I will speak somewhat of some others that were Clarendon's great enemies. The first of these that occurs to my thoughts is the duke of Buckingham, a man of noble presence and that has an air that at first strikes all that see him; he has a flame in his wit that is inimitable; he has no manner of literature, and all he knows is in chemistry, for he has sought long for the philosopher's stone and with the ordinary fate of all that have pursued it, for he has often thought he was very near the finding it out, but has been as often deceived. He has no sort of principle either about religion, virtue, or friendship; pleasure, wit, and mirth is all that he has ever laid to heart: he had a great ascendent over the king, but has provoked him out of measure by talking in a style of him that has shewed equal degrees of contempt and hatred, and he is not to be trusted with any secret, for if he meets with a man that happens to heat his fancy and seems to have the same notions that he has

he will pour out every thing to him. He was never true either to things or persons, but forsakes every man and departs from every maxim, sometimes out of levity and an unsettledness of fancy and sometimes out of downright falsehood; he could never fix himself to business, but has a perpetual unsteadiness about him. He is revengeful to all degrees, and is, I think, one of the worst men alive, both as to his personal deportment and as to the public. He had conceived a mighty contempt of Clarendon, but he was then so low in the king's thoughts that he could not hurt him.

Gilbert Burnet.

42. THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

Born 1647 Died 1680

HE came from his Travels in the 18th year of his Age, and appeared at Court with as great Advantages as most ever had. He was a Graceful and well shaped Person, tall and well made, if not a little too slender. He was exactly well bred, and what by a modest behaviour natural to him, what by a Civility become almost as natural, his Conversation was easie and obliging. He had a strange Vivacity of thought, and vigour of expression: His Wit had a subtilty and sublimity both, that were scarce imitable. His Style was clear and strong: When he used Figures they were very lively, and yet far enough out of the Common Road: he had made himself Master of the Ancient and Modern Wit, and of the Modern *French* and *Italian* as well as the *English*. He loved to talk and write of Speculative Matters, and did it with so fine a thread, that even those who hated the Subjects that his Fancy ran upon, yet could not but be charmed with his way of treating of them. *Boileau* among the *French*, and *Cowley* among the *English* Wits, were those he admired most. Sometimes other mens thoughts mixed with his Composures, but that flowed rather from the Impressions they made on him when he read them, by which they came to return upon him as his own thoughts; than that he servilely copied from any. For few Men ever had a bolder flight of fancy, more steddily governed by Judgment than he had.

No wonder a young Man so made, and so improved, was very acceptable in a Court.

Soon after his coming thither, he laid hold on the first Occasion that offered to shew his readiness to hazard his life in the Defence and Service of his Country. In *Winter* 1665 he went with the Earl of *Sandwich* to Sea, when he was sent to lie for the *Dutch East-India Fleet*; and was in the *Revenge*, commanded by Sir *Thomas Tiddiman*, when the Attack was made on the Port of *Bergen* in *Norway*, the *Dutch Ships* having got into that Port. It was as desperate an Attempt as ever was made: during the whole Action, the Earl of *Rochester* shewed as brave and as resolute a Courage as was possible: . . . Nor did the Rigours of the Season, the hardness of the Voyage, and the extream danger he had been in, deter him from running the like on the very next Occasion; For the *Summer* following he went to Sea again, without communicating his design to his nearest Relations. He went aboard the Ship Commanded by Sir *Edward Spragge* the day before the great Sea-fight of that Year. . . . During the Action, Sir *Edward Spragge* not being satisfied with the behaviour of one of the Captains, could not easily find a Person that would chearfully venture through so much danger, to carry his Commands to that Captain. This Lord offered himself to the Service; and went in a little Boat through all the shot, and delivered his Message, and returned back to Sir *Edward*: which was much commended by all that saw it. He thought it necessary to begin his life with these Demonstrations of his Courage in an Element and way of fighting, which is acknowledged to be the greatest trial of clear and undaunted Valour.

He had so entirely laid down the Intemperance that was growing on him before his Travels, that at his Return, he hated nothing more. But falling into Company that loved these Excesses, he was, though not without difficulty, and by many steps, brought back to it again. And the natural heat of his fancy, being inflamed by Wine, made him so extravagantly pleasant, that many to be more diverted by that humour, studied to engage him deeper and deeper in Intemperance: which at length did so entirely subdue him; that, as he told me, for five years together he was continually Drunk; not all

the while under the visible effect of it, but his blood was so inflamed, that he was not in all that time cool enough to be perfectly Master of himself. This led him to say and do many wild and unaccountable things: By this, he said, he had broke the firm constitution of his Health, that seemed so strong, that nothing was too hard for it; and he had suffered so much in his Reputation, that he almost despaired to recover it. There were two Principles in his natural temper, that being heighten'd by that heat carried him to great excesses: a violent love of Pleasure, and a disposition to extravagant Mirth. The one involved him in great sensuality: the other led him to many odd Adventures and Frolicks, in which he was oft in hazard of his life. The one being the same irregular appetite in his Mind, that the other was in his Body, which made him think nothing diverting that was not extravagant. And though in cold blood he was a generous and good natured man, yet he would go far in his heats after any thing that might turn to a Jest or matter of Diversion: He said to me, He never improved his Interest at Court, to do a premeditate Mischief to other persons. Yet he laid out his Wit very freely in *Libels* and *Satyres*, in which he had a peculiar talent of mixing his Wit with his Malice, and fitting both with such apt words, that Men were tempted to be pleased with them: from thence his Composures came to be easily known, for few had such a way of tempering these together as he had; So that when any thing extraordinary that way came out, as a Child is fathered sometimes by its Resemblance, so was it laid at his Door as its Parent and Author.

These Exercises in the course of his Life were not always equally pleasant to him; he had often sad Intervals and severe Reflections on them: and though then he had not these awakened in him from any deep Principle of Religion, yet the horror that Nature raised in him, especially in some Sicknesses, made him too easie to receive some ill Principles, which others endeavoured to possess him with; so that he was too soon brought to set himself to secure and fortifie his Mind against that, by dispossessing it all he could of the belief or apprehensions of Religion. The Licentiousness of his temper, with the briskness of his Wit, disposed him to love the Conversation

of those who divided their time between lewd Actions and irregular Mirth. And so he came to bend his Wit, and direct his Studies and Endeavours to support and strengthen these ill Principles both in himself and others. . . .

Such had been his Principles and Practices in a Course of many years which had almost quite extinguish't the natural Propensities in him to Justice and Vertue: He would often go into the Country, and be for some months wholly imployed in Study, or the sallies of his Wit: Which he came to direct chiefly to *Satyre*. And this he often defended to me; by saying there were some people that could not be kept in Order, or admonished but in this way. I replied, That it might be granted that a grave way of *Satyre* was sometimes no improfitable way of Reproof. Yet they who used it only out of spite, and mixed Lyes with Truth, sparing nothing that might adorn their *Poems*, or gratifie their Revenge, could not excuse that way of Reproach, by which the Innocent often suffer: since the most malicious things, if wittily expressed, might stick to and blemish the best men in the World, and the malice of a Libel could hardly consist with the Charity of an Admonition. To this he answered, A man could not write with life, unless he were heated by Revenge: For to make a *Satyre* without Resentments, upon the cold Notions of *Phylosophy*, was as if a man would in cold blood, cut mens throats who had never offended him: And he said, The lyes in these Libels came often in as Ornaments that could not be spared without spoiling the beauty of the *Poem*.

Gilbert Burnet.

43. MARGARET BAXTER

Born 1636 Died 1681

HER TEMPER, OCCASIONING THESE TROUBLES OF MIND

THE soul while in the body works much according to the bodies disposition. She was of an extraordinary sharp and piercing Wit. She had a natural reservedness, and secrecy, increased by thinking it necessary prudence not to be open; by which means she was oft mis-understood by her nearest friends, and

consequently often cross and disappointed by those that would have pleased her. And as she could understand men much by their looks and hints, so she expected all should know her mind without her expressing it, which bred her frustrations and discontents. And she had a natural tenderness, and troubledness of mind, upon the crossing of her just desires: too quick, and ungovernable a sense of displeasing words or deeds. She had a diseased, unresistable fearfulness; her quick, and too sensible nature was over-timerous: and to increase it, she said she was four times, before I knew her, in danger of death, (of which one was by the Small-Pox): And more to increase it, her Mother's house (*Apply-Castle*, near *Wellington*), being a Garrison, it was stormed while she was in it, and part of the housing about it burnt, and men lay killed before her face, and all of them threatened and stript of their cloathing, so that they were fain to borrow cloaths. And the great work upon her soul, in her conversion, moved all her passions. And then her dangerous sickness, and the sentence of death to so young a Convert, must needs be a very awaking thing; and coming on her before she had any assurance of her justification, did increase her fear. And in this case she lived in the Church-Yard side, where she saw all the Burials of the dead, and kept a deaths head (a skull) in her Closet still before her. And other such mortifying spectacles increased her sad disposition.

And the excessive love which she had to her Mother, did much increase her grief when she expected death. Though she called it melancholly, that by all this she was cast into, yet it rather seemed a partly natural, and partly an adventitious diseased fearfulness in a tender over-passionate nature, that had no power to quiet her own fears, without any other cloud on her understanding. And all was much encreased by her wisdom so stifling all the appearances of it, that it all inwardly wrought, and had no ease by vent.

And having keen spirits and thin sharp blood, she had a strong *Hemicrania* or Head-ake once a month, and oft once a fortnight, or more, from the age of fifteen or sixteen years. All these together much tended to hinder her from a quiet and comfortable temper.

And in a word, all the operations of her soul were very

intense and strong; strong wit, and strong love, and strong displeasure. And when God showed her what *Holiness* was, she thought she must presently have it in so great a degree as the ripest Saints do here attain; and that because she had not as much heavenly life, and sense, and delight in God, as she knew she should have and desired, she concluded of it that she had none that was sincere.

One of the first things by which her change was discovered to her Mother and Friends, was her fervent, secret prayers: for living in a great house, of which the middle part was ruined in the Wars, she chose a Closet in the further end, where she thought none heard her: But some that over-heard her, said, they never heard so fervent prayers from any person.

Yet she desired me to draw up a form suited to her own condition; which I did, and find it now reserved among her Papers; but I cannot tell whether she ever used it, having affections and freedom of expression without it. I had thought to have annexed it for the use of afflicted penitents; But it will be but a digression in this Narrative.

OF OUR MARRIAGE, AND OUR HABITATIONS

When we were married, her sadness and melancholy vanished; counsel did something to it, and contentment something; and being taken up with our household affairs did somewhat. . . . Among other troubles that her Marriage exposed her to, one was our oft necessitated removals; which to those that must take Houses, and bind themselves to Landlords, and fit and furnish them, is more than for single persons that have no such clogs or cares. First, we took a House in *Moorefields*, after at *Acton*; next that, another at *Acton*; and after that, another there; and after that, we were put to remove to one of the former again; and after that to divers others in another place and County, as followeth; and the women have most of that sort of trouble: But she easily bare it all.

And I know not that ever she came to any place where she did not extraordinarily win the love of the inhabitants (unless in any street where she staid so short a time, as not to be known to them): Had she had but the riches of the world to have done

the good that she had a heart to do, how much would she have been loved, who in her mean and low condition won so much.

And her carriage won more love than her liberality; she could not endure to hear one give another any sour, rough or hasty word; her speech and countenance was always kind and civil, whether she had any thing to give or not.

And all her kindness tended to some better end, than barely to relieve peoples bodily wants; even to oblige them to some duty that tended to the good of their souls, or to deliver them from some straits which fill'd them with hurtful care, and became a matter of great temptation to them. If she could hire the poor to hear Gods word, from Conformist or Nonconformist, or to read good serious practical Books, whether written by Conformists or Nonconformists, it answered her end and desire: and many an hundred books hath she given to those ends. . . .

While I was at *Acton*, her carriage and charity so won the people there, that all that I ever heard of, greatly esteemed and loved her. And she being earnestly desirous of doing good, prepared her house for the reception of those that would come in, to be instructed by me, between the morning and evening publick Assemblies, and after: And the people that had never been used to such things, accounted worldly ignorant persons, gave us great hopes of their edification, and reformation, and filled the Room, and went with me also into the Church (which was at my door): And when I was after removed, the people hearing that I again wanted a house (being ten miles off), they unanimously subscribed a request to me, to return to my old house with them, and offered to pay my house-rent; which I took kindly: and it was much her winning conversation which thus won their love.

When I was carried thence to the common Gaol, for teaching them, as aforesaid, I never perceived her troubled at it: she cheerfully went with me into Prison; *she brought her best bed thither*, and did much to remove the removable inconveniencies of the Prison. I think she had scarce ever a pleasanter time in her life than while she was with me there. And whereas people upon such occasions were not unapt to be liberal, it was against her mind to receive more than necessity required.

Only three persons gave me just as much as paid Lawyers and prison-charges, and when one offered me more, she would not receive it: But all was far short of the great charges of our removal to another habitation.

The Parliament making a new sharper Law against us, I was forced to remove into another County: thither she went with me and removed her Goods that were movable, from *Acton* to *Totteridge*, being engaged for the Rent of the house we left: At *Totteridge*, the first year, few poor people are put to the hardness that she was put to; we could have no house but part of a poor farmers, where the Chimneys so extreainly smoak't, as greatly annoyed her health; for it was a very hard Winter, and the Coal-smoak so filled the Room that we all day sate in, that it was as a cloud, and we were even suffocated with the stink. And she had ever a great straitness of the Lungs that could not bear smoak or closeness. This was the greatest bodily suffering that her outward condition put her to; which was increased by my continual pain there. . . .

OF HER MENTAL QUALIFICATIONS, AND HER INFIRMITIES

For myself, my constant pains, and weakness and Ministerial labours, forbad me the care of outward things. I had never much known worldly cares; Before I was Married I had no need: afterwards she took the care on her; and disuse had made it intolerable to me. I feel now more of it than ever I did, when yet I have so little a way to go.

And as for her (I speak the truth), her apprehension of such things was so much quicker, and more discerning than mine; that though I was naturally somewhat tenacious of my own conceptions, her reasons, and my experience usually told me that she was in the right, and knew more than I. She would at the first hearing understand the matter better than I could do by many and long thoughts.

And the excellency of her reason lay not so much in the speculative as the *prudential practical part*: I must say that, in this I never knew her equal: In very hard cases, about what was to be done, she would suddenly open all the way that was to be opened, in things of the Family, Estate, or any civil

business. And to confess the truth, experience acquainted her, that I knew less in such things than she; and there fore was willing she should take it all upon her.

Yea, I will say that, which they that believe me to be no liar, will wonder at, *Except in cases that require Learning, and skill in Theological difficulties, she was better at resolving a case of conscience than most Divines that ever I knew in all my life.* I often put cases to her, which she suddenly so resolved, as to convince me of some degree of over-sight in my own resolution. Insomuch that of late years, I confess, that I was used to put all, save secret cases, to her, and hear what she could say. Abundance of difficulties were brought me, some about Restitution, some about Injuries, some about References, some about Vows, some about Marriage promises, and many such like; and she would lay all the circumstances presently together, compare them, and give me a more exact resolution than I could do. . . .

But she was prone to *over-love* her *Relations*, and those good people (poor as much as rich) whom she thought most upright. The love was good, but the degree was too passionate. . . .

One infirmity made her faulty in the omission of much of her duty: She was wont to say, that she had from her childhood imprinted a deep fear and hatred of hypocrisie on her mind, that she could never do the outside of her duty, as to the speaking part, for fear of hypocrisie: I scarce ever met with a person that was abler to speak long, for matter and good language, without repetitions, even about Religious things; and few that had more desire that it were well done; and yet she could not do it herself for fear of seeming to be guilty of ostentation. In good company she would speak little of that which she most desired to hear. When I was at any time from home, she would not pray in the Family, though she could not endure to be without it. She would privately talk to the servants, and read good books to them. Most of the open speaking part of Religion she omitted, through a diseased enmity to ostentation and hypocrisie. But of late years, when she saw me and others too sparing in profitable speech to young and ignorant people, she confest that she saw her error, and that even an hypocrite, using but the words and outside of Religion,

was better to others than silence and unprofitable omission was. Her household-affairs she ordered with so great skill and decency, as that others much praised that which I was no fit judg of: I had been bred among plain mean people, and I thought that so much washing of Stairs and Rooms, to keep them as clean as their Trenchers and Dishes, and so much ado about cleanliness and trifles, was a sinful curiosity, and expense of servants time, who might that while have been reading some good book. But she that was otherwise bred, had somewhat other thoughts.

Her great tender impatency lay much in her ears: she could not bear (without great reason) a disputing contradiction; nor yet to hear sad tidings, nor any hard prognostick; and it was because she felt the weakness of her own head, and for Twenty years lived in too great fears of the overthrow of her understanding. And I was apt to think it was but a passionate fanciful fear, and was too apt to be *impatient with her impatency*, and with every *trouble* of her mind, not enough considering how great tenderness in all our discourse she needed; though I remember nothing else that ever I shewed impatience to her in; but ever since her first danger and *strong* affection, I could hardly bear any signification of her displeasure and discontent. And she was wont oft to say, It is a great mercy of God not to know what will befall us in this world, nor how we shall be sick, or suffer, or die, that our fore-knowledg may not anticipate our sorrows, though in the general we should be always ready.

Richard Baxter.

44. THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE

Born 1616 Died 1682

THE Earl of *Lauderdale*, afterwards made Duke, had been for many years a zealous Covenanter: But in the year forty seven he turned to the King's interests; and had continued a prisoner all the while after *Worcester* fight, where he was taken. He was kept for some years in the tower of *London*, in *Portland* castle, and in other prisons, till he was set at liberty by those who called home the King. So he went over to *Holland*. And

since he continued so long, and contrary to all mens opinions in so high a degree of favour and confidence, it may be expected that I should be a little copious in setting out his character; for I knew him very particularly. He made a very ill appearance: He was very big: His hair red, hanging oddly about him: His tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to: And his whole manner was rough and boisterous, and very unfit for a Court. He was very learned, not only in *Latin*, in which he was a master, but in *Greek* and *Hebrew*. He had read a great deal of divinity, and almost all the historians ancient and modern: So that he had great materials. He had with these an extraordinary memory, and a copious but unpolished expression. He was a man, as the Duke of *Buckingham* called him to me, of a blundering understanding. He was haughty beyond expression, abject to those he saw he must stoop to, but imperious to all others. He had a violence of passion that carried him often to fits like madness, in which he had no temper. If he took a thing wrong, it was a vain thing to study to convince him: That would rather provoke him to swear, he would never be of another mind: He was to be let alone: And perhaps he would have forgot what he had said, and come about of his own accord. He was the coldest friend and the violentest enemy I ever knew: I felt it too much not to know it. He at first seemed to despise wealth: But he delivered himself up afterwards to luxury and sensuality: And by that means he ran into a vast expence, and stuck at nothing that was necessary to support it. In his long imprisonment he had great impressions of religion on his mind: But he wore these out so entirely, that scarce any trace of them was left. His great experience in affairs, his ready compliance with every thing that he thought would please the King, and his bold offering at the most desperate counsels, gained him such an interest in the King, that no attempt against him nor complaint of him could ever shake it, till a decay of strength and understanding forced him to let go his hold. He was in his principles much against Popery and arbitrary government: And yet by a fatal train of passions and interests he made way for the former, and had almost established the latter. And, whereas some by a smooth deportment

made the first beginnings of tyranny less discernible and unacceptable, he by the fury of his behaviour heightened the severity of his ministry, which was liker the cruelty of an inquisition than the legality of justice. With all this he was a Presbyterian, and retained his aversion to King *Charles I.* and his party to his death.

Gilbert Burnet.

45. THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE

THIS lord was of a most extraordinary composition, he had learning and endowed with a great memory, as disagreeable in his conversation as was his person, his head was towards that of a Saracen fiery face, and his tongue too big for his mouth, and his pronounciation high Scotch, no highlander like him, uttering bald jests for wit, and repeating good ones of others, and ever spoiled them in relating them, which delighted the good king much. He loved few but for his interest, but hated mortally; and chiefly that noble and good patriot the Duke of Ormond, insomuch that on his being asked one day why he hated so much the Earl of Ailesbury he replied that he was a friend to the Duke of Ormond, and yet in my presence this minister I am describing gushed out tears for joy at my father's going to visit him and for the first time in his disgrace. I am sorry to say it, but he was of a most abject spirit when kept down. The king was quite weary of him and he owed his being kept in for some years by reason that the king would not have laws prescribed to him by the House of Commons, who addressed often to have that minister removed, who in minute matters as well as great ones was grown burthensome to him. Besides tiring the king with his bald jests, he was continually putting his fingers into the king's snuffbox, which obliged him to order one to be made which he wore with a string on his wrist, and did not open, but the snuff came out by shaking. The king did some of his court honour to dine or sup with them, and a select company, agreeable to his pleasant and witty humour. This lord although not invited, ever intruded himself.

The Earl of Ailesbury.

46. THE HON. AND REV. DR. JOHN NORTH

Born 1645 Died 1685

I SHALL next touch upon some singularities of the doctor's fancy and humour, and some other circumstances relating to his character and studies; . . . He was always exceeding thoughtful, and full of notions. He could not rest from working upon his designs, and, at the same time, so diffident of the event, that, between impulse and despair, he was like Mahomet in his tomb, or, as they say, Erasmus hung. Despair had the greatest influence; and it sat so hard upon his spirits that he desired rather to be utterly forgot, than that any memorial of his dealing in literature should remain to show that such a one as he existed, which should not be proof against the teeth of the next ages. After he had the government of himself, he would not endure that a picture should be made of him, though he was much courted and invited by Sir Peter Lely to it. And, what was very odd, he would not leave the print in his bed, where he had lain, remain undefaced.

As to his person and constitution, excepting only the agreeable air of his countenance, and florid head of flaxen hair, I have little to produce that may be commended. His temperature of body, and his austere course of life, were ill matched, and his complexion agreed with neither; for his face was always tinted with a fresh colour, and his looks vegete and sanguine, and, as some used to jest, his features were scandalous, as showing rather a *Madam en travestie*, than a book-worm. But his flesh was strangely flaccid and soft, his going weak and shuffling, often crossing his legs as if he were tipsy; his sleep seldom, or never, easy, but interrupted with unquiet and painful dreams, the reposes he had were short and by snatches; his active spirit had rarely any perfect settlement or rest.

The distempers which most afflicted him, or rather frightened him, were gravel and rheums. The former held him in sad expectations most part of his life, and the other were most urgent towards his latter end; and, in truth, was the occasion of his death, as will be showed afterwards. His worst indisposition lay in his mind, that is, an unhappy tendency to believe

that, in all incidents and emergencies, the worst that in possibility might happen, would fall to his share; and, accordingly, his mind always lighted upon extremes. He never had a fit of the stone in all his life, but voided plenty of red gravel, which he was told was a symptom that no stone gathered. But that weighed little with him; for every morning he speculated his urine, and, as the use of splenetic folks is, called witnesses to see what quantities of gravel he voided.

But such are the failings of sedentary persons, and those who pass most of their time alone. A life of action allows not leisure to dwell upon such reflections. But this excuse the doctor had: his father died a miserable martyr to the stone; and many think that disease, as well as the gout, often goes from father to son. But the doctor's humour, in these respects, was so extreme, that his foreboding of evils to come, often put him into real passion. I have heard him, in almost agonising concern, say that it was not death that he feared but a painful life. I have hinted his corporal infirmity before. He had not the spirits of a good constitution, such as support men in actions of personal valour, and contempt of dangers, though staring them in the face. He had a good share of philosophy, but not enough to fill up that blank in his nature. . . . There was no undertaking, or occurrence, how trivial soever, whereof all the circumstances or emergencies that possibly might concern him, were not valued and revolved in his mind, lest he should be so unhappy as to oversee any; as if mere trifles had been cardinal to the interests of his whole life. If he was to ride to his father's house, walk to church, or make any visit in town, he was in pain about the contingents, and so low as to fret at the fancy he had, that the people in the street looked on him. He was, in a word, the most intense and passionate thinker, that ever lived, and was in his right mind. *Roger North.*

47. LORD CHIEF JUSTICE SAUNDERS

Died 1683

THE Lord Chief Justice *Saunders* succeeded in the Room of *Pemberton*: His Character, and his Beginning were equally

strange. He was at first no better than a poor Beggar Boy, if not a Parish Foundling, without known Parents or Relations. He had found a way to live by Obsequiousness (in *Clement's*-Inn, as I remember) and courting the Attornies Clerks for Scraps. The extraordinary Observance and Diligence of the Boy, made the Society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write; and one of the Attornies got a Board knocked up at a Window on the top of a staircase; and that was his Desk, where he sat and wrote after Copies of Court and other Hands the Clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a Writer that he took in Business, and earned some Pence by Hackney-writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his Faculties, and fell to Forms, and, by Books that were lent him, became an exquisite entering Clerk; and, by the same course of Improvement of himself, an able Counsel, first in special Pleading, then, at large. And, after he was called to the Bar, had Practice, in the *King's Bench* Court, equal with any there. As to his Person, he was very corpulent and beastly; a mere Lump of morbid Flesh. He used to say, *by his Troggs*, (such an humorous Way of talking he affected) *none could say he wanted Issue of his Body, for he had nine in his Back*. He was a fetid Mass, that offended his Neighbours at the Bar in the sharpest Degree. Those, whose ill Fortune it was to stand near him, were Confessors, and in Summer-time, almost Martyrs. This hateful Decay of his Carcase came upon him by continual Sottishness; for, to say nothing of Brandy, he was seldom without a Pot of Ale at his Nose, or near him. That Exercise was all he used; the rest of his Life was sitting at his Desk, or piping at home; and that *Home* was a Taylor's House in *Butcher-Row*, called his Lodging, and the Man's Wife was his Nurse, or worse; but, by virtue of his Money, of which he made little Account, though he got a great deal, he soon became Master of the Family; and, being no Changling, he never removed, but was true to his Friends, and they to him, to the last Hour of his Life.

So much for his Person and Education. As for his Parts, none had them more lively than he. Wit and Repartee, in an affected Rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a Loss; and none came so near as he to be a Match

for Sergeant *Mainard*. His great Dexterity was in the Art of special Pleading, and he would lay Snares that often caught his superiors who were not aware of his Traps. And he was so fond of Success for his Clients that, rather than fail, he would set the Court hard with a Trick; for which he met sometimes with a Reprimand, which he would wittily ward off, so that no one was much offended with him. But *Hales* could not bear his Irregularity of Life; and for that, and Suspicion of his Tricks, used to bear hard upon him in the Court. But no ill Usage from the Bench was too hard for his Hold of Business, being such as scarce any could do but himself. With all this, he had a Goodness of Nature and Disposition in so great a Degree that he may be deservedly styled a *Philanthrope*. He was a very *Silenus* to the Boys, as, in this Place, I may term the Students of Law, to make them merry whenever they had a mind to it. He had nothing of rigid or austere in him. If any, near him at the Bar, grumbled at his Stench, he ever converted the Complaint into Content and Laughing with the Abundance of his Wit. As to his ordinary Dealing, he was as honest as the driven Snow was white; and why not, having no Regard for Money, or Desire to be rich? And, for good Nature and Condescension, there was not his Fellow. I have seen him, for Hours and half Hours together, before the Court sat, stand at the Bar, with an Audience of Students over against him, putting of Cases, and debating so as suited their Capacities, and encouraged their Industry. And so in the *Temple*, he seldom moved without a Parcel of Youths hanging about him, and he merry and jesting with them.

It will be readily conceived that this Man was never cut out to be a Presbyter, or any Thing that is severe and crabbed. In no Time did he lean to Faction, but did his Business without Offence to any. He put off officious Talk of Government or Politicks, with Jests, and so made his Wit a Catholicon, or Shield, to cover all his weak Places and Infirmities. When the Court fell into a steddly Course of using the Law against all Kinds of Offenders, this Man was taken into the King's Business; and had the Part of drawing and Perusal of almost all Indictments and Informations that were then to be prosecuted, with the Pleadings thereon if any were special; and he had the

settling of the large Pleadings in the *Quo Warranto* against *London*. His Lordship [Lord Guilford] had no sort of Conversation with him, but in the Way of Business, and at the Bar; but once, after he was in the King's Business, he dined with his Lordship, and no more. And there he shewed another Qualification he had acquired, and that was to play Jigs upon an Harpsichord; having taught himself with the Opportunity of an old Virginal of his Landlady's; but in such a Manner, not for Defect but Figure, as to see him were a Jest. The King, observing him to be of a free Disposition, Loyal, Friendly, and without Greediness or Guile, thought of him to be the Chief Justice of the *King's Bench* at that nice Time. And the Ministry could not but approve of it. So great a Weight was then at stake, as could not be trusted to Men of doubtful Principles, or such as any Thing might tempt to desert them. While he sat in the Court of *King's Bench*, he gave the Rule to the general Satisfaction of the Lawyers. But his Course of Life was so different from what it had been, his Business incessant, and withal, crabbed; and his Diet and Exercise changed, that the Constitution of his Body, or Head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an Apoplexy and Palsy, which numbed his Parts; and he never recovered the strength of them. He outlived the Judgment in the *Quo Warranto*; but was not present otherwise than by sending his Opinion, by one of the Judges, to be for the King, who, at the pronouncing of the Judgment, declared it to the Court accordingly, which is frequently done in like Cases.

Roger North.

48. LORD CHIEF JUSTICE JEFFREYS

Born 1648 Died 1689

<p>NOISY in Nature. Turbulent at first setting out. Deserter in Difficulties. Full of Tricks. Helped by similar Friendships. Honesty, Law, Policy, alike.</p>	}	<p>This, to conclude, is the summary Character of the Lord Chief Justice <i>Jeffries</i>, and needs no Interpreter. And, since nothing historical is amiss in a Design like this, I will subjoin what I have personally noted of that Man; and some things of indubitable Report concern-</p>
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ing him. His Friendship and Conversation lay much among the good Fellows and Humourists; and his Delights were, accordingly, Drinking, Laughing, Singing, Kissing, and all the Extravagences of the Bottle. He had a set of Banterers, for the most Part, near him; as, in old Time, great Men kept Fools to make them merry. And these Fellows, abusing one another and their Betters, were a Regale to him. And no Friendship, or Dearness could be so great, in private, which he would not use ill, and to an extravagant Degree, in Publick. No one, that had any Expectations from him, was safe from his publick Contempt and Derision, which some of his Minions, at the Bar, bitterly felt. Those above, or that could hurt, or benefit, him, and none else, might depend on fair quarter at his Hands. When he was in Temper, and Matters indifferent came before him, he became his Seat of Justice better than any other I ever saw in his Place. He took a Pleasure in mortifying fraudulent Attornies, and would deal forth his Severities with a Sort of Majesty. He had extraordinary natural Abilities, but little acquired, beyond what Practice in Affairs had supplied. He talk'd fluently, and with Spirit; and his Weakness was that he could not reprehend without scolding; and in such *Billingsgate* Language, as should not come out of the Mouth of any Man. He call'd it *giving a Lick with the rough side of his Tongue*. It was ordinary to hear him say *Go, you are filthy, lousy, knitty Rascal*; with much more of like Elegance. Scarce a Day past that he did not chide some one, or other, of the Bar, when he sat in Chancery; And it was commonly a Lecture of a Quarter of an Hour long. And they used to say, *This is yours; my Turn will be to Morrow*. He seem'd to lay nothing of his Business to Heart, nor care what he did, or left undone; and spent in the Chancery Court, what Time he thought fit to spare. Many Times, on Days of Causes at his House, the Company have waited five Hours in a Morning, and after Eleven, he hath come out inflamed, and staring like one distracted. And that Visage he put on when he animadverted on such as he took Offence at, which made him a Terror to real Offenders; whom also he terrified, with his Face and Voice, as if the Thunder of the Day of Judgment broke over their Heads: And nothing ever made Men tremble like his vocal

Inflictions. He loved to insult, and was bold without Check; but that only when his Place was upermost.

Roger North.

49. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

Born 1621 Died 1683

BUT since I have named the lord Ashley, afterwards the earl of Shaftesbury (that had married his niece and was much in his favour), and since he has made such a figure in the world, I shall enlarge more on his character; because I knew him well and so build not from what I have heard from others, as I did in the former ones. He was a man of much wit, and as long as the conversation run in a general ramble he was very entertaining company. He knew England well and all the interests in it, and had a competent skill in law, but as to all matters of knowledge the quickness of his thoughts was such, that he never went to the bottom of anything, but snatched at some hints, which he improved by his fancy, and so he committed vast errors when he talked of matters of learning. As to religion he was a deist, and seemed to believe nothing of Christianity, but only that it contained good morals; he was against bringing in religion to the state or imposing it on any; he had odd notions of a future state and thought that our souls went into stars and animated them. He would have talked pleasantly of those things but without any strength of reason; for he never spake closely to anything, but always shifted that and got into a loose ramble. His morals were of a piece with his religion. He was esteemed a very corrupt man and false to all degrees, and that he had no regard to anything but his own interest or rather his vanity, which was the most fulsome thing I ever saw; he turned the discourse almost always to the magnifying of himself, which he did in so gross and coarse a manner that it shewed his great want of judgement; he told so many incredible things of himself that it put me often out of patience; he was mightily overcome with flattery; and that and his private interests were the only things that could hold or turn him. He had likewise a great dexterity

of engaging plain and well meaning men that had no depth of understanding to admire him and to depend on him, but even these were often disgusted with his vanity and indiscretion. He had turned often, but done it with dexterity and success and was proud of that, so that he would often set out the art that he had shewed in it and never seemed to be ashamed of the meanness or levity of shifting sides so often; he pretended, that in the beginning of the civil wars he had offered to do great service to the late king and to put two counties wholly in his hands, and that he was going about it, but prince Maurice not observing articles he went over upon that to the parliament; then he was much courted by Cromwell and said he did him great service in some of his parliaments, insomuch that he told some that Cromwell offered once to make him king, but he never offered to impose so gross a thing on me; he pretended he had a main hand in all the confusions that followed after Cromwell's death, for he knew these frequent revolutions must end in restoring the king, and he always assumed to himself and the lord Holles the merit of forcing Monk to declare himself. He was certainly very active in bringing home the king, and he made him an early present of money, and that, together with his parts and Southampton's kindness to him, was to be considered; he was made a baron and chancellor of the exchequer, and that put him in the way to all that followed. He lived too long, for he lost that only part of reputation of which he was fond, which was the being a man of interest and understanding; but he died in good time for his family, in which astrology deceived him, if he told me true, for he depended much on what a drunken physician had predicted, and said it had held exactly true through the former parts of his life; he did not tell me what was to befall him at last, but he believed he should be yet a greater man than he had ever been.

Gilbert Burnet.

50. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

THE man that was in the greatest credit with the Earl of *Southampton* was Sir *Anthony Ashly Cooper*, who had married

his niece, and became afterwards so considerable that he was raised to be Earl of *Shaftesbury*. And since he came to have so great a name, and that I knew him for many years in a very particular manner, I will dwell a little longer on his character; for it was of a very extraordinary composition. He began to make a considerable figure very early. Before he was twenty he came into the House of Commons, and was on the King's side; and undertook to get *Wiltshire* and *Dorsetshire* to declare for him: But he was not able to effect it. Yet Prince *Maurice* breaking articles to a town, that he had got to receive him, furnished him with an excuse to forsake that side, and to turn to the Parliament. He had a wonderful faculty in speaking to a popular assembly, and could mix both the facetious and the serious way of arguing very agreeably. He had a particular talent to make others trust to his judgment, and depend on it: And he brought over so many to a submission to his opinion, that I never knew any man equal to him in the art of governing parties, and of making himself the head of them. He was as to religion a Deist at best: He had the dotage of Astrology in him to a high degree: He told me, that a *Dutch* doctor had from the stars foretold him the whole series of his life. But that which was before him, when he told me this, proved false, if he told me true: For he said, he was yet to be a greater man than he had been. He fancied, that after death our souls lived in stars. He had a general knowledge of the slighter parts of learning, but understood little to the bottom: So he triumphed in a rambling way of talking, but argued slightly when he was held close to any point. He had a wonderful faculty at opposing, and running things down; but had not the like force in building up. He had such an extravagant vanity in setting himself out, that it was very disagreeable. He pretended that *Cromwell* offered to make him King. He was indeed of great use to him in withstanding the enthusiasts of that time. He was one of those who press'd him most to accept of the Kingship, because, as he said afterwards, he was sure it would ruin him. His strength lay in the knowledge of *England*, and of all the considerable men in it. He understood well the size of their understandings, and their tempers: And he knew how to apply himself to them so dextrously, that, tho' by his changing

sides so often it was very visible how little he was to be depended on, yet he was to the last much trusted by all the discontented party. He was not ashamed to reckon up the many turns he had made: And he valued himself on the doing it at the properest season, and in the best manner. This he did with so much vanity, and so little discretion, that he lost many by it. And his reputation was at last run so low, that he could not have held much longer, had he not died in good time, either for his family or for his party: The former would have been ruined, if he had not saved it by betraying the latter.

Gilbert Burnet.

51. CHARLES II

Born 1630 Died 1685

THE king is certainly the best bred man in the world; for the queen-mother observed often the great defects of the late king's breeding and the stiff roughness that was in him, by which he disoblighed very many and did often prejudice his affairs very much; so she gave strict orders that the young princes should be bred to a wonderful civility. The king is civil rather to an excess and has a softness and gentleness with him, both in his air and expressions, that has a charm in it. The duke would also pass for an extraordinary civil and sweet tempered man if the king were not much above him in it, who is more naturally and universally civil than the duke. The king has a vast deal of wit (indeed no man has more), and a great deal of judgement when he thinks fit to employ it; he has strange command of himself, he can pass from business to pleasure and from pleasure to business in so easy a manner that all things seem alike to him; he has the greatest art of concealing himself of any man alive, so that those about him cannot tell when he is ill or well pleased, and in private discourse he will hear all sorts of things in such a manner that a man cannot know whether he hears them or not, or whether he is well or ill pleased at them. He is very affable not only in public but in private, only he talks too much and runs out

too long and too far. He has a very ill opinion both of men and women, and so is infinitely distrustful; he thinks the world is governed wholly by interest, and indeed he has known so much of the baseness of mankind that no wonder if he has hard thoughts of them; but when he is satisfied that his interests are likewise become the interests of his ministers then he delivers himself up to them in all their humours and revenges: for excusing this he has often said, that he must oblige his ministers and support their credit as necessary for his service; yet he has often kept up differences amongst his ministers and has balanced his favours pretty equally among them, which (considering his temper) must be uneasy to him, except it be that there is an art necessary and he naturally inclines to refinings and loves an intrigue.

His love of pleasure and his vast expense with his women, together with the great influence they have had in all his affairs both at home and abroad, is the chief load that will lay on him; for not only the women themselves have great power, but his court is full of pimps and bawds, and all matters in which one desires to succeed must be put in their hands. He has very merciful inclinations when one submits wholly to him, but is severe enough on those that oppose him, and speaks of all people with a sharpness that is not suitable to the greatness of a prince. He is apt to believe what is told him, so that the first impression goes deepest, for he thinks all apologies are lies. He has knowledge in many things, chiefly in all naval affairs; even in architecture of ships he judges as critically as any of the trade can do, and knows the smallest things belonging to it; he understands much natural philosophy and is a good chymist; he knows many mechanical things and the inferior parts of the mathematics, but not the demonstrative; he is very little conversant in books, and, young and old, he could never apply himself to literature.

He is very kind to those he loves, but never thinks of doing anything for them, so that if they can find things for themselves he will easily enough grant them, but he never sets himself to find out anything for them; and I never heard of above three or four instances of any places that he gave of his own motion, so that those who have received most of his bounty

think they owe the thanks more to their instruments than to himself. He never enters upon business with any himself, but if his ministers can once draw him into business, they may hold him at it as long as they will. He loves his ease so much that the great secret of all his ministers is to find out his temper exactly and to be easy to him. He has many odd opinions about religion and morality; he thinks an implicitness in religion is necessary for the safety of government, and he looks upon all inquisitiveness into those things as mischievous to the state; he thinks all appetites are free and that God will never damn a man for allowing himself a little pleasure, and on this he has so fixed his thoughts that no disorders of any kind have ever been seen to give him any trouble when they were over, and in sickness (except in his ague in 1679) he seemed to have no concern on his mind. And yet I believe he is no atheist, but that rather he has formed an odd idea of the goodness of God in his mind; he thinks, to be wicked and to design mischief, is the only thing that God hates, and has said to me often, that he was sure he was not guilty of that.

Gilbert Burnet.

52. CHARLES II

HIS DISSIMULATION.

ONE great Objection made to him was the concealing himself, and disguising his Thoughts. In this there ought a Latitude to be given; it is a Defect not to have it at all, and a Fault to have it too much. Human Nature will not allow the Mean: like all other things, as soon as ever Men get to do them well, they cannot easily hold from doing them too much. 'Tis the case even in the least things, as singing, &c.

In *France*, he was to dissemble Injuries and Neglects, from one reason; in *England* he was to dissemble too, though for other Causes; A King upon the *Throne* hath as great Temptations (though of another kind) to dissemble, as a King in *Exile*. The King of *France* might have his Times of Dissembling as

much with him, as he could have to do it with the King of *France*: So he was in a *School*.

No King can be so little inclined to dissemble but he must needs learn it from his *Subjects*, who every Day give him such Lessons of it. Dissimulation is like most other Qualities, it hath two Sides; it is necessary, and yet it is dangerous too. To have none at all layeth a Man open to Contempt, to have too much exposeth him to Suspicion, which is only the less dishonourable Inconvenience. If a Man doth not take very great Precautions, he is never so much shewed as when he endeavoureth to hide himself. One Man cannot take more pains to hide himself, than another will do to see into him, especially in the Case of Kings.

It is none of the exalted Faculties of the Mind, since there are Chamber-Maids will do it better than any Prince in Christendom. Men given to dissembling are like Rooks at play, they will cheat for Shillings, they are so used to it. The vulgar Definition of Dissembling is downright Lying; that kind of it which is less ill-bred cometh pretty near it. Only Princes and Persons of Honour must have gentler Words given to their Faults, than the nature of them may in themselves deserve.

Princes dissemble with too many not to have it discovered; no wonder then that He carried it so far that it was discovered. Men compared Notes, and got Evidence; so that those whose Morality would give them leave, took it for an Excuse for serving him ill. Those who knew his Face, fixed their Eyes there; and thought it of more Importance to see, than to hear what he said. His Face was as little a Blab as most Mens, yet though it could not be called a prattling Face, it would sometimes tell Tales to a good Observer. When he thought fit to be angry, he had a very peevish Memory; there was hardly a Blot that escaped him. At the same time that this shewed the Strength of his Dissimulation, it gave warning too; it fitted his present Purpose, but it made a Discovery that put Men more upon their Guard against him. Only Self-flattery furnisheth perpetual Arguments to trust again: The comfortable Opinion Men have of themselves keepeth up Human Society, which would be more than half destroyed without it.

HIS AMOURS, MISTRESSES, &c.

It may be said that his Inclinations to Love were the Effects of Health, and a good Constitution, with as little mixture of the *Seraphick* part as ever Man had: And though from that Foundation Men often raise their Passions; I am apt to think his stayed as much as any Man's ever did in the *lower Region*. This made him like easy Mistresses: They were generally resigned to him while he was abroad, with an implied Bargain. Heroick refined Lovers place a good deal of their Pleasure in the Difficulty, both for the vanity of Conquest, and as a better earnest of their Kindness.

After he was restored, Mistresses were recommended to him; which is no small matter in a *Court*, and not unworthy the Thoughts even of a *Party*. A Mistress either dexterous in herself, or well-instructed by those that are so, may be very useful to her Friends, not only in the immediate Hours of her Ministry, but by her Influences and Insinuations at other times. It was resolved generally by others, whom he should have in his Arms, as well as whom he should have in his Councils. Of a Man who was so capable of choosing, he chose as seldom as any Man that every lived.

He had more properly, at least in the beginning of his Time, a good Stomach to his Mistresses, than any great Passion for them. His taking them from others was never learnt in a Romance; and indeed fitter for a Philosopher than a Knight-Errant. His Patience for their Frailties shewed him no exact Lover. It is a Heresy according to a true Lover's Creed, ever to forgive an Infidelity, or the Appearance of it. Love of Ease will not do it, where the *Heart* is much engaged; but where mere *Nature* is the Motive, it is possible for a Man to think righter than the common opinion, and to argue, that a Rival taketh away nothing but the Heart, and leaveth all the rest.

In his latter Times he had no *Love*, but insensible Engagements that made it harder than most might apprehend to untie them. The *Politicks* might have their part; a Secret, a Commission, a Confidence in critical Things, though it doth not give a Lease for a precise term of Years, yet there may be

Difficulties in dismissing them; there may be no Love all the while; perhaps the contrary.

He was said to be as little constant as they were thought to be. Though he had no Love, he must have some Appetite, or else he could not keep them for meer ease, or for the Love of sauntering; Mistresses are frequently apt to be uneasy; they are in all Respects craving Creatures; so that though the taste of those Joys might be flattened, yet a Man who loved Pleasure so as to be very unwilling to part with it, might (with the Assistance of his *Fancy*, which doth not grow old so fast) reserve some supplemental Entertainments, that might make their personal Service be still of use to him. The Definition of Pleasure is *what pleaseth*, and if that which grave Men may call a corrupted Fancy, shall administer any Remedies for putting off mourning for the loss of Youth, who shall blame it?

The *young* Men seldom apply their censure to these Matters; and the *elder* have an Interest to be gentle towards a Mistake, that seemeth to make some kind of amends for their Decays.

He had wit enough to *suspect*, and he had Wit enough too *not to care*: The Ladies got a great deal more than would have been allowed to be an equal bargain in *Chancery*, for what they did for it; but neither the manner, nor the measure of Pleasure is to be judged by others.

Little Inducements at first grew into strong Reasons by degrees. Men who do not consider Circumstances, but judge at a distance, by a general way of arguing, conclude if a Mistress in some Cases is not immediately turned off, it must needs be that the Gallant is incurably subjected. This will by no means hold in private Men, much less in Princes, who are under more Entanglements, from which they cannot so easily loosen themselves.

His Mistresses were as different in their Humours, as they were in their Looks. They gave Matter of very different Reflections. The last ¹ especially was quite out of the Definition of an ordinary Mistress; the Causes and the Manner of her being first introduced were very different. A very peculiar Distinction was spoken of, some extraordinary Solemnities that might dignify, though not sanctify her Function. Her Chamber

¹ The Dutchess of Portsmouth.

was the true Cabinet Council. The King did always by his Councils, as he did sometimes by his Meals; he sat down out of form with the *Queen*, but he supped *below Stairs*. To have the Secrets of a King, who happens to have too many, is to have a King in Chains: He must not only, not part with her, but he must in his own Defence dissemble his dislike: The less kindness he hath, the more he must shew: There is great difference between being *muffled*, and being *tied*: He was the first, not the last. If he had quarrelled at some times, beside other Advantages, this Mistress had a powerful *Second* (one may suppose a kind of a *Guarantee*); this to a Man that loved his *Ease*, though his *Age* had not helped, was sufficient.

The thing called *Sauntering*, is a stronger Temptation to Princes than it is to others. The being galled with Importunities, pursued from one Room to another with asking Faces; the dismal Sound of unreasonable Complaints, and ill-grounded Pretences; the Deformity of Fraud ill-disguised; all these would make any Man run away from them; and I used to think it was the Motive for making him walk so fast. So it was more properly taking Sanctuary. To get into a Room, where all Business was to stay at the Door, excepting such as he was disposed to admit, might be very acceptable to a younger Man than he was, and less given to his *Ease*. He slumbered after Dinner, had the noise of the Company to divert him, without their Solicitations to importune him. In these Hours where he was more unguarded, no doubt the cunning Men of the Court took their times to make their Observations, and there is as little doubt but he made his upon them too: Where Men had Chinks he would see through them as soon as any Man about him. There was much more real Business done there in his Politick, than there was in his personal Capacity, *Stans pede in uno*, and there was the *French part of the Government*, which was not the least.

In short, without endeavouring to find more Arguments, he was *used* to it. Men do not care to put off a Habit, nor do often succeed when they go about it. His was not an *unthinkingness*; he did not perhaps think so much of his Subjects as they might wish; but he was far from being wanting to think of himself.

OF HIS WIT AND CONVERSATION

His Wit consisted chiefly in the *Quickness* of his *Apprehension*. His Apprehension made him *find Faults*, and that led him to short Sayings upon them, not always equal, but often very good.

By his being abroad, he contracted a Habit of conversing familiarly, which added to his natural Genius, made him very *apt to talk*; perhaps more than a very nice judgment would approve.

He was apter to make *broad Allusions* upon any thing that gave the least occasion, than was altogether suitable with the very Good-breeding he shewed in most other things. The Company he kept whilst abroad, had so used him to that sort of Dialect, that he was so far from thinking it a Fault or an Indecency, that he made it a matter of Rallery upon those who could not prevail upon themselves to join in it. As a Man who hath a good Stomach loveth generally to talk of Meat, so in the vigour of his Age, he began that style, which by degrees grew so natural to him, that after he ceased to do it out of Pleasure, he continued to do it out of Custom. The Hypocrisy of the former Times inclined Men to think they could not shew too great an Aversion to it, and that helped to encourage this unbounded liberty of Talking, without the Restraints of Decency which were before observed. In his more familiar Conversations with the Ladies, even they must be passive, if they would not enter into it. How far Sounds as well as Objects may have their Effects to raise Inclination, might be an Argument to him to use that Style; or whether using Liberty at its full stretch, was not the general Inducement without any particular Motives to it.

The Manner of that time of *telling Stories*, had drawn him into it; being commended at first for the Faculty of telling a Tale well, he might insensibly be betrayed to exercise it too often. Stories are dangerous in this, that the best expose a Man most, by being oftenest repeated. It might pass for an Evidence for the Moderns against the Ancients, that it is now wholly left off by all that have any pretence to be distinguished by their good Sense.

He had the Improvements of *Wine*, &c. which made him *pleasant* and *easy in Company*; where he bore his part, and was acceptable even to those who had no other Design than to be merry with him.

The Thing called *Wit*, a Prince may taste, but it is dangerous for him to take too much of it; it hath Allurements which by refining his Thoughts, take off from their *dignity*, in applying them less to the governing part. There is a Charm in Wit, which a Prince must resist: and that to him was no easy matter; it was contesting with Nature upon Terms of Disadvantage.

His Wit was not so ill-natured as to put Men out of countenance. In the case of a King especially, it is more allowable to speak sharply *of* them, than *to* them.

His Wit was not acquired by *Reading*; that which he had above his original Stock by Nature, was from Company, in which he was very capable to observe. He could not so properly be said to have a Wit very much raised, as a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of Wit.

But of all Men that ever *liked* those who *had Wit*, he could the best *endure* those who had *none*. This leaneth more towards a Satire than a Compliment, in this respect, that he could not only suffer Impertinence, but at sometimes seemed to be pleased with it.

He encouraged some to talk a good deal more with him, than one would have expected from a Man of so good a Taste: He should rather have order'd his Attorney-General to prosecute them for a Misdemeanour, in using Common-sense so scurvily in his Presence. However, if this was a Fault, it is arrogant for any of his Subjects to object to it, since it would look like defying such a piece of Indulgence. He must in some degree loosen the Strength of his Wit, by his Condescension to talk with Men so very unequal to him. Wit must be used to some *Equality*, which may give it Exercise, or else it is apt either to languish, or to grow a little vulgar, by reigning amongst Men of a lower Size, where there is no Awe to keep a Man upon his *guard*.

It fell out rather by Accident than Choice, that his Mistresses were such as did not care that Wit of the best kind should have

the Precedence in their Apartments. Sharp and strong Wit will not always be so held in by Good-manners, as not to be a little troublesome in a *Ruelle*. But wherever Impertinence hath Wit enough left to be thankful for being well used, it will not only be admitted, but kindly received; such Charms every thing hath that setteth us off by Comparison.

His *Affability* was a Part, and perhaps not the least, of his Wit.

It is a Quality that must not always spring from the Heart: Mens Pride, as well as their Weakness, maketh them ready to be deceived by it: They are more ready to believe it a Homage paid to their Merit, than a Bait thrown out to deceive them. *Princes* have a particular Advantage.

There was at first as much of Art as Nature in his Affability, but by Habit it became Natural. It is an Error of the better hand, but the *Universality* taketh away a good deal of the Force of it. A Man that hath had a kind Look seconded with engaging Words, whilst he is chewing the Pleasure, if another in his Sight should be just received as kindly, that Equality would presently alter the Relish: The Pride of Mankind will have Distinction; till at last it cometh to Smile for Smile, meaning nothing of either Side; without any kind of Effect; mere Drawing-room Compliments; the *Bow* alone would be better without them. He was under some Disadvantage of this kind, that grew still in proportion as it came by Time to be more known, that there was less Signification in those Things than at first was thought.

The Familiarity of his Wit must needs have the Effect of lessening the *Distance* fit to be kept to him. The Freedom used to him whilst abroad, was retained by those who used it longer than either they ought to have kept it, or he have suffered it, and others by their Example learned to use the same. A King of *Spain* that will say nothing but *Tiendro cuydado*, will, to the generality, preserve more Respect; an Engine that will speak but sometimes, at the same time that it will draw the Raillery of the Few who judge well, it will create Respect in the ill-judging Generality. Formality is sufficiently revenged upon the World for being so unreasonably laughed at; it is destroyed it is true, but it hath the spiteful Satisfaction of seeing every thing destroyed with it.

His fine Gentlemanship did him no Good, encouraged in it by being too much applauded.

His Wit was better suited to his Condition *before* he was restored than *afterwards*. The Wit of a Gentleman, and that of a crowned Head, ought to be different things. As there is a *Crown Law*, there is a *Crown Wit* too. To use it with Reserve is very good, and very rare. There is a Dignity in doing things *seldom*, even without any other Circumstance. Where Wit will run continually, the Spring is apt to fail; so that it groweth vulgar, and the more it is practised, the more it is debased.

He was so good at finding out other Mens weak Sides, that it made him less intent to cure his own: That generally happeneth. It may be called a treacherous Talent, for it betrayeth a Man to forget to judge himself, by being so eager to censure others: This doth so misguide Men the first Part of their Lives, that the Habit of it is not easily recovered, when the greater Ripeness of their Judgment inclineth them to look more into, themselves than into other Men.

Men love to see themselves in the false Looking-glass of other Mens Failings. It maketh a Man think well of himself at the time, and by sending his Thoughts abroad to get Food for Laughing, they are less at leisure to see Faults at home. Men choose rather to make the War in another Country, than to keep all well at home.

HIS TALENTS, TEMPER, HABITS, &c.

He had a *Mechanical Head*, which appeared in his Inclination to Shipping and Fortification, &c. This would make one conclude, that his Thoughts would naturally have been more fixed to Business, if his Pleasures had not drawn them away from it.

He had a very good *Memory*, though he would not always make equal good Use of it. So that if he had accustomed himself to direct his Faculties to his Business, I see no Reason why he might not have been a good deal Master of it. His Chain of *Memory* was longer than his Chain of *Thought*; the first could bear any Burden, the other was tired by being carried on too long; it was fit to ride a Heat, but it had not Wind enough for a long Course.

A very great Memory often forgetteth how much Time is lost by repeating things of no Use. It was one Reason of his talking so much; since a great Memory will always have something to say, and will be discharging itself, whether in or out of Season, if a good Judgment doth not go along with it, to make it stop and turn. One might say of his Memory, that it was a *Beauté Journalière*; Sometimes he would make shrewd Applications, &c. at others he would bring things out of it, that never deserved to be laid in it.

He grew by Age into a pretty exact *Distribution* of his *Hours*, both for his Business, Pleasures, and the Exercise for his Health, of which he took as much care as could possibly consist with some Liberties he was resolved to indulge in himself. He walked by his Watch, and when he pulled it out to look upon it, skilful Men would make haste with what they had to say to him.

He was often retained in his *personal* against his *politick* Capacity. He would speak upon those Occasions most dexterously against himself; *Charles Stuart* would be bribed against the *King*; and in the Distinction, he leaned more to his natural Self, than his Character would allow. He would not suffer himself to be so much fettered by his Character as was convenient; he was still starting out of it, the Power of Nature was too strong for the Dignity of his Calling, which generally yielded as often as there was a contest.

It was not the best use he made of his *Back-stairs* to admit Men to bribe him against himself, to procure a Defalcation, help a lame Accountant to get off, or side with the Farmers against the Improvement of the Revenue. The King was made the Instrument to defraud the Crown, which is somewhat extraordinary.

That which might tempt him to it probably was, his finding that those about him so often took Money upon those Occasions; so that he thought he might do well at least to be a Partner. He did not take the Money to *hoard* it; there were those at Court who watched those Times, as the *Spaniards* do for the coming in of the *Plate Fleet*. The Beggars of both Sexes helped to empty his Cabinet, and to leave room in them for a new lading upon the next Occasion. These Negotiators played

double with him too, when it was for their purpose so to do. He *knew it*, and *went on* still; so he gained his present end, at the time, he was less solicitous to enquire into the Consequences.

He could not properly be said to be either *covetous* or *liberal*; his desire to get was not with an Intention to be rich; and his spending was rather an Easiness in letting Money go, than any premeditated Thought for the Distribution of it. He would do as much to throw off the burden of a present Importunity, as he would to relieve a want.

When once the Aversion to bear Uneasiness taketh place in a Man's Mind, it doth so check all the Passions, that they are dampt into a kind of Indifference; they grow faint and languishing, and come to be subordinate to that fundamental Maxim, of not purchasing any thing at the price of a Difficulty. This made that he had as little Eagerness to oblige, as he had to hurt Men; the Motive of his giving Bounties was rather to make Men less uneasy to him, than more easy to themselves; and yet no ill-nature all this while. He would slide from an asking Face, and could guess very well. It was throwing a Man off from his Shoulders, that leaned upon them with his whole weight; so that the Party was not gladder to receive, than he was to give. It was a kind of implied bargain; though Men seldom kept it, being so apt to forget the advantage they had received, that they would presume the King would as little remember the good he had done them, so as to make it an Argument against their next Request.

This Principle of making the *love* of *Ease* exercise an entire Sovereignty in his Thoughts, would have been less censured in a private Man, than might be in a Prince. The Consequence of it to the Publick changeth the Nature of that Quality, or else a Philosopher in his private Capacity might say a great deal to justify it. The truth is, a King is to be such a distinct Creature from a Man, that their Thoughts are to be put in quite a differing Shape, and it is such a disquieting task to reconcile them, that Princes might rather expect to be lamented than to be envied, for being in a Station that exposeth them, if they do not do more to answer Mens Expectations than human Nature will allow.

That Men have the less Ease for their loving it so much, is

so far from a wonder, that it is a natural Consequence, especially in the case of a Prince. Ease is seldom got without some pains, but it is yet seldomer kept without them. He thought giving would make Men more easy to him, whereas he might have known it would certainly make them more troublesome.

When Men receive Benefits from Princes, they attribute less to his Generosity than to their own Deserts; so that in their own Opinion, their Merit cannot be bounded; by that mistaken Rule it can as little be satisfied. They would take it for a diminution to have it circumscribed. Merit hath a Thirst upon it that can never be quenched by golden Showers. It is not only still ready, but greedy to receive more. This King *Charles* found in as many Instances as any Prince that ever reigned, because the Easiness of Access introducing the good Success of their first Request, they were the more encouraged to repeat those Importunities, which had been more effectually stopt in the Beginning by a short and resolute Denial. But his Nature did not dispose him to that Method, it directed him rather to put off the troublesome Minute for the time, and that being his Inclination, he did not care to struggle with it.

I am of an Opinion, in which I am every Day more confirmed by Observation, that Gratitude is one of those things that cannot be bought. It must be born with Men, or else all the Obligations in the World will not create it. An outward Shew may be made to satisfy Decency, and to prevent Reproach; but a real Sense of a kind thing is a Gift of Nature, and never was, nor can be acquired.

The Love of Ease is an Opiate, it is pleasing for the time, quieteth the Spirits, but it hath its Effects that seldom fail to be most fatal. The immoderate Love of Ease maketh a Man's Mind pay a passive Obedience to any thing that happeneth: It reduceth the Thoughts from having *Desire* to be *content*.

It must be allowed he had a little Over-balance on the well-natured Side, not Vigour enough to be earnest to do a kind Thing, much less to do a harsh one; but if a hard thing was done to another Man, he did not eat his Supper the worse for it. It was rather a Deadness than Severity of Nature, whether it proceeded from a Dissipation of Spirits, or by the Habit of Living in which he was engaged.

If a King should be born with more Tenderness than might suit with his Office, he would in time be hardned. The Faults of his Subjects make Severity so necessary, that by the frequent Occasions given to use it, it comes to be habitual, and by degrees the Resistance that Nature made at first groweth fainter, till at last it is in a manner quite extinguished.

In short, this Prince might more properly be said to have *Gifts* than *Virtues*, as Affability, Easiness of Living, Inclinations to give, and to forgive: Qualities that flowed from his Nature rather than from his Virtue.

He had not more Application to any thing than the Preservation of his *Health*; it had an intire Preference to any thing else in his Thoughts, and he might be said without Aggravation to study that with as little Intermission as any Man in the World. He understood it very well, only in this he failed, that he thought it was more reconcilable with his *Pleasures*, than it really was. It is natural to have such a Mind to reconcile these, that 'tis the easier for any Man that goeth about it, to be guilty of that Mistake.

This made him overdo in point of Nourishment, the better to furnish to those Entertainments; and then he thought by great *Exercise* to make Amends, and to prevent the ill Effects of his Blood being too much raised. The Success he had in this Method, whilst he had Youth and Vigour to support him in it, encouraged him to continue it longer than Nature allowed. Age stealeth so insensibly upon us, that we do not think of suiting our way of Reasoning to the several Stages of Life; so insensibly that not being able to pitch upon any *precise Time*, when we cease to be young, we either flatter ourselves that we always continue to be so, or at least forget how much we are mistaken in it.

The Marquis of Halifax.

53. CHARLES II

It was indeed a Time, which was proper for Triumph, when He had overcome all those Difficulties which for some Years had perplex'd His Peaceful Reign: But when He had just restor'd His People to their Senses, and made the latter End of His Government, of a Piece with the Happy Beginning of it, He was

on the suddain snatch'd away, from the Blessings and Acclamations of His Subjects, who arriv'd so late to the Knowledge of Him, that they had but just time enough to desire Him longer, before they were to part with Him for ever. Peace be with the Ashes of so good a King! Let his Humane Frailties be forgotten; and His Clemency and Moderation (the inherent Virtues of His Family) be remembered with a Grateful Veneration by Three Kingdoms, through which He spread the Blessings of them. . . .

For if Writers be just to the Memory of King Charles the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact Knower of Mankind, and a perfect Distinguisher of their Talents. 'Tis true, his Necessities often forc'd him to vary his Councillours and Councils, and sometimes to employ such Persons in the Management of his Affairs, who were rather fit for his present purpose, than satisfactory to his Judgment: But where it was Choice in him, not Compulsion, he was Master of too much good sense to delight in heavy Conversation; and whatever his Favourites of State might be, yet those of his Affection, were Men of Wit. He was easie with these, and comply'd only with the former: But in the latter part of his Life, which certainly requir'd to be most cautiously manag'd, his secret Thoughts were communicated but to few; and those selected of that sort, who were *Amici omnium Horarum*, able to advise him in a serious Consult, where his Honour and Safety were concern'd; and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleasant Discourse, as well as profitable. In this Maturist part of his Age, when he had been long season'd with Difficulties and Dangers, and was grown to a Niceness in his Choice, as being satisfied how few cou'd be trusted; and, of those who cou'd be trusted, how few cou'd save him, he confined himself to a small Number of Bosom Friends; amongst whom, the World is much mistaken, if your Lordship was not first.

John Dryden.

54. JAMES II

Born 1633 Died 1701

I GO next to the duke; he has not the king's wit nor quickness, but that is made up by great application and industry, insomuch

that he keeps a journal of all that passes, of which he shewed me once a great deal, and he had employed the late duchess to write it out in the style of a history, for she writ very correctly, and he intended to have made me prosecute what she had begun, which he shewed me. He has naturally a candour and a justice in his temper very great, and is a firm friend, but a heavy enemy, and will keep things long in his mind and wait for a fit opportunity. He has a strange notion of government, that everything is to be carried on in a high way and that no regard is to be had to the pleasing the people; and he has an ill opinion of any that proposes soft methods, and thinks that is popularity; but at the same time he always talks of law and justice. He is apt enough to receive an enemy upon an absolute submission, but he will strain hard to ruin an enemy that stands out, and when I knew him he scorned to use arts to take them off (as the phrase at court was of bringing over leading men in the house of commons to their party), nor will he receive any upon half submissions, and he thinks that all who oppose the king in parliament are rebels. He understands business better than is generally believed, for though he is not a man of wit nor fancy, yet he generally judges well when things are laid before him, except when the violence of his spirit gives him a bias, which it does too often. He is a prince of great courage and very serene in action, and naturally hates a coward, unless it be to make use of him in the conduct of his amours; he abhors drunkenness, he never swears nor talks irreligiously; he has pursued many secret pleasures, but never with an open avowing them, and he does condemn himself for it, but yet he is ever going on from one intrigue to another, though it is generally thought that these have been very fatal to him and that the death of so many of his children is owing to that. He is a zealous and hearty papist, of which he gave me this account: when he was in Flanders, being in a nunnery, a nun pressed him much about religion, and begged him to use this prayer every day to God, that if he was not in the right way he would bring him to it; which he said sunk deep in his mind and raised scruples in him. I asked him, if he was in love with the nun, but he assured me, she was no tempting object. He was reconciled to the church of Rome while he was in Flanders, but he

dissembled the matter long after that. The truth was, he had some tinctures in his education that disposed him the more to this; he was bred to believe a mysterious sort of real presence in the sacrament, so that he thought he made no great step, when he believed transubstantiation, and there was infused in him very early a great reverence for the church and a great submission to it; this was done on design to possess him with prejudices against presbytery (for that was the thing of which the clergy was then most afraid), but it had this ill effect, that he came to think, if a church was to be submitted to, it was more reasonable that it should be the church of Rome than the church of England. He is very firm in his persuasion, but he has not inquired much into it and is very much devoted to his priests, yet when I knew him he seemed very positive in his opinion against all persecution for conscience sake, but I looked on that only as a thing put in his mouth by his priests, for certainly he must be of another mind, if he comes to have power in his hands; yet I have wondered much at one thing, that being so firm as he is in his religion, he left his daughters so entirely in the hands of the divines of the church of England that he never made any attempt on them to persuade them to change, of which the princess of Orange assured Dr. Lloyd when he waited on her over into Holland. It is very hard to reconcile this with so much zeal as he has expressed for that religion. He had indeed an answer ready to another thing, which I took the freedom to object to him, which was, that the rest of his life was not so exact that so high a zeal as he has shewed in his religion could be believed to flow from an inward sense of his duty to God, otherwise that would appear in other things. His answer was, that a man might have a persuasion of his duty to God so as to restrain him from dissembling with God and man in professing himself to be of another religion than that which he believed was true, though it did not yet restrain all his appetites. He was so far from being displeased with me for the freedom of speaking to him upon so tender a point, that he not only seemed to take it well from me but he has spoken very kindly of me to many others upon that very account.

Gilbert Burnet.

55. SIR ISAAC NEWTON AT TRINITY

Born 1642 Died 1727

IN the last year of King Charles II, Sir Isaac was pleased, through the mediation of Mr. Walker, (then schoolmaster at Grantham,) to send for me up to Cambridge, of whom I had the opportunity, as well as honour, to wait of [sic] for about five years. In such time he wrote his *Principia Mathematica*, which stupendous work, by his order, I copied out before it went to the press. After printing, Sir Isaac was pleased to send me with several of them in presents to some of the heads of Colleges, and others of his acquaintance, some of which (particularly Dr. Babington of Trinity) said that they might study seven years before they understood any thing of it. His carriage then was very meek, sedate, and humble, never seemingly angry, of profound thought, his countenance mild, pleasant, and comely. I cannot say I ever saw him laugh but once, which was at that passage which Dr. Stukeley mentioned in his letter to your honour, which put me in mind of the Ephesian philosopher, who laughed only once in his lifetime, to see an ass eating thistles when plenty of grass was by. He always kept close to his studies, very rarely went a visiting, and had as few visitors, excepting two or three persons, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Laughton, of Trinity, and Mr. Vigani, a chemist, in whose company he took much delight and pleasure at an evening when he came to wait upon him. I never knew him to take any recreation or pastime either in riding out to take the air, walking, bowling, or any other exercise whatever, thinking all hours lost that was [sic] not spent in his studies, to which he kept so close that he seldom left his chamber except at term time, when he read in the schools as being Lucasianus Professor, where so few went to hear him, and fewer that understood him, that oftentimes he did in a manner, for want of hearers, read to the walls. Foreigners he received with a great deal of freedom, candour, and respect. When invited to a treat, which was very seldom, he used to return it very handsomely, and with much satisfaction to himself. So intent, so serious upon his studies, that he ate very sparingly,

may, oftentimes he has forgot to eat at all, so that, going into his chamber, I have found his mess untouched, of which, when I have reminded him, he would reply—"Have I?" and then making to the table, would eat a bit or two standing, for I cannot say I ever saw him sit at table by himself. At some seldom entertainments, the Masters of Colleges were chiefly his guests. He very rarely went to bed till *two* or *three* of the clock, sometimes not until *five* or *six*, lying about *four* or *five* hours, especially at spring and fall of the leaf, at which times he used to employ about six weeks in his laboratory, the fire scarcely going out either night or day; he sitting up one night and I another, till he had finished his chemical experiments, in the performance of which he was the most accurate, strict, exact. What his aim might be I was not able to penetrate into, but his pains, his diligence at these set times made me think he aimed at something beyond the reach of human art and industry. I cannot say I ever saw him drink either wine, ale, or beer, excepting at meals, and then but very sparingly. He very rarely went to dine in hall, except on some public days, and then if he has not been minded, would go very carelessly, with shoes down at heels, stockings untied, surplice on, and his head scarcely combed.

As for his *Optics* being burned, I knew nothing of it but as I had heard from others, that accident happening before he writ his *Principia*. He was very curious in his garden, which was never out of order, in which he would at some seldom time take a short walk or two, not enduring to see a weed in it. On the left end of the garden was his laboratory, near the east end of the chapel, where he at these set times employed himself in with a great deal of satisfaction and delight. Nothing extraordinary, as I can remember, happened in making his experiments; which, if there did, he was of so sedate and even temper, that I could not in the least discover it. He very seldom went to the chapel, that being the time he chiefly took his repose; and, as for the afternoon, his earnest and indefatigable studies retained him, so that he scarcely knew the house of prayer. Very frequently, on Sundays, he went to St. Mary's Church, especially in the forenoon. . . .

Near his elabatory was his garden, which was kept in order

by a gardener. I scarcely ever saw him do anything as pruning etc., at it himself. When he has sometimes taken a turn or two, has made a sudden stand, turn'd himself about, run up stairs like another Archimedes, with an *εὕρηκα* fall to write on his desk standing without giving himself the leisure to draw a chair to sit down on. At some seldom times when he designed to dine in the hall, would turn to the left hand and go out into the street, when making a stop when he found his mistake, would hastily turn back, and then sometimes instead of going into the hall, would return to his chamber again. . . . In his chamber he walked so very much that you might have thought him to be educated at Athens among the Aristotelian sect. His brick furnaces, *pro re nata*, he made and altered himself without troubling a brick-layer. He very seldom sat by the fire in his chamber excepting that long frosty winter, which made him creep to it against his will. I can't say I ever saw him wear a night gown, but his wearing clothes that he put off at night, at night do I say, yea, rather towards the morning, he put on again at his rising. He never slept in the daytime that I ever perceived; I believe he grudged the short time he spent in eating and sleeping. 'Ανέχον καὶ ἀπέχον may well and truly be said of him, he always thinking with Bishop Saunderson, temperance to be the best physic. In a morning, he seemed to be as much refreshed with his few hours' sleep as though he had taken a whole night's rest.

He kept neither dog nor cat in his chamber, which made well for the old woman his bedmaker, she faring much the better for it, for in a morning she has sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with. As for his private prayers I can say nothing of them; I am apt to believe his intense studies deprived him of the better part. His behaviour was mild and meek, without anger, peevishness, or passion, so free from that, that you might take him for a stoic. I have seen a small paste-board box in his study set against the open window, no less as one might suppose than 1000 guin. in it crowded edgeways, whether this was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say; perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him. In winter time he was a lover of apples, and some-

times at a night would eat a small roasted quince. His thoughts were his books; tho' he had a large study seldom consulted with them. When he was about 30 years of age his grey hairs was [sic] very comely, and his smiling countenance made him so much the more graceful. He was very charitable, few went empty handed from him. Mr. Pilkington, who lived at Market Overton, died in a mean condition, (tho' formerly he had a plentiful estate,) whose widow with 5 or 6 children Sir Is. maintained several years together. He commonly gave his poor relations, (for no family so rich but there is some poor among them,) when they apply'd themselves to him, no less than 5 guineas, as they themselves told me. He has given the porters many a shilling not for letting him [in?] at the gates at unreasonable hours, for that he abhorred, never knowing him out of his chamber at such times. No way litigious, not given to law or vexatious suits, taking patience to be the best law, and a good conscience the best divinity.

Humphrey Newton.

56. JOHN BUNYAN

Born 1628 Died 1688

HE appeared in Countenance to be of a stern and rough Temper; but in his Conversation mild and affable, not given to Loquacity, or much Discourse in Company, unless some urgent Occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself, or his Parts, but rather seem low in his own Eyes, and submit himself to the Judgment of others, abhorring Lying and Swearing, being just in all that lay in his Power to his Word, not seeming to revenge Injuries, loving to reconcile Differences, and make Friendships, withal he had a sharp quick Eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of Persons, being of good Judgment and quick Wit. As for his Person, he was tall of Stature, strong-boned, tho' not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy Face, with sparkling Eyes, wearing his Hair on his upper Lip, after the old *British* Fashion; his Hair reddish, but in his latter Days, Time had sprinkled it with grey, his Nose well set, but

not declining or bending, and his Mouth moderate large; his Forehead something high, and his Habbit always plain and modest; And thus here we impartially describe the internal and external Parts of a Person, whose Death hath been much regretted; a Person who had tried the Smiles and Frowns of Time; not puffed up in Prosperity, nor shaken in Adversity, always holding the golden mean. *George Cokayne?*

57. THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE

Born 1627 Died 1691

MR. ROBERT BOYLE, born I think in Ireland, was the youngest, to whom yet he left a faire estate; to which was added an honorary pay of a troop of horse, if I mistake not. And now, tho' amongst all his experiments he never made that of the married life, yet I have ben told he courted a beautiful & ingenious daughter of Carew, Earle of Monmouth; to which is owing the birth of his "Seraphic Love," and the first of his productions. Descartes was not so innocent. In the meane time he was the most facetious & agreeable conversation in the world among the ladys, whenever he happen'd to be engag'd; and yet so very serious, compos'd & contemplative at all other times; tho' far from moroseness, for indeede he was affable & civil rather to excesse, yet without formality.

As to his opinion in Religious matters and discipline, I could not but discover in him the same free thoughts which he had of Philosophy; not in notion onely, but strictly as to practise an excell^t Christian and the greate duties of that profession, without noise, dispute, or determining; owning no master but the Divine Author of it; no religion but primitive, no rule but scripture, no law but right reason. For the rest, allways conformable to the present settlement, without any sort of singularity. The mornings, after his private devotions, he usualy spent in philosophic studys & in his laboratory, sometimes extending them to night; but he told me he had quite given over reading by candle-light, as injurious to his eyes. This was supply'd by his *Amanuensis*, who sometimes read to

him, and wrote out such passages as he noted, and that so often in loose papers, pack'd up without method, as made him sometimes to seeke upon occasion, as himselfe confesses in divers of his works. Glasses, potts, chymical & mathematical instruments, books & bundles of papers, did so fill & crowd his bed-chamber, that there was but just roome for a few chaires; so as his whole equipage was very philosophical, without formality. There were yet other roomes, and a small library (and so you know had Descartes), as learning more from men, real experiments, & in his laboratory (which was ample & well furnish'd), than from books.

I have said nothing of his style, which those who are better judges think he was not altogether so happy in as in his experiments. I do not call it affected, but doubtlesse not answerable to the rest of his greate & shining parts; and yet, to do him right, it was much improv'd in his "Theodora" & later writings.

In his diet (as in habit) he was extreamely temperate & plaine; nor could I ever discern in him the least passion, transport or censoriousnesse, whatever discourse or the times suggested. All was tranquill, easy, serious, discrete and profitable; so as besides Mr. Hobbes, whose hand was against every body, & admir'd nothing but his owne, Francis Linus excepted, (who yet with much civility wrote against him) I do not remember he had the least antagonist.

In the afternoones he was seldom without company, which was sometimes so uncom'odious that he now & then repair'd to a private lodging in another quarter of the towne, and at other times (as the season invited) diverted himselfe in the country among his noble relations.

He was rather tall & slender of stature, for most part valedudinary, pale & much emaciated: nor unlike his picture in Gressham Colledge; which, with an almost impudent importunity, was, at the request of the Society, hardly extorted or rather stolen from this modest gentleman by S^r Edmund King, after he had refus'd it to his neerest relations.

In his first addresses, being to speake or answer, he did sometimes a little hesitate, rather than stam'er, or repeate the same word; imputable to an infirmity, which, since my remembrance,

he had exceedingly overcome. This, as it made him somewhat slow and deliberate, so after the first effort he proceeded without the least interruption in his discourse. And I impute this impediment much to the frequent atackes of palsys, contracted I feare not a little by his often attendance on chymical operations. It has plainely astonish'd me to have seene him so often recover when he has not been able to move, or bring his hand to his mouth: & indeede the contexture of his body, during the best of his health, appear'd to me so delicate, that I have frequently compar'd him to a *chrystal* or *Venice glasse*; which tho' wrought never so thin and fine, being carefully set up, would outlast the hardier metals of daily use; and he was withall as clear & candid; not a blemish or spot to tarnish his reputation; & he lasted accordingly, tho' not to a greate, yet to a competent age; threescore yeares I think; & to many more he might, I am persuaded; have ariv'd, had not his beloved sister, the Lady V. C^{esse} Ranalagh, with whom he liv'd, a person of extraordinary talents & suitable to his religious & philosophical temper, dyed before him. But it was then that he began evidently to droope apace; nor did he, I thinke, survive her above a fortnight. But of this last scene I can say little, being unfortunately absent, & not knowing of the danger 'til it was past recovery.

John Evelyn.

58. PROFESSOR EDWARD POCOCKE

Born 1604 Died 1691

THE Christian World is a witness of his great Learning: that, the Works he publish'd, would not suffer to be conceal'd. Nor could his Devotion and Piety lie hid, and be unobserv'd in a College; where his constant and regular assisting at the cathedral service, never interrupted by sharpness of weather, and scarce restrain'd by down-right want of health, shew'd, the temper and disposition of his mind.

But his other Virtues and excellent qualities, had so strong and close a covering of Modesty and unaffected Humility; that tho' they shone the brighter to those who had the opportunities

to be more intimately acquainted with him, and eyes to discern and distinguish solidity from shew, and esteem Virtue that sought not Reputation; yet they were the less taken notice, and talked of, by the generality of those, to whom, he was not wholly unknown. Not that he was at all close and reserv'd; but, on the contrary, the readiest to communicate to any one that consulted him.

Indeed he was not forward to talk, nor ever would be the leading man in the Discourse tho' it were on a subject that he understood better than any of the company; and would often content himself to sit still and hear others debate, in matters which he himself was more a master of. He had often the silence of a Learner, where he had the knowledge of a Master: and that, not with a design, as is often, that the Ignorance any one betray'd, might give him the opportunity to display his own Knowledge, with the more lustre and advantage to their shame; or censure them when they were gone. For these arts of triumph and ostentation, frequently practis'd by men of skill and ability, were utterly unknown to him. 'Twas very seldom that he contradicted any one: or if it were necessary at any time to inform any one better, who was in a mistake, it was in so soft and gentle a manner, that it had nothing of the air of Dispute or Correction, and seem'd to have little of opposition in it. I never heard him say any thing, that put any one that was present, the least out of countenance; nor ever censure, or so much as speak diminishingly of any one, that was absent.

He was a man of no irregular Appetites. If he indulg'd any one too much, it was that of Study, which his Wife would often complain of (and, I think, not without reason), that a due consideration of his age and health, could not make him abate.

Tho' he was a man of the greatest Temperance in himself, and the farthest from Ostentation and Vanity in his way of living: yet he was of a liberal mind, and given to Hospitality; which, considering the smallness of his Preferments, and the numerous Family of Children he had to provide for, might be thought to have outdone those, who made more noise and shew. . . .

Tho' he was not, as I said, a forward, much less an assuming

Talker, yet he was the farthest in the world from being sullen or morose. He would talk very freely, and very well of all parts of Learning, besides that wherein he was known to excel. But this was not all; he could discourse very well of other things. He was not unacquainted with the world, tho' he made no shew of it.

His backwardness to meddle in other people's matters, or to enter into debates, where names and persons were brought upon the stage, and judgments and censures were hardly avoided conceal'd his Abilities, in matters of Business and Conduct, from most people. But yet I can truly say, that I knew not any one in that University, whom I would more willingly consult, in any affair that requir'd consideration, nor whose opinion I thought better worth the hearing than his, if he could be drawn to enter into it, and give his Advice.

Tho' in company he never us'd himself, nor willingly heard from others, any personal reflections on other men, tho' set off with a sharpness that usually tickles, and by most men is mistaken for the best, if not the only seasoning of pleasant conversation; yet he would often bear his part in innocent Mirth, and by some apposite and diverting story continue and heighten the Good-Humour. . . .

I do not remember that in all my conversation with him, I ever saw him once angry, or to be so far provok'd, as to change colour or countenance, or tone of voice. Displeasing accidents and actions would sometimes occur; there is no help for that: but nothing of that kind moved him, that I saw, to any passionate words; much less to chiding or clamour. His Life appear'd to me, one constant Calm.

How great his Patience was in his long and dangerous Lameness (wherein there were very terrible and painful operations) you have, no doubt, learnt from others. I happen'd to be absent from Oxford most of that time; but I have heard, and believe it, that it was suitable to the other parts of his Life.

To conclude, I can say of him, what few men can say of any friend of theirs, nor I of any other of my acquaintance; that I do not remember I ever saw in him any one Action that I did, or could in my own mind blame, or thought amiss in him.

John Locke.

59. THE MARQUIS OF HALIFAX

Born 1655 Died 1695

I NAME Sir *George Saville* last, because he deserves a more copious character. He rose afterwards to be Viscount, Earl, and Marquis of *Halifax*. He was a man of a great and ready wit; full of life and very pleasant; much turned to satyr. He let his wit run much on matters of religion: So that he passed for a bold and determined Atheist; tho' he often protested to me, he was not one; and said, he believed there was not one in the world: He confessed, he could not swallow down every thing that divines imposed upon the world: He was a Christian in submission: He believed as much as he could, and he hoped that God would not lay it to his charge, if he could not digest iron, as an ostrich did, nor take into his belief things that must burst him: If he had any scruples, they were not sought for, nor cherished by him; for he never read an atheistical book. In a fit of sickness, I knew him very much touched with a sense of religion. I was then often with him. He seemed full of good purposes: but they went off with his sickness. He was always talking of morality and friendship. He was punctual in all payments, and just in all his private dealings. But, with relation to the publick, he went backwards and forwards, and changed sides so often, that in conclusion no side trusted him. He seemed full of Common-wealth notions: Yet he went into the worst part of King *Charles's* reign. The liveliness of his imagination was always too hard for his judgment. A severe jest was preferred by him to all arguments whatsoever. And he was endless in consultations: For when after much discourse a point was settled, if he could find a new jest, to make even that which was suggested by himself seem ridiculous, he could not hold, but would study to raise the credit of his wit, tho' it made others call his judgment in question. When he talked to me as a philosopher of his contempt of the world, I asked him, what he meant by getting so many new titles, which I call'd the hanging himself about with bells and tinsel. He had no other excuse for it, but this, that, since the world were such fools as to value those matters, a man must be a fool

for company: He considered them but as rattles: Yet rattles please children: So these might be of use to his family. His heart was much set on raising his family. But, tho' he made a vast estate for them, he buried two of his sons himself, and almost all his grandchildren. The son that survived was an honest man, but far inferior to him. *Gilbert Burnet.*

60. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

Born 1628 Died 1699

I THINK nothing harder than to write any body's Character, and that of a Friend is still more difficult: If one tells truth, it is thought Partiality, and if one does not, it is a real piece of Injustice. I will try (by saying little) to avoid both Imputations.

Sir William Temple's Person is best known by his Pictures and Prints: He was rather tall than low; his Shape, when young, very exact; his Hair a dark brown, and curled naturally, and whilst that was esteemed a Beauty no body had it in greater Perfection; his Eyes grey, but lively; and his Body lean, but extream active, so that none acquitted themselves better at all sorts of Exercise.

He had an extraordinary Spirit and Life in his Humour, with so agreeable Turns of Wit and Fancy in his Conversation, that no body was welcomer in all sorts of Company, and some have observed, that he never had a mind to make any body kind to him without compassing his Design.

He was an exact Observer of Truth, thinking none that had fail'd once ought ever to be trusted again; of nice points of Honour; of great Humanity and Good-nature, taking pleasure in making others easy and happy; his Passions naturally warm and quick, but temper'd by Reason and Thought; his Humour gay, but very unequal from cruel Fits of Spleen and Melancholy, being subject to great Damps from sudden Changes of Weather, but chiefly from Crosses and surprising Turns in his Business, and Disappointments he met with so often in his Endeavours to contribute to the Honour and Service of his Country, which he thought himself two or three Times so near Compassing,

that he could not think with Patience of what had hinder'd it, or of those that he thought had been the occasion of his Disappointments. He never seem'd busy in his greatest Employments, was a great Lover of Liberty, and therefore hated the Servitude of Courts, said he could never serve for Wages, nor be busy (as one is so often there) to no purpose; and never was willing to enter upon any Employment but that of a Publick Minister.

He had been a passionate Lover, was a kind Husband, a fond and indulgent Father, a good Master, and the best Friend in the World; and knowing himself to be so, was impatient of the least Suspicion or Jealousy from those he loved. He was ever kind to the Memory of those he had once liked and esteemed; wounded to the Heart by Grief, upon the many Losses of his Children and Friends, 'till recovered by Reason and Philosophy, and that perfect Resignation to Almighty God, which he thought so absolute a Part of our Duty, upon those sad Occasions, often saying, His holy Name be praised: His Will be done.

He was not without strong Aversions so as to be uneasy at the first Sight of some he disliked, and impatient of their Conversation; apt to be warm in Disputes and Expostulations, which made him hate the one, and avoid the other, which he used to say, might sometimes do well between Lovers, but never between Friends; He turn'd his Conversation to what was more easy and pleasant, especially at Table, where he said ill Humour ought never to come, and his agreeable Talk at it, if it had been set down, would have been very entertaining to the Reader, as well as to so many that had heard it. He had a very familiar way of conversing with all Sorts of People, from the greatest Princes to the meanest Servants, and even Children, whose imperfect Language, and natural and innocent Talk he was fond of, and made Entertainment out of every thing that could afford it: When that, he liked best, fail'd, the next served Turn.

He lived healthful 'till Forty Two, then began to be troubled with Rheums upon his Teeth and Eyes, which he attributed to the Air of *Holland*, and which ended, when he was Forty Seven, in the gout, upon which he grew very melancholy,

being then Ambassador at the *Hague*; he said, a Man was never good for any thing after it; and though he continued in Business near Three Years longer, 'twas always with Design of winding himself out as fast as he could; making good his own Rules, that no body should make Love after Forty, nor be in Business after Fifty. And though from this Time he had frequent Returns of ill Health, he never cared to consult Physicians; saying, He hoped to die without them, and trusted wholly to the Care and Advice of his Friends, which he often express'd himself so happy in, as to want nothing but Health; which, since Riches could not help him to, he despised them.

He was born to a moderate Estate, and did not much encrease it during his Employments, which he tells his Son, in his Letter to him before the second Part of his Memoirs, *It is fit should contribute something to his Entertainment, since they had done so little to his Fortunes, upon which he could make him no Excuse, since it was so often in his Power, that it was never in his Thoughts, which were ever turned upon how much less he wanted, rather than how much more.* (And in a fine Strain of Philosophy he concludes,) *If yours have the same Turn, you will be but too rich; if the contrary, you will be ever poor.* King Charles II, gave him the reversion of the Master of the Rolls Place in *Ireland*, after his Father, who kept it during his life, and the Presents made him in his several Embassies, were chiefly laid out in Building and Planting, and in purchasing old Statues, and Pictures, that still remain in his Family, which were his only Expence, or Extravagance, but not too great for his Income. Those that knew him little, thought him rich, to whom he used to answer pleasantly, that he wanted nothing, but an Estate: And yet no Body was more generous to his Friends, or more charitable to the Poor, in giving often to true Objects of Charity, a Hundred Pounds at a Time, and sometimes Three Hundred.

His Religion was that of the Church of *England*, in which he was born and bred; and how loose soever Bishop Burnet, in his History of his own Time, represents his Principles (from that Common-place of Hear-say, that runs thro' the whole, for he was not acquainted with Sir William) yet there is no Ground for such uncharitable Reflections given in his Writings, in

which his excellent Letter to the Countess of *Essex* is a convincing Proof both of his Piety and Eloquence; and to that Picture drawn by himself in his Works, I refer those that care either to know, or to imitate him.

Lady Giffard.

61. JOHN DRYDEN

Born 1631 Died 1700

IN some very Elegant, tho' very partial Verses which he did me the Honour to write to me, he recommended it to me to *be kind of his Remains*. I was then, and have been ever since most sensibly touched with that Expression: and the more so, because I could not find in myself the Means of satisfying the Passion which I felt in me, to do something answerable to an Injunction laid upon me in so Pathetick and so Amicable a Manner. . . . Whoever shall Censure me, I dare be confident, You, my Lord, will Excuse me, for any thing that I shall say with due Regard to a Gentleman, for whose Person I had as just an Affection as I have an Admiration of his Writings. And indeed *Mr. Dryden* had Personal Qualities to challenge both Love and Esteem from All who were truly acquainted with him.

He was of a Nature exceedingly Humane and Compassionate; easily forgiving Injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere Reconciliation with them who had offended him.

Such a Temperament is the only solid Foundation of all moral Virtues, and sociable Endowments. His Friendship, where he profess'd it, went much beyond his Professions; and I have been told of strong and generous Instances of it by the Persons themselves who received them: Tho' his Hereditary Income was little more than a bare Competency.

As his Reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a Memory tenacious of everything that he had read. He was not more possess'd of Knowledge, than he was Communicative of it. But then his Communication of it was by no means pedantick, or impos'd upon the Conversation; but just such, and went so far as by the natural Turns of the Discourse in

which he was engag'd it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extream ready and gentle in his Correction of the Errors of any Writer, who thought fit to consult him; and full as ready and patient to admit of the Reprehension of others, in respect of his own Oversight or Mistakes. He was of very easie, I may say of very pleasing Access: But something slow, and as it were diffident in his Advances to others. He had something in his Nature that abhorr'd Intrusion into any Society whatsoever. Indeed it is to be regretted, that he was rather blameable in the other Extreme: For, by that means, he was Personally less known, and, consequently his Character might become liable both to Misapprehensions and Misrepresentations. To the best of my Knowledge and Observation, he was, of all the Men that I ever knew, one of the most Modest, and the most Easily to be discountenanced in his Approaches, either to his Superiors or his Equals. *William Congreve.*

62. SAMUEL PEPYS

Born 1633 Died 1703

1703, May 26 this day died Mr. Samuel Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or *Navalia*, as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his,

is left, I suppose, to his sister's son, Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman, whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies; but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.

John Evelyn.

63. GILBERT BURNET

Born 1643 Died 1715

Dr. *Burnet* is like all Men, who are above the ordinary Level, seldom spoke of in a Mean, he must either be railed at or admired; he has a Swiftness of Imagination, that no other Man comes up to; and as our Nature hardly allows us to have enough of any thing, without having too much, he cannot at all times so hold in his Thoughts, but that at some time they may run away with him; as it is hard for a Vessel, that is brim-full, when in motion, not to run over; and therefore the Variety of Matter, that he ever carries about him, may throw out more, than an unkind Critick would allow of. His first Thoughts may sometimes require more Digestion, not from a Defect in his Judgment, but from the Abundance of his Fancy, which furnishes too fast for him. His Friends love him too well, to see small Faults; or if they do, think that his greater Talents give him a Privilege of straying from the strict Rules of Caution, and exempt him from the ordinary Rules of Censure. He produces so fast, that what is well in his Writings calls for Admiration, and what is incorrect deserves an Excuse; he may in some things require Grains of Allowance, which those only can deny him, who are unknown or unjust to him. He is not quicker in discerning other Men's Faults, than he is in forgiving them; so ready, or rather glad to acknowledge his own, that from Blemishes they become Ornaments. All the repeated Provocations of his indecent Adversaries, have had no other Effect, than the setting his Good-Nature in so much

a better Light; since his Anger never yet went farther than to pity them. That Heat, which in most other Men raises Sharpness and Satire, in him glows into Warmth for his Friends, and Compassion for those in want and Misery. As dull Men have quick Eyes, in discerning the smaller Faults of those, that Nature has made superior to them, they do not miss one Blot he makes; and being beholden only to their Barrenness for their Discretion, they fall into Errors, which arise out of his Abundance; and by a Mistake, into which their Malice betrays them, they think that by finding a Mote in his Eye, they hide the Beams, that are in their own. His Quickness makes Writing so easy a thing to him, that his Spirits are neither wasted nor soured by it: The Soil is not forced, every thing grows, and brings forth without Pangs; which distinguishes as much what he does, from that which smells of the Lamp, as a good Palate will discern between Fruit, which comes from a rich Mould, and that which tastes of the uncleanly Pains, that have been bestowed upon it. He makes many Enemies, by setting an ill-natured Example of Living, which they are not inclined to follow. His Indifference for Preferment, his Contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary Plenty, his degrading himself into the lowest and most painful Duties of his Calling; are such unprelatical Qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a Dissenter. Virtues of such a stamp are so many Heresies, in the opinion of those Divines, who have softened the Primitive Injunctions, so as to make them suit better with the present Frailty of Mankind. No wonder then, if they are angry, since it is in their own Defence, or that from a Principle of Self-Preservation they should endeavour to suppress a Man, whose Parts are a Shame, and whose Life is a Scandal to them.

The Marquis of Halifax?

64. THOMAS, EARL OF WHARTON

Born 1648 Died 1715

THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution, hath, some years passed his

grand climacteric, without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind, and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five-and-twenty. Whether he walks, or whistles, or swears, or talks bawdy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each beyond a templar of three years standing. With the same grace and in the same style, he will rattle his coachman in the midst of the street, where he is governor of the kingdom: and all this is without consequence, because it is in his character, and what every body expects. He seems to be but an ill dissembler and an ill liar, though they are the two talents he most practices, and most values himself upon. The ends he has gained by lying, appear to be more owing to the frequency than the art of them; his lies being sometimes detected in an hour, often in a day, and always in a week: He tells them freely in mixed companies, though he knows half of those that hear him to be his enemies, and is sure they will discover them the moment they leave him. He swears solemnly he loves and will serve you, and your back is no sooner turned, but he tells those about him, you are a dog and a rascal. He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk bawdy and blasphemy at the chapel door. He is a Presbyterian in politics, and an atheist in religion; but he chooses at present to whore with a Papist. In his commerce with mankind, his general rule is to endeavour imposing on their understandings, for which he has but one receipt, a composition of lies and oaths; and this he applies indifferently to a freeholder of forty shillings, and a privy-councillor, by which the easy and the honest are often either deceived or amused; and either way he gains his point. He will openly take away your employment to-day, because you are not of his party; to-morrow he will meet or send for you, as if nothing at all had passed, lay his hands with much friendliness on your shoulders, and with the greatest ease and familiarity in the world, tell you that the faction are driving out something in the House; that you must be sure to attend, and to speak to all your friends to be there, though he knows at the same time that you and your friends are against him in that very point he mentions: And however absurd, ridiculous, and gross, this

may appear, he has often found it successful; some men having such an awkward bashfulness they know not how to refuse upon a sudden, and every man having something to fear or to hope, which often hinders them from driving things to extremes with persons of power, whatever provocations they may have received. He hath sunk his fortunes by endeavouring to ruin one kingdom, and hath raised them by going far in the ruin of another. With a good natural understanding, a great fluency in speaking, and no ill taste of wit, he is generally the worst companion in the world; his thoughts being wholly taken up between vice and politics, so that bawdy, profaneness, and business fill up his whole conversation. To gratify himself in the two first, he makes choice of suitable favourites, whose talent reaches no higher than to entertain him with all the lewdness that passes in town. As for business, he is said to be very dexterous at that part of it which turns upon intrigue, and he seems to have transferred the talents of his youth for intriguing with women, into public affairs: For, as some vain young fellows, to make a gallantry appear of consequence, will choose to venture their necks by climbing up a wall or window at midnight to a common wench, where they might as freely have gone at the door and at noonday; so his excellency, either to keep himself in practice, or to advance the fame of his politics, affects the most obscure, troublesome, and winding paths, even in the commonest affairs, those which would as well be brought about in the ordinary forms, or which proceed of course whether he intervened or no.

He bears the gallantries of his lady with the indifference of a Stoic, and thinks them well recompensed by a return of children to support his family, without the fatigues of being a father.

He has three predominant passions, which you will seldom observe united in the same man, as arising from different dispositions of mind, and naturally thwarting each other; these are love of power, love of money, and love of pleasure: They ride him sometimes by turns, and sometimes all together: Since he went into that kingdom,¹ he seems most disposed to the second, and has met with great success, having gained by

¹ Ireland.

his government of under two years, five-and-forty thousand pounds, by the most favourable computation, half in the regular way, and half in the prudential.

He was never yet known to refuse or keep a promise; as I remember he told a lady, but with an exception to the promise he then made, (which was to get her a pension) yet he broke even that, and I confess, deceived us both. But here, I desire to distinguish between a promise and a bargain; for he will be sure to keep the latter, when he has had the fairest offer.

Jonathan Swift.

65. RICHARD BENTLEY

Born 1662 Died 1742

OF Doctor Richard Bentley, my maternal grandfather, I shall next take leave to speak. Of him I have perfect recollection. His person, his dignity, his language and his love fixed my early attention, and stamped both his image and his words upon my memory. His literary works are known to all, his private character is still misunderstood by many; to that I shall confine myself, and, putting aside the enthusiasm of a descendant, I can assert, with the veracity of a biographer, that he was neither cynical, as some have represented him, nor overbearing and fastidious in the degree, as he has been described by many. Swift, when he foisted him into his vulgar *Battle of the Books*, neither lowers Bentley's fame nor elevates his own; and the petulant poet, who thought he had hit his manner, when he made him haughtily call to *Walker* for his *hat*, gave a copy as little like the character of Bentley, as his translation is like the original of Homer. That Doctor Walker, vice-master of Trinity-College, was the friend of my grandfather, and a frequent guest at his table, is true; but it was not in Doctor Bentley's nature to treat him with contempt, nor did his harmless character inspire it. As for the *hat*, I must acknowledge it was of formidable dimensions, yet I was accustomed to treat it with great familiarity, and if it had ever been further from the hand of its owner than the peg upon the back of his

great arm-chair, I might have been dispatched to fetch it, for he was disabled by the palsy in his latter days; but the hat never strayed from its place, and Pope found an office for Walker, that I can well believe he was never commissioned to in his life.

I had a sister somewhat elder than myself. Had there been any of that sternness in my grandfather, which is so falsely imputed to him, it may well be supposed we should have been awed into silence in his presence, to which we were admitted every day. Nothing can be further from the truth; he was the unwearied patron and promoter of all our childish sports and sallies; at all times ready to detach himself from any topic of conversation to take an interest and bear his part in our amusements. The eager curiosity natural to our age, and the questions it gave birth to, so teasing to many parents, he, on the contrary, attended to and encouraged, as the claims of infant reason never to be evaded or abused; strongly recommending, that to all such enquiries answer should be given according to the strictest truth, and information dealt to us in the clearest terms, as a sacred duty never to be departed from. I have broken in upon him many a time in his hours of study, when he would put his book aside, ring his hand-bell for his servant, and be led to his shelves to take down a picture-book for my amusement. I do not say that his good-nature always gained its object, as the pictures which his books generally supplied me with were anatomical drawings of dissected bodies, very little calculated to communicate delight; but he had nothing better to produce; and surely such an effort on his part, however unsuccessful, was no feature of a cynic: a cynic *should be made of sterner stuff*. I have had from him, at times, whilst standing at his elbow, a complete and entertaining narrative of his school-boy days, with the characters of his different masters very humorously displayed, and the punishments described, which they at times would wrongfully inflict upon him for seeming to be idle and regardless of his task, "When the dunces," he would say, "could not discover that I was pondering it in my mind, and fixing it more firmly in my memory, than if I had been bawling it out amongst the rest of my school-fellows."

Once, and only once, I recollect his giving me a gentle rebuke for making a most outrageous noise in the room over his library and disturbing him in his studies; I had no apprehension of anger from him, and confidently answered that I could not help it, as I had been at battledore and shuttlecock with Master Gooch, the Bishop of Ely's son. "And I have been at this sport with his father," he replied; "but thine has been the more amusing game; so there's no harm done." . . .

He recommended it as a very essential duty in parents to be particularly attentive to the first dawnings of reason in their children; and his own practice was the best illustration of his doctrine; for he was the most patient hearer and most favourable interpreter of first attempts at argument and meaning that I ever knew. When I was rallied by my mother, for roundly asserting that *I never slept*, I remember full well his calling on me to account for it; and when I explained it by saying I never knew myself to be asleep, and therefore supposed I never slept at all, he gave me credit for my defence, and said to my mother, "Leave your boy in possession of his opinion; he has as clear a conception of sleep, and at least as comfortable an one, as the philosophers who puzzle their brains about it, and do not rest so well" . . .

His ordinary style of conversation was naturally lofty, and his frequent use of *thou* and *thee* with his familiars carried with it a kind of dictatorial tone, that savoured more of the closet than the court; this is readily admitted, and this on first approaches might mislead a stranger; but the native candour and inherent tenderness of his heart could not long be veiled from observation, for his feelings and affections were at once too impulsive to be long repressed, and he too careless of concealment to attempt at qualifying them. Such was his sensibility towards human sufferings, that it became a duty with his family to divert the conversation from all topics of that sort; and if he touched upon them himself he was betrayed into agitations, which if the reader ascribes to paralytic weakness, he will very greatly mistake a man, who to the last hour of his life possessed his faculties firm and in their fullest vigour; I therefore bar all such misinterpretations as may attempt to set the mark of infirmity upon those emotions, which had no

other source and origin but in the natural and pure benevolence of his heart.

He was communicative to all without distinction, that sought information, or resorted to him for assistance; fond of his college almost to enthusiasm, and ever zealous for the honour of the purple gown of Trinity. When he held examinations for fellowships, and the modest candidate exhibited marks of agitation and alarm, he never failed to interpret candidly of such symptoms; and on those occasions he was never known to press the hesitating and embarrassed examinant, but oftentimes on the contrary would take all the pains of expounding on himself, and credit the exonerated candidate for answers and interpretations of his own suggesting. . . .

A morose and over-bearing man will find himself a solitary being in creation; Doctor Bentley on the contrary had many intimates; judicious in forming his friendships, he was faithful in adhering to them. With Sir Isaac Newton, Doctor Mead, Doctor Wallis of Stamford, Baron Spanheim, the lamented Roger Cotes, and several other distinguished and illustrious contemporaries, he lived on terms of uninterrupted harmony, and I have good authority for saying, that it is to his interest and importunity with Sir Isaac Newton, that the inestimable publication of the *Principia* was ever resolved upon by that truly great and luminous philosopher.

Richard Cumberland.

66. SIR JOHN LEAKE

Born 1656 Died 1720

SIR JOHN LEAKE was of a middle stature, well set and strong, a little inclining to corpulency, but not so as to incommode him in the least. His complexion was florid, his countenance open, his eye sharp and piercing, and his address both graceful and manly, denoting both the military man and the gentleman. As he had a good person he had also a good constitution, hardly ever knowing what it was to be sick. And though he took his bottle freely, as was the custom in his time in the fleet, yet he

was never disguised, or impaired his health by it. His disposition was naturally cheerful and good-humoured; [he was] free and open, unless before strangers [when] he at first appeared a little reserved, but it soon disappeared. He was endowed with very good natural parts, and though he had not what the world calls learning, yet few men expressed themselves more properly, either by writing or speaking. His passions, though strong, were governed by the dictates of right reason and never betrayed him into any indecencies. He was hot but not passionate, and maintained an even temper, unless excited by some extraordinary cause; when, nevertheless, he was soon pacified and ready to forgive, no man being more humane. In his dress he was neat and plain, never very fine, being as free from ostentation and vanity in all things, as from pride, which knew him not. In short, as to his person and natural qualities, he was what physicians define a perfect man; namely, he had a sound mind in a sound body.

Thus formed by nature, he seems to have been born to be a great Admiral. For besides a propensity to a military life and a genius for the sea, he had all the endowments requisite to that end, which he improved by art, and perfected by experience. He was certainly one of the best seamen this island has produced, being perfect master both in theory and practice. His journals, in his own hand-writing, are a proof of it, which he constantly kept, even after he was Admiral of the Fleet, a duty which nowadays captains will not condescend to do. Besides this, he had many other accomplishments, which sea-officers are generally unacquainted with. He understood ship-building, gunnery, fortification, and the discipline of the land-service, wanting only the practice to have made him both a good land-officer and an engineer. And though all these qualifications are not essential to a sea commander, yet they are helps, and served to give him clearer conceptions of some things, than others had who wanted them; and joined with his long experience, gave him a superior judgment in his profession. He had also a head to contrive, and a heart to execute; could endure great fatigue, wherein he was patient and indefatigable, neither intimidated by danger nor deterred by difficulties. His courage was of the keener sort, without appearing

rash. But having once resolved, he was not to be moved by dangers or difficulties. With this, he enjoyed such a happy presence of mind in all dangers and difficulties, as enabled him to observe everything that passed in time of battle, and to apply the best directions. Which he did at such times with a spirit that gave life to his orders, and therefore had a greater force and better effect than attends the confused commands, usually given upon all occasions. He was particularly careful upon all occasions to distinguish his courage, fearful only of doing any thing that might look like fear; for he was of opinion, that the bravest man would always carry it, and that a man must resolve to overcome or he will never conquer.

The same spirit appeared likewise in councils of war, where, as he observed, a brave man might as soon be discovered as in battle. For in battle there were many, who, forced by necessity, would fight well enough to save their reputation; but could they have prevailed in council, had never fought at all, nor ever would undertake a brave action for the sake of glory. This he had reason to observe in the course of his conquests, some of which had never been accomplished, had he not exerted himself above the rest. It was too often insinuated by some that an undertaking proposed was impracticable, if we had not a great superiority, or there was nothing but honour to be gained by it. But Sir John usually replied, "Let us make it practicable." And before he proposed any enterprise, [he] was always well prepared to answer all objections, and even to carry it immediately into execution. . . .

By these heroic virtues, personal merit and industry, he attained to the highest preferments in the navy, without ambition but not without envy, the inseparable companion of great actions, which made those his enemies (but those only) whom he rivalled in glory. Neither could he possibly have any other enemies, being of that generous disposition, that he was every man's friend. He neither was proud of his own fortune, nor envied that of others. His mind was wholly set to perform the business he was engaged in. He never attempted to undermine or supplant another, but waited patiently, and received thankfully, such preferments and rewards as his royal mistress thought fit to bestow upon him; and in every station he ac-

quitted himself with the greatest fidelity and modesty. Indeed, he had too much of the latter, which made him backward to serve his own friends, and too ready to serve others, that the world might not think him partial. He had a strict regard to his honour, and hated everything that was mean and unbecoming a gentleman. This made him detest all mercenary views; and the man who had his own private interest at heart he thought could never faithfully serve his country. Accordingly in his whole life he never pursued an enterprise with the prospect of any bye-end to himself. . . .

By justice and discipline he maintained a good economy in the fleet, without ostentation and without rigour; his natural temper inclining him to the merciful side. This made him ready to interest himself in the cause, even of an utter stranger, and disposed him to a generous regard of the common sailors, being truly sensible of the hardships they suffered, and the discouragements they lay under: therefore he mitigated them as much as possible. As he was plain in his own dress, so he did not much affect pretty fellows in laced coats, unless their qualifications recommended them. But he loved a brave action wherever he found it, and to such men, without distinction of gentleman or party, he freely dispensed his favours. These are the men that seamen love, and this made him beloved by them. . . .

In private life he was no less amiable. No man was a better husband, a better father, or a more sincere friend; in conversation open and affable, and never happier than in his family, and amongst his particular acquaintance. His good nature and generosity showed itself to all about him, or that had any concerns with him; for he took pleasure in serving others. Few men were freer from all manner of vice. Even that of swearing, so generally practised amongst sea-commanders in his time, he was rarely guilty of. And to crown all, he was not only morally, but christianly virtuous. He had a just sense of religion, and was a worthy member of the Church of England, without bigotry or superstition. He caused Divine worship to be duly observed, and countenanced it by his own example. He frequently communicated, and I have reason to believe he used private prayers, having found such amongst his papers,

in his own hand-writing, adapted to the different circumstances of his life. And his religion was not faith without works. For besides his general beneficence to all mankind, he did many particular acts of charity very privately. To sum up all, he was a virtuous, humane, generous, gallant man, and one of the greatest Admirals of his time, as his actions demonstrate. And one thing can be said of him, which can be said of no other Admiral; namely, that he never betrayed one mistake, or had his conduct censured. And his death did not dishonour his life. Thus faithful to the end, he has left an example to those that come after, both as a virtuous man and a great Admiral.

Stephen Martin-Leake.

67. CAPTAIN STEPHEN MARTIN

Born 1666 Died 1740

As to his person, he was what is called a little man, being about five feet four inches high, as he stood or walked, for by breaking his thigh he lost two inches (the right leg being so much longer than the left); which, added to his height, would have brought him to the middle size. This difference in his legs made him go a little lame, but did not hinder his walking; only keeping one knee bent while the other was straight, had a disagreeable look. He was otherwise clean limbed, was square set, had a ruddy complexion, light brown hair, sharp grey eyes, thin lips, and a rising nose, and in his dress and mien he carried the air of a military man. Mars and Venus seem to have been in conjunction at his birth. In his youth he had a thin habit of body, and when he married was thought to be consumptive, but afterwards grew plumper, and in his latter days lusty, though not what we may call fat. He had naturally a tender constitution, and was troubled with a rupture on both sides the groin, which, as he grew in years, became very troublesome. Yet, notwithstanding this weakness, he did not neglect any exercise or fatigue which his business required; and any excess he might be guilty of in the former part of his life he so well corrected by a regular and temperate course of living towards the latter part, that he spun out the thread of life without the

usual infirmities incident to old age better than most strong constitutions can do. For he had no complaint, and was full of spirits and active to the very last, and his strength of spirit enabled him to overcome many difficulties and fatigues that more robust persons sank under. From the same cause he was hot and passionate, but this was but of short continuation, being in his nature good humoured, compassionate, and forgiving, and easy to be wrought upon by fair means. He had an extreme sense of honour and bravery, and, like the Romans, thought virtue properly represented by a military person, a brave mind being the epitome of all virtue. He was pleased with a brave action as a benefit done to himself, and was ready to take the part of an injured person, whilst every cowardly, base action offended him; and he could not help exclaiming against it and exposing it without caring whom he offended, which though right in itself (for every man should publicly condemn and discountenance what is base and unworthy), yet made him many enemies, and was a main reason why he was not promoted in the navy; for if anything went wrong they could not stop his tongue, he could sooner affront than flatter any man; and, considering his temper (easily affronted), it is to be wondered at that he never had any private quarrel, which can only be imputed to this, that being always ready to fight, by that means he always avoided it. Notwithstanding his warm temper, no one ever treated his officers under him more like a gentleman, nor the seamen with more humanity. He always allowed them more indulgence than himself, never suffered the men to be ill-treated, nor any advantages to be made of them by others which he scorned to do himself. If his officers were not good seamen, he made them so, for no man was better qualified in his profession, both in theory and practice, as appeared by his conduct upon all emergencies, and his opinion in councils of war, and the management of the fleet under Sir John Leake.

He always kept his own journals, for he said he was accountable for all, and would trust to no man, and was so very strict upon himself in his duty, that when his ship was in port, and other captains would be ashore with their families, he would be aboard with his, by which strictness upon himself he made the duty of others much easier.

Above all, he was particularly remarkable for a happy presence of mind, whether in battle, storm, fire, or other accidents; upon such occasions he never was confounded, but always ready to apply the best means, with a surprising temper, which temper was the more extraordinary in one whose courage bordered upon rashness, for it was a maxim he laid down never to yield. . . .

As to his capacity he certainly had good natural parts, which, properly improved, might have made a considerable figure in civil life. He showed upon all occasions a good judgment where passion did not cause him to err, and notwithstanding his natural warmth, was to be convinced and brought over by cool argument. He always showed an ingenious nature, as in drawing, which he did neatly, though not well, and in playing on the flute—both which he taught himself, and did some notable things in surgery, upon sudden accidents where a surgeon was not at hand, purely from observation. Besides these he danced (much better than could be expected from his misfortune), fenced, and rode a horse well, and few men shot so well either with a gun or pistol. He was very neat in his person and dress, and though he hated fine clothes, was very curious in everything he wore, as his buckles, his sword, buttons, rings; everything of that kind must be remarkably curious; and he did not value the expense, for he was of a generous disposition. Even old age and some degree of necessity could not make him covetous. Economy, therefore, was what he wanted; he never could bring himself to it, if he could, his affairs would have proved better. But if he used it in one thing he forgot it in another; indeed, this is a foible which the brave and generous mind is most liable to, and can seldom overcome. As to his principles: he had a great dislike to all dissenters from the Church of England as being all Republicans, and thought the Whigs to be all such in their hearts, and consequently enemies to the constitution; and no less detested Popery, not by hearsay only, but from what he had seen of their practices in Popish countries, and consequently was averse to the Pretender, the hope of Popery in England. He, therefore, professed himself an honest Tory, was for preserving the constitution in Church and State, as by law established, and could not bear to hear the

Queen abused. And though, because he was warm, some thought him a violent Tory, it was more from the natural warmth of his temper than of his principles, and because he thought himself bound in honour (though against his interest) to speak well of Queen Anne, who he seriously believed to be the mother of her country, in opposition to those violent Whigs who, for their own interest, traduced her memory to please the new comers. But when party spirit cooled, he was as moderate as others, though always for the Church of England, and liberty and monarchy, in opposition to fanatical schemes. In short, he was a man of honour, a gallant and an excellent seaman, which character he never forfeited. If he was passionate and amorous (by constitution), he was also brave, generous, good-natured, and compassionate; never affected drinking and abhorred gaming. If he took some liberties in his youth, which were incident to his profession, he rectified all by a temperate old age, and died as men might wish to die.

Stephen Martin-Leake.

68. RICHARD SAVAGE

Died 1743

HE was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect; of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien; but which upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter.

His mind was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active. His judgement was accurate, his apprehension quick, and his memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learned from others in a short time, better than those by whom he was informed; and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present time, but which the quickness of his apprehension impressed upon him. He had

the peculiar felicity, that his attention never deserted him; he was present to every object, and regardful of the most trifling occurrences. He had the art of escaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himself to every new scene.

To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the small time which he spent in visible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory conversation with the same steadiness of attention as others apply to a lecture; and, amidst the appearance of thoughtless gaiety, lost no new idea that was started, nor any hint that could be improved. He had therefore made in coffee-houses the same proficiency as in other studies; and it is remarkable, that the writings of a man of little education and little reading have an air of learning scarcely to be found in any other performances, but which perhaps as often obscures as embellishes them.

His judgement was eminently exact both with regard to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was indeed his chief attainment; and it is not without some satisfaction, that I can produce the suffrage of Savage in favour of human nature, of which he never appeared to entertain such odious ideas as some, who perhaps had neither his judgement nor experience, have published, either in ostentation of their sagacity, vindication of their crimes, or gratification of their malice.

His method of life particularly qualified him for conversation, of which he knew how to practise all the graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous subjects. He was generally censured for not knowing when to retire; but that was not the defect of his judgement, but of his fortune; when he left his company, he was frequently to spend the remaining part of the night in the street, or at least was abandoned to gloomy reflections, which it is not strange that he delayed as long as he could; and sometimes forgot that he gave others pain to avoid it himself.

It cannot be said, that he made use of his abilities for the direction of his own conduct; an irregular and dissipated manner of life had made him the slave of every passion that happened to be excited by the presence of its object, and that slavery to

his passions reciprocally produced a life irregular and dissipated. He was not the master of his own motions, nor could promise anything for the next day.

With regard to his œconomy, nothing can be added to the relation of his life: He appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any scheme of advantage, nor endeavoured even to secure the profits which his writings might have afforded him. His temper was, in consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged, and easily disgusted: but he is accused of retaining his hatred more tenaciously than his benevolence.

He was compassionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked (and very small offences were sufficient to provoke him), he would prosecute his revenge with the utmost acrimony till his passion had subsided.

His friendship was therefore of little value; for though he was zealous in the support or vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honour or gratitude; and would betray those secrets which, in the warmth of confidence, had been imparted to him. This practice drew upon him an universal accusation of ingratitude: nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the load of an obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a state of dependence, his pride being equally powerful with his other passions, and appearing in the form of insolence at one time, and of vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant: He could not easily leave off, when he had once begun to mention himself, or his works; nor ever read his verses without stealing his eyes from the page, to discover, in the faces of his audience, how they were affected with any favourite passage.

A kinder name than that of vanity ought to be given to the delicacy with which he was always careful to separate his own merit from every other man's, and to reject that praise to which

he had no claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his performances, to mark every line that had been suggested or amended; and was so accurate, as to relate that he owed three words in *The Wanderer* to the advice of his friends.

His veracity was questioned, but with little reason; his accounts, though not indeed always the same, were generally consistent. When he loved any man, he suppressed all his faults, and, when he had been offended by him, concealed all his virtues: But his characters were generally true, so far as he proceeded; though it cannot be denied, that his partiality might have sometimes the effect of falsehood.

In cases indifferent he was zealous for virtue, truth, and justice: he knew very well the necessity of goodness to the present and future happiness of mankind; nor is there perhaps any writer, who has less endeavoured to please by flattering the appetites, or perverting the judgement.

Samuel Johnson.

69. ALEXANDER POPE

Born 1688 Died 1744

As to his person, it is well known that he was low in stature; and of a diminutive and misshapen figure, which no one ridiculed more pleasantly than himself. Nevertheless, his countenance reflected the image of his mind. His eye in particular was remarkably fine, sharp and piercing: there was something in short in the air of his countenance altogether, which seemed to bespeak strong sense and acute penetration, tempered with benevolence and politeness. This prepossession in his favour grew stronger when he spoke. His voice, even in common discourse, was so naturally musical, that he was called the *Little Nightingale*: and all who were acquainted with him, acknowledged that his appearance and address were perfectly engaging.

In his temper, though he was naturally mild and gentle, yet he sometimes betrayed that exquisite sensibility, which is the concomitant of genius. But though his lively perception and delicate feeling irritated by wretched ill health, made him

too quickly take fire, yet his good sense and humanity soon rendered him placable. The hasty sparks of resentment presently expired; and his mind was superior to the dark malice of revenge.

In the manner of spending his time, he contrived to mix the useful with the agreeable. His chief amusement was his favourite Muse, though he sometimes applied himself to the sister art, Painting; in which, however, he does not seem to have made any remarkable proficiency, if we may credit his own jocular account of his progress in this art, in a letter addressed to Mr. Gay. . . .

Among his principal recreations, we may likewise account the delight he took in friendly intercourse and social festivity. He had an exquisite relish for society, and was himself a most entertaining and elegant companion. His conversation was polite and cheerful; but so easy and unassuming, though open, that, in mixed company, a stranger might have been with him for months, without suspecting him to have had any superiority of parts, much less that he was of universal celebrity.

His various reading, and retentive memory, assisted by a habit of reflection, rendered him intelligent upon most subjects; and his social disposition made him communicative. He had the art of relating the most trivial occurrences with grace and spirit: and he abounded with those facetious anecdotes, and those ready and sprightly turns, which enliven conversation. . . .

He was indeed perfectly open, unaffected and affable in his manners. He never debased himself by an unbecoming levity, or servile accommodation: nor did he offend others, by an overweening arrogance and pertinacity.

He did not betray anything in his conversation or behaviour, which might afford any reasonable ground to tax him with vanity. He was so sensible of the folly of human vanity, that in his last illness, he observed to a familiar friend, that one of the things he had always most wondered at, was, that there should be any such thing as human vanity. "I had enough," he added, "to mortify mine a few days ago: for I lost my mind for a whole day."

He was, in general, happy, in an agreeable flow of animal spirits; and he used to declare, that he was not inclined, by his

constitution, to be hippish. Nevertheless, his good spirits never hurried him into any of those excesses or indecorums, into which too many are apt to be transported. He was not weak enough to imagine, with others of less pretensions, that his genius would justify every immorality, indecorum, and affected singularity of conduct. He was free, yet decent; lively, yet discreet. He never thought that his merit and reputation gave him a right to dispense even with the lesser duties or forms of social life. He perfectly well knew what belonged to others, and was exact in giving every one his due, without departing from the justice he owed to himself. Though no one, as a writer, perhaps was ever more the subject of lavish encomium and illiberal criticism, yet few appear to have been less affected by either. He had a conscious dignity of mind, which secured him from being elated by the former, or depressed by the latter.

He knew the just value of his own works; and he was too well acquainted with the narrow limits of human capacity, to over-rate their merit.

Owen Ruffhead.

70. "STELLA," ESTHER JOHNSON

Born 1681 Died 1728

THIS day, being Sunday, January 28, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note, with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend, that I, or perhaps any other person, ever was blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

She was born at Richmond, in Surrey, on the thirteenth day of March, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth. I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of

her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen; but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family, where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. . . .

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best; and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness, somewhat more than human, in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her, to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank; yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being introduced to her, immediately found her out; and, if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill, upon the least breach of respect; for in such a case she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers-by; yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain, and durst not resent. All of us who had the happiness of her friendship, agreed unanimously, that, in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled almost beyond belief. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved. Her servants loved, and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect,

She chid them seldom, but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after. . . .

She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, nor given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved: nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topics of female chat; scandal, censure, and detraction, never came out of her mouth; yet, among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex she was rather inclined to extenuate or to pity.

When she was once convinced, by open facts, of any breach of truth or honour in a person of high station, especially in the Church, she could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without shewing her displeasure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter sort, whom she had known and esteemed, but detested above all mankind, when it was manifest that they had sacrificed those two precious virtues to their ambition, and would much sooner have forgiven them the common immoralities of the laity. . . .

In a person so extraordinary, perhaps it may be pardonable to mention some particulars, although of little moment, further than to set forth her character. Some presents of gold pieces being often made to her while she was a girl, by her mother and other friends, on promise to keep them, she grew into such a spirit of thrift, that, in about three years, they amounted to above two hundred pounds. She used to shew them with boasting; but her mother, apprehending she would be cheated of them, prevailed, in some months, and with great importunities, to have them put out to interest: when the girl lost the pleasure of seeing and counting her gold, which she never failed of doing many times in a day, and despaired of heaping up such another treasure, her humour took the quite contrary turn; she grew careless and squandering of every new acquisition, and so continued till about two-and-twenty; when, by advice

of some friends, and the fright of paying large bills of tradesmen, who enticed her into their debt, she began to reflect upon her own folly, and was never at rest until she had discharged all her shop-bills, and refunded herself a considerable sum she had run out. After which, by the addition of a few years, and a superior understanding, she became, and continued all her life, a most prudent economist; yet still with a strong bent to the liberal side, wherein she gratified herself by avoiding all expense in clothes (which she ever despised) beyond what was merely decent. And, although her frequent returns of sickness were very chargeable, except fees to physicians, of which she met with several so generous that she could force nothing on them, (and indeed she must otherwise have been undone) yet she never was without a considerable sum of ready money. . . .

But her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen who furnish the fopperies of other ladies. She bought clothes as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary, in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity; for it went further in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say, she always met with gratitude from the poor; which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them.

But she had another quality that much delighted her, although it may be thought a kind of check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleasure she could not resist: I mean that of making agreeable presents; wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, That it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted, or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for money. I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she hath, in these and some other kinds of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being on all occasions the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of. . . .

She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion she would say many things very entertaining and humorous.

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her absence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time. . . .

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense: and those, not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topics of ladies' discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish. Yet no man was upon the rack to entertain her, for she easily descended to any thing that was innocent and diverting. . . .

She was never positive in arguing; and she usually treated those who were so, in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. . . .

Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex; yet she was so far from making a parade of it, that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say, they found she was like other women. But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shewn in her observations as well as in her questions.

Jonathan Swift.

71. JONATHAN SWIFT

Born 1667 Died 1745

LET me begin by giving you a short but general view of Swift's character.

He was in the decline of life when I knew him. His friendship was an honour to me, and to say the truth, I have even drawn down advantage from his errors. I have beheld him in all humours and dispositions, and I have formed various speculations from the several weaknesses, to which I observed him liable. His capacity and strength of mind were undoubtedly equal to any task whatever. His pride, his spirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you please, was boundless: but, his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that disappointment had a visible effect upon all his actions. He was sour and severe, but not absolutely ill-natured. He was sociable only to particular friends, and to them only at particular hours. He knew politeness more than he practised it. He was a mixture of avarice, and generosity: the former was frequently prevalent, the latter, seldom appeared, unless excited by compassion. He was open to adulation, and could not, or would not, distinguish between low flattery, and just applause. His abilities rendered him superiour to envy. He was undisguised and perfectly sincere. I am induced to think, that he entered into orders, more from some private and fixed resolution, than from absolute choice: be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers rather in a strong nervous voice, than in a graceful manner: and altho' he has been often accused of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his conversation or behaviour. His cast of mind induced him to think, and speak more of politics than of religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power: and his chief aim was to be removed into *England*: but when he found himself entirely disappointed, he turned his thoughts to opposition, and became the patron of *Ireland*, in which country he was born. . . .

The faculties of the mind, appear and shine forth at different ages in different men. The infancy of Doctor Swift passed on without any marks of distinction. At six years old, he was sent to school at *Kilkenny*, and about eight years afterwards, he was entered a student of Trinity College in *Dublin*. He lived there in perfect regularity, and under an entire obedience to the statutes: but the moroseness of his temper, often rendered him very unacceptable to his companions; so that he was little regarded, and less beloved. Nor were the academical exercises agreeable to his genius. He held logic and metaphysics in the utmost contempt, and he scarce considered mathematics and natural philosophy, unless to turn them into ridicule. The studies which he followed were history and poetry. In these he made a great progress; but to all other branches of science he had given so very little application, that when he appeared a candidate for the degree of Batchelor of Arts, he was set aside on account of insufficiency.

You will be surprised at such an incident in his life; but the fact was undoubtedly true: and even at last he obtained his admission *speciali gratiâ*: a phrase which in that University carries with it the utmost marks of reproach. It is a kind of dishonourable degree, and the record of it, notwithstanding Dr. Swift's present established character throughout the learned world, must for ever remain against him in the academical register at *Dublin*.
The Earl of Orrery.

72. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Born 1676 Died 1745

I MUCH question, whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity: for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves with everything that was said or written concerning him. Never was man more flattered or more abused—and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him both in his public and private life. I mean to do impartial

justice to his character, and therefore my picture of him will perhaps be more like him, than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, chearful, social; inelegant in his manners, loose in his morals, he had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a Minister, but without a certain elevation of mind, necessary for great good, or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his design of making a great fortune—He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu—He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory. He was both the best parliament-man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that I believe ever lived. An artful rather than eloquent speaker, he saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with a success, which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles the Second, but with uncommon skill and unbounded profusion he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose—A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found anybody proof against pecuniary temptations, which alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art: for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them *The chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning*; declaring himself at the same time, *No Saint, no Spartan, no Reformer*.

He would frequently ask young fellows at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, *Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? You'll soon come off of that and grow wiser.* And thus he was more dangerous to the morals, than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances indecently so—He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind, and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own—He was loved by many, but respected by none, his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity—He was not vindictive, but on the contrary very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good humour, good nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history amongst the Best Men or the Best Ministers; but much less ought it to be ranked amongst the worst. *The Earl of Chesterfield.*

73. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

IT will not be necessary to say much on the character of Sir Robert Walpole; the following work will demonstrate his abilities in business and his dexterity in Courts and Parliaments to have been much superior to his contemporaries. He had a strength of parts equal to any advancement, a spirit to struggle with any difficulties, a steadiness of temper immovable by any disappointments. He had great skill in figures, the nature of the funds, and the revenue; his first application was to this branch of knowledge; but as he afterwards rose to the highest posts of power, and continued longer there than any first minister in this country since Lord Burleigh ever did, he grew, of course, conversant with all the other parts of government, and very soon equally able in transacting them. The weight of the

whole administration lay on him; every project was of his forming, conducting, and executing. From the time of making the Treaty of Hanover all the foreign as well as domestic affairs passed through his hands; and, considering the little assistance he received from subalterns, it is incredible what a variety and quantity of business he dispatched. But as he had infinite application and long experience, so he had great method and a prodigious memory, with a mind and spirit that was indefatigable; and without every one of these natural as well as acquired advantages, it would indeed have been impossible for him to go through half what he undertook.

No man ever was blessed with a clearer head, a truer or quicker judgment, or a deeper insight into mankind; he knew the strength and weakness of everybody he had to deal with, and how to make his advantage of both. He had more warmth of affection and friendship for some particular people than one could have believed it possible for any one who had been so long raking in the dirt of mankind to be capable of feeling for so worthless a species of animals. One should naturally have imagined that the contempt and distrust he must have had for the species in gross, would have given him at least an indifference and distrust towards every particular. Whether his negligence of his enemies, and never stretching his power to gratify his resentment of the sharpest injury, was policy or constitution, I shall not determine; but I do not believe anybody who knows these times will deny that no minister ever was more outraged, or less apparently revengeful. Some of his friends, who were not unforgiving themselves, nor very apt to see imaginary faults in him, have condemned this easiness in his temper as a weakness that has often exposed him to new injuries, and given encouragement to his adversaries to insult him with impunity. Brigadier Churchill, a worthy and good-natured, friendly and honourable man, who had lived Sir Robert's intimate friend for many years, and through all the different stages of his power and retirement, prosperity and disgrace, has often said that Sir Robert Walpole was so little able to resist the show of repentance in those from whom he had received the worst usage that a few tears and promises of amendment have often washed out the stains even of ingratitude.

In all occurrences, and at all times, and in all difficulties, he was constantly present and cheerfull. He had very little of what is generally called insinuation, and with which people are apt to be taken for the present, without being gained; but no man ever knew better among those he had to deal with who was to be had, on what terms, by what methods, and how the acquisition would answer. He was not one of those projecting systematical great geniuses who are always thinking in theory, and are above common practice. He had been too long conversant in business not to know that in the fluctuation of human affairs and variety of accidents to which the best concerted schemes are liable, they must often be disappointed who build on the certainty of the most probable events, and therefore seldom turned his thoughts to the provisional warding off future evils which might or might not happen, or the scheming of remote advantages, subject to so many intervening crosses, but always applied himself to the present occurrence, studying and generally hitting upon the properest method to improve what was favourable, and the best expedient to extricate himself out of what was difficult. There never was any minister to whom access was so easy and so frequent, nor whose answers were more explicit. He knew how to oblige when he bestowed, and not to shock when he denied; to govern without oppressing, and conquer without triumph. He pursued his ambition without curbing his pleasures, and his pleasures without neglecting his business; he did the latter with ease, and indulged himself in the other without giving scandal or offence. In private life, and to all who had any dependence upon him, he was kind and indulgent; he was generous without ostentation, and an economist without penuriousness; not insolent in success, nor irresolute in distress; faithful to his friends, and not inveterate to his foes.

Lord Hervey.

74. JAMES THOMSON

Born 1700 Died 1748

OUR author himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising; his make being rather robust than graceful: though it is known that in his youth he

had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry: a *sonnet* or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well; or even improve them in the reading: but a passage of *Virgil*, *Milton* or *Shakespeare*, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast. . . .

The autumn was his favorite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night, the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library, till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and, had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in *Richmond* gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular *Italian* drama, such as *Metastasio* writes; as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the *ancient*, or with those of *Italy*; wishing some-

times that a *chorus*, at least, and a better *recitative*, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of *painting*, *sculpture*, and *architecture*. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions, in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes; at least more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the *grand* and *beautiful*, to the traditional lessons of a common *virtuoso*. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend Mr. *Gray* of *Richmond Hill*.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of *mind* and *heart*; they are better represented in his writings, than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it must have been towards his own species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time; and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might; by interrupting any personal story that was brought him, with some jest, or some humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed, but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty: then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardor, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory; . . . He had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing: so that when

the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between *London* and *Richmond*, with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps dine, by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to *Hammersmith*, he had overheated himself, and in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to *Kew*; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of *Kew-lane*, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger: till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last Mr. *Mitchell* and Mr. *Reid*, with Dr. *Armstrong*, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance: but alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. His lamented death happened on the 27th day of *August*, 1748.

Patrick Murdoch.

75. LORD BOLINGBROKE

Born 1678 Died 1751

As to Lord Bolingbroke's general character, it was so mixed that he had certainly some qualifications that the greatest men might be proud of, and many which the worst would be ashamed of. He had fine talents, a natural eloquence, great quickness, a happy memory, and very extensive knowledge: but he was vain much beyond the general run of mankind, timid, false, injudicious, and ungrateful; elate and insolent in power, dejected and servile in disgrace. Few people ever believed him without being deceived, or trusted him without being betrayed. He was one to whom prosperity was no advantage, and adversity

no instruction. He had brought his affairs to that pass that he was almost as much distressed in his private fortune as desperate in his political views, and was upon such a foot in the world that no king would employ him, no party support him, and few particulars defend him. His enmity was the contempt of those he attacked, and his friendship a weight and reproach to those he adhered to. Those who were most partial to him could not but allow that he was ambitious without fortitude, and enterprising without resolution; that he was fawning without insinuation, and insincere without art; that he had admirers without friendship, and followers without attachment; parts without probity, knowledge without conduct, and experience without judgment. This was certainly his character and situation; but since it is the opinion of the wise, the speculative, and the learned, that most men are born with the same propensities, actuated by the same passions, and conducted by the same original principles, and differing only in the manner of pursuing the same ends, I shall not so far chime in with the bulk of Lord Bolingbroke's contemporaries as to pronounce he had more failings than any man ever had; but it is impossible to see all that is written, and hear all that is said of him, and not allow that if he had not a worse heart than the rest of mankind, at least he must have had much worse luck. *Lord Hervey.*

76. GILBERT WALMSLEY

Born 1680 Died 1751

OF Gilbert Walmsley, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope that at least my gratitude made me worthy of his notice.

He was of an advanced age, and I was only not a boy; yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me.

He had mingled with the gay world without exemption

from its vices or its follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind; his belief of Revelation was unshaken; his learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular, and then pious.

His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know he could at least tell where to find, such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship.

At this man's table I enjoyed many chearful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found: with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physick will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend: but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the publick stock of harmless pleasure.

Samuel Johnson.

77. WILLIAM COLLINS

Born 1721 Died 1759

ABOUT this time I fell into his company. His appearance was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition chearful. By degrees I gained his confidence; and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff, that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the book-sellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's Poeticks, which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He shewed me the guineas safe in his hand. Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel, left him about two thousand pounds; a sum which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then repaid, and the translation neglected.

But man is not born for happiness. Collins, who, while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner *lived to study* than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity. . . .

Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the water-falls of Elysian gardens. . . . His morals were pure, and his opinions pious: in a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France; but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in Chichester, where death in

1756 came to his relief. After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school: when his friend took it into his hand out of curiosity to see what companion a Man of Letters had chosen, *I have but one book*, says Collins, *but that is the best*. Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness.

He was visited at Chichester, in his last illness, by his learned friends Dr. Weston and his brother; to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his Oriental Eclogues, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatick manners, and called them his Irish Eclogues. He shewed them, at the same time, an ode inscribed to Mr. John Hume, on the superstitions of the Highlands; which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found. His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgement nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon the couch, till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle's death; and, with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthensome to himself.

Samuel Johnson.

78. GEORGE THE SECOND

Born 1683 Died 1760

THE King is in his 75th year; but temperance and an excellent constitution have hitherto preserved him from many of the infirmities of old age.

He has a good understanding, though not of the first class; and has a clear insight into men and things, within a certain compass.

He is accused by his ministers of being hasty and passionate when any measure is proposed which he does not approve of; though, within the compass of my own observation, I have known few persons of high rank who could bear contradiction better, provided the intention was apparently good, and the manner decent.

When anything disagreeable passes in the closet, when any of his ministers happen to displease him, it cannot long remain a secret; for his countenance can never dissemble: but to those servants who attend his person, and do not disturb him with frequent solicitations, he is ever gracious and affable.

Even in the early part of life he was fond of business; at present, it is become almost his only amusement. He has more knowledge of foreign affairs than most of his ministers, and has good general notions of the constitution, strength, and interest of this country: but being past thirty when the Hanover succession took place, and having since experienced the violence of party, the injustice of clamor, the corruption of parliaments, and the selfish motives of pretended patriots, it is not surprising that he should have contracted some prejudices in favor of those governments where the royal authority is under less restraint.

Yet prudence has so far prevailed over these prejudices, that they have never influenced his conduct. On the contrary, many laws have been enacted in favour of public liberty; and in the course of a long reign, there has not been a single attempt to extend the prerogative of the crown beyond its proper limits.

He has as much personal bravery as any man, though his political courage seems somewhat problematical: however, it is a fault on the right side; for had he always been as firm and undaunted in the closet as he shewed himself at Oudenarde and Dettingen, he might not have proved quite so good a king in this limited monarchy.

In the drawing-room, he is gracious and polite to the ladies, and remarkably cheerful and familiar with those who are handsome, or with the few of his old acquaintance who were beauties in his younger days.

His conversation is very proper for a tête-à-tête: he then talks freely on most subjects, and very much to the purpose; but he cannot discourse with the same ease, nor has he the faculty of laying aside the king in a larger company: not even in those parties of pleasure which are composed of his most intimate acquaintance.

His servants are never disturbed with any unnecessary waiting; for he is regular in all his motions to the greatest exactness, except on particular occasions, when he outruns his own orders, and expects those who are to attend him before the time of his appointment. This may easily be accounted for: he has a restless mind, which requires constant exercise; his affairs are not sufficient to fill up the day; his amusements are without variety, and have lost their relish; he becomes fretful and uneasy, merely for want of employment; and presses forward to meet the succeeding hour before it arrives.

Too great attention to money seems to be his capital failing; however, he is always just, and sometimes charitable, though seldom generous: but when we consider how rarely the liberality of princes is directed to the proper object, being usually bestowed on a rapacious mistress or an unworthy favorite, want of generosity, though it still continues a blot, ceases, at least, to be a vice of the first magnitude.

Upon the whole, he has some qualities of a great prince, many of a good one, none which are essentially bad; and I am thoroughly convinced that hereafter, when time shall have wore away those specks and blemishes which sully the brightest characters, and from which no man is totally exempt, he will be numbered amongst those patriot kings, under whose government the people have enjoyed the greatest happiness.

Earl Waldegrave.

79. GEORGE THE SECOND

HE had not better parts than his father, but much stronger animal spirits, which made him produce and communicate himself more. Every thing in his composition was little; and he had all the weaknesses of a little mind, without any of the

virtues, or even the vices, of a great one. He loved to act the king, but mistook the part; and the royal dignity shrunk into the electoral pride. He was educated upon that scale, and never enlarged its dimensions with his dominions. As elector of Hanover he thought himself great; as king of Great Britain only rich. Avarice, the meanest of all passions, was his ruling one; and I never knew him deviate into any generous action.

His first natural movements were always on the side of justice and truth; but they were often warped by ministerial influence, or the secret twitches of avarice. He was generally reckoned ill-natured, which indeed he was not. He had rather an unfeeling than a bad heart; but I never observed any settled malevolence in him, though his sudden passions, which were frequent, made him say things which, in cooler moments, he would not have executed. His heart always seemed to me to be in a state of perfect neutrality between hardness and tenderness. In council he was excessively timorous, and thought by many to be so in person; but of this I can say nothing of my own knowledge.

In his dress and in his conversation he affected the hero so much, that from thence only many called his courage in question: though, by the way, that is no certain rule to judge by, since the bravest men, with weak understandings, constantly fall into that error. Little things, as he has often told me himself, affected him more than great ones; and this was so true, that I have often seen him put so much out of humour at his private levee, by a mistake or blunder of a *valet de chambre*, that the gaping crowd admitted to his public levee have, from his looks and silence, concluded that he had just received some dreadful news. Tacitus would always have been deceived by him.

Within certain bounds, but they were indeed narrow ones, his understanding was clear, and his conception quick; and I have generally observed, that he pronounced sensibly and justly upon single propositions; but to analyse, separate, combine, and reduce to a point, complicated ones, was above his faculties.

He was thought to have a great opinion of his own abilities; but, on the contrary, I am very sure that he had a great distrust

of them in matters of state. He well knew that he was governed by the Queen, while she lived; and that she was governed by Sir Robert Walpole: but he kept that secret inviolably, and flattered himself that nobody had discovered it. After their deaths, he was governed successively by different ministers, according as they could engage for a sufficient strength in the house of commons; for, as avarice was his ruling passion, he feared, hated, and courted that money-giving part of the legislature.

He was by no means formed for the pleasures of private and social life, though sometimes he tried to supple himself to them; but he did it so ungracefully, that both he and the company were mutual restraints upon each other, and consequently soon grew weary of one another. A king must be as great in mind as in rank, who can let himself down with ease to the social level, and no lower.

He had no favourites, and indeed no friends, having none of that expansion of heart, none of those amiable, connecting talents, which are necessary for both. This, together with the sterility of his conversation, made him prefer the company of women, with whom he rather sauntered away than enjoyed his leisure hours. He was addicted to women, but chiefly to such as required little attention and less pay. He never had but two avowed mistresses of rank, the countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth. The former, though he passed half his time with her, had no degree of influence, and but a small one of profit; the latter, being taken after the death of the queen, had more of both, but no extravagant share of either.

He was very well-bred; but it was in a stiff and formal manner, and produced in others that restraint which they saw he was under himself. He bestowed his favours so coldly and ungraciously, that they excited no warm returns in those who received them. They knew that they owed them to the ministerial arrangements for the time being, and not to his voluntary choice. He was extremely regular and methodical in his hours, in his papers, and above all in his private accounts; and would be very peevish if any accident, or negligence in his ministers, broke in upon that regular allotment of his time.

He had a very small degree of acquired knowledge; he some-

times read history, and, as he had a very good memory, was exceedingly correct in facts and dates. He spoke French and Italian well, and English very properly, but with something of a foreign accent. He had a contempt for the *belles lettres*, which he called trifling. He troubled himself little about religion, but jogged on quietly in that in which he had been bred, without scruples, doubts, zeal, or inquiry. He was extremely sober and temperate, which, together with constant gentle exercise, prolonged his life beyond what his natural constitution, which was but a weak one, seemed to promise. He died of an apoplexy, after a reign of three-and-thirty years. He died unlamented, though not unpraised because he was dead.

Upon the whole, he was rather a weak than a bad man or king. His government was mild as to prerogative, but burthensome as to taxes, which he raised when and to what degree he pleased, by corrupting the honesty, and not by invading the privileges, of parliament. I have dwelt the longer upon this character, because I was so long and so well acquainted with it; for above thirty years I was always near his person, and had constant opportunities of observing him, both in his regal robes and in his undress. I have accompanied him in his pleasures, and been employed in his business. I have, by turns, been as well and as ill with him as any man in England. Impartial and unprejudiced, I have drawn this character from life, and after a forty years' sitting.

The Earl of Chesterfield.

80. THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

Born 1693 Died 1768

THE Duke of Newcastle is in his thirty-fifth year of ministerial longevity; has been much abused, much flattered, and still more ridiculed.

From the year 1724 to the year 42 he was Secretary of State, acting under Sir Robert Walpole: he continued in the same station during Lord Granville's short administration: but

Granville, who had the parts and knowledge, yet had not, at all times, the discretion of an able minister, treated him in too much contempt; especially as he wanted his assistance with the House of Commons, where he had little interest of his own.

After Granville's defeat, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham became joint ministers: here he seems to have reached the highest degree of power where he can reasonably hope to maintain himself.

Ambition, fear, and jealousy, are his prevailing passions.

In the midst of prosperity and apparent happiness, the slightest disappointment, or any imaginary evil, will, in a moment, make him miserable: his mind can never be composed; his spirits are always agitated. Yet this constant ferment, which would wear out and destroy any other man, is perfectly agreeable to his constitution: he is at the very perfection of health, when his fever is at the greatest height.

His character is full of inconsistencies; the man would be thought very singular who differed as much from the rest of the world as he differs from himself.

If we consider how many years he has continued in the highest employments; that he has acted a very considerable part amongst the most considerable persons of his own time; that, when his friends have been routed, he has still maintained his ground; that he has incurred his Majesty's displeasure on various occasions, but has always carried his point, and has soon been restored both to favor and confidence; it cannot be denied that he possesses some qualities of an able minister. Yet view him in a different light, and our veneration will be somewhat abated. Talk with him concerning public or private business, of a nice or delicate nature, he will be found confused, irresolute, continually rambling from the subject, contradicting himself almost every instant.

Hear him speak in parliament, his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time, he labours through all the confusion of a debate without the least distrust of his own abilities; fights boldly in the dark; never gives up the cause; nor is he ever at a loss either for words or argument.

His professions and promises are not to be depended on, though, at the time they are made, he often means to perform them; but is unwilling to displease any man by a plain negative, and frequently does not recollect that he is under the same engagements to at least ten competitors.

If he cannot be esteemed a steady friend, he has never shewn himself a bitter enemy; and his forgiveness of injuries proceeds as much from good nature as it does from policy.

Pride is not to be numbered amongst his faults; on the contrary, he deviates into the opposite extreme, and courts popularity with such extravagant eagerness, that he frequently descends to an undistinguishing and illiberal familiarity.

Neither can he be accused of avarice, or of rapaciousness; for though he will give bribes, he is above accepting them; and instead of having enriched himself at the expence of his master, or of the public, he has greatly impaired a very considerable estate by electioneering, and keeping up a good parliamentary interest, which is commonly, though perhaps improperly, called the service of the crown.

His extraordinary care of his health is a jest even amongst his flatterers. As to his jealousy, it could not be carried to a higher pitch, if every political friend was a favorite mistress.

He is in his sixty-fourth or sixty-fifth year, yet thirsts for power in a future reign with the greatest solicitude, and hereafter, should he live to see a Prince of Wales, of a year old, he will still look forward, not without expectation that in due course of time he may be his minister also.

Upon the whole, he seems tolerably well qualified to act a second part, but wants both spirit and capacity to be first in command: neither has he the smallest particle of that elevation of mind, or of that dignity of behaviour, which command respect, and characterise the great statesman.

Earl Waldegrave.

81. THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

THE duke of Newcastle will be so often mentioned in the history of these times, and with so strong a bias either for or

against him, that I resolved, for the sake of truth, to draw his character with my usual impartiality: for as he had been a minister for above forty years together, and in the last ten years of that period first minister, he had full time to oblige one-half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were co-temporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances, sometimes well and sometimes ill together, according to the several variations of political affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level; for though he had no superior parts, or eminent talents, he had a most indefatigable industry, a perseverance, a court craft, and a servile compliance with the will of his sovereign for the time being; which qualities, with only a common share of common sense, will carry a man sooner and more safely through the dark labyrinths of a court than the most shining parts would do without those meaner talents.

He was good-natured to a degree of weakness, even to tears, upon the slightest occasions. Exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, dreading the least innovation, and keeping, with a scrupulous timidity, in the beaten track of business as having the safest bottom.

I will mention one instance of this disposition, which I think will set it in the strongest light. When I brought the bill into the house of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions. He was alarmed at so bold an undertaking and conjured me *not to stir matters* that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love *new-fangled things*. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weaknesses it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only passion was, the agitation, the bustle, and the hurry of business, to which he had been accustomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in dispatching it as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked but always ran insomuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his fleetness one should rather take him for the courier than the author of letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his mistress, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a share even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleasure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so. There he generally made people of business wait two or three hours in the ante-chamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favorites in his closet. When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly disinterested, very profuse of his own fortune, and abhorring all those means, too often used by persons in his station, either to gratify their avarice, or to supply their prodigality; for he retired from business in the year 1762, above four hundred thousand pounds poorer than when he first engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of most human weaknesses, but untainted with any vice or crime.

The Earl of Chesterfield.

82. LORD GRANBY

Born 1721 Died 1770

WERE there any reality in the idea that noble blood diffuses an air of superior excellence over the outward form, and refines the qualities of the mind; and were that idea not refuted by the majority of examples to the contrary, Lord Granby would have appeared a shining instance of both effects. His large and open countenance, its manly and pure colours glowing with health, his robust and commanding person, and a proportion of florid beauty so great, that the baldness of his head, which he carried totally bare, was rather an addition to its comely roundness than a defect, and a singularity more than an affectation,—all distinguished him without any extrinsic ornament, and pointed out his rank when he walked without attendance, and was mixed with the lowest people, who followed him to beg his charity,

or to bless him for it. His mind was as rich in the qualities that became his elevated situation. Intrepidity, sincerity, humanity, and generosity, were not only innate in his breast, but were never corrupted there. . . . He was dauntless on every occasion but when it was necessary to surmount his bashfulness. His nerves trembled like a woman's, when it was requisite that he should speak in public. His modesty was incapable of ostentation. His rank, his services, and the idolatry of the people could inspire him with no pride,—a sensation his nature knew not. Of money he seemed to conceive no use but in giving it away: but that profusion was so indiscriminate, that compassion or solicitation, and consequently imposture, were equally the masters of his purse. Thus his benevolence checked itself, and wasted on unworthy objects the sums he often wanted to bestow on real distress. Nor was it less fatal to his own honour, but plunged him in difficulties from which some discretion in his bounty would have secured him. As his understanding was by no means proportioned to his virtues, he was always obnoxious to the interested designs of those who governed him; and between his own want of judgment and the ascendant of those who hampered him in their toils, by supplying his necessities with money at exorbitant interest, he was bought and sold by successive Administrations and different parties; and generally, when the former fell, he abandoned those he had attached himself and been obliged to, and lent himself to measures which his principles disapproved, and then reverted to those principles against his inclination. No man meant to feel more patriotism, or to be more warmly attached to the constitution of his country; yet his unsuspecting nature suffered him to be easily made the tool of its enemies; and when he sacrificed his darling command of the army in a convulsion of integrity, he neither acted with grace nor firmness, nor showed a knowledge of the question for which he devoted himself, nor made the stand so soon as he ought to have done; and, what was worse, he was forced upon the step he took unwillingly by a man who had not the reputation of common honesty, or pretended to be actuated by any principle but self-interest and revenge.

In an age more simple, Lord Granby had been a perfect

hero. In a rude age he would probably have been a successful general from his own valour, and the enthusiasm of attachment which his soldiers felt for him; but in times wherein military knowledge is so much improved, it was perhaps fortunate for his country that the sole command was never intrusted to him on any capital emergency. Yet they must have been the many solid virtues which he possessed, that could make him so greatly respected in a corrupt age, when talents are more esteemed than merit, or when hypocrisy alone runs away with the character and rewards of virtue.

His domestic qualities were all of the amiable kind. His only remarkable vice proved fatal to him: his constant excesses in wine inflamed his sanguine complexion, hurrying him out of the world at forty-nine!

Horace Walpole.

83. TOBIAS SMOLLETT

Born 1721 Died 1771

THE person of Dr. Smollett was stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and on some occasions to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify. Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct when attended with misfortune.

He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality which is founded on ostentation, which entertains only those whose situation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind, that hospitality which keeps a debtor-and-creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain but plentiful table the persons whose characters he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted, and many for no other reason than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection.

As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature than pertness

or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception; to this however he imagined he had sometimes been exposed on his applications in favour of others; for himself he never made an application to any great man in his life.

Free from vanity, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility; his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression.

Though Smollett possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession; other parts of his character were ill-suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor humour caprice.

He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than those who could serve him. What wonder that a man of his character was not, what is called, successful in life!

John Moore.

84. DR. JOHNSON

Born 1709 Died 1784

ONE Evening as I was giving my Tongue Liberty to praise Mr Johnson to his Face; a favour he would not often allow me he said in high good humour; come! you shall draw up my Character your own Way, & shew it me; that I may see what you will say of me when I am gone. at Night I wrote as follows—

It is usual—I know not why, when a Character is given, to begin with a Description of the Person:—that which contained the Soul of Mr Johnson, deserves to be particularly described. His Stature was remarkably high, and his Limbs exceedingly large; his Strength was more than common I believe, & his Activity was greater than his Size gave one Cause to expect. his

Features were strongly marked, though his Complexion was fair, a Circumstance somewhat unusual: his Sight was near, and otherwise imperfect, yet his Eyes though of a light blue Colour were so wild, so piercing, and at Times so fierce; that Fear was I believe the first Emotion in the hearts of all his Beholders.

His Mind was so Comprehensive that no Language but his own could have express'd its Contents, & so ponderous was his Language that Sentiments less lofty & less solid than his was; would have been encumbered, not adorned by it:—Mr Johnson was however no pompous Converser, & though he was accused of using big Words, it was only when little ones would not express his meaning as clearly, or when the Elevation of the thought would have been disgraced by a Dress less superb. He used to say that the size of a mans Understanding might always be known by his Mirth, and his own was never contemptible: he would laugh at a Stroke of Absurdity, or a Sallie of genuine Humour more heartily than I almost ever saw a man, and though the Jest was often such as few felt besides himself, yet his Laugh was irresistible, & was observed immediately to produce that of the Company, not merely from the notion that it was proper to laugh when he did, but purely for want of Power to forbear it. He was no Enemy to Splendour of Apparel, or Pomp of Equipage; Life he would say sometimes is but too barren with all her Trappings, let us therefore be cautious how we strip her. Mr Johnson had indeed when I knew him first looked on Life till he was weary; for as a Mind slow in its own nature, or unenlivened by Information will contentedly read in the same Book for twenty Times perhaps; the very Effort of reading it, being more than half the Business; & every Period being at every Reading better understood; while a Mind more active or more skilful to comprehend its meaning is made sincerely sick at the second Perusal: so a Soul like his, acute to discern the Truth, vigorous to embrace, and powerful to retain it, soon sees enough of the World's dull Prospect, which at first like that of the Sea pleases by its Extent, but soon like that too fatigues from its Uniformity; a Calm and a Storm being the only Variations which the Nature of either will admit of. Of Mr Johnson's Learning the World has been the Judge, and were

I to produce a score of his sayings as a Proof of his Wit, it would be like shewing a handful of Oriental Pearl to evince the Riches of the great Mogul. Suffice it at once that he was great on all Occasions, and like a Cube in Architecture you beheld him on each Side, & his Size still appeared undiminished. The heart of this Man was however not a hard one; but susceptible of Gratitude, & of every kind impression; yet tho' he had refined his Sensibility he had not endangered his Quiet by encouraging in himself a Solitude about Trifles, which he treated with the neglect they Deserve. It is well known that Mr Johnson had a roughness in his Manner which subdued the saucy & terrified the Meek; this was when I knew him the prominent Part of a Character which few durst venture to approach so nearly, & which was for that Reason in many Respects—so grossly, and so frequently mistaken, & it was perhaps peculiar to him, that the noble Consciousness of Superiority which animated his Looks, and raised his Voice in Conversation; cast likewise an impenetrable Veil over him when he said nothing, his Talk had therefore commonly the Complexion of Arrogance, his Silence of Superciliousness; he was however seldom inclined to be silent when any Moral or Literary Subject was proposed, & it was on such Occasions that like the Sage in *Rasselas* he spoke & Attention watched his Lips; he reason'd and Conviction closed his periods. if Poetry was talked of, his Quotations were the readiest; & had he not been eminent for more solid & brilliant Qualities, Mankind would have united to extol his extraordinary Memory. his manner of repeating too deserves to be described tho' at the same [time] it defeats all Power of Description. His Equity in giving the Character of another ought not undoubtedly to be omitted in his own, whence Partiality and Prejudice were totally excluded; a Steadiness of Conduct the more to be commended, as no Man had stronger Likings or Aversions. His Veracity was indeed on all occasions strict even to severity; he scorned to embellish a Story with fictitious Circumstances which he used to say took off from its real Value; a Story says Johnson ““should be a Specimen of Life and Manners; but if the surrounding Circumstances are false, as it is no longer any Representation of Reality it is no longer worthy our Attention.””——

For the rest; that Beneficence which during his Life increased the Comforts of so many, may after his Death be ungratefully forgotten; but that Piety which dictated the serious Papers in the Rambler will be for ever remembered, for ever I think—revered. That ample Repository of religious Truth, moral Wisdom & accurate Criticism breathes indeed the genuine Emanations of its Author's Mind; express'd too in a Style so natural to him, & So much like his common Mode of conversing, that I was myself not much astonished when he told me, that he had scarcely read over one of those inimitable Essays before they were sent to the Press. I will add one peculiarity before I finish his Character: Tho' a man of obscure Birth, His partiality to People of Family was visible on every Occasion: his Zeal for Subordination warm even to Bigotry, his hatred for Innovation & Reverence for the old feudal Times, apparent whenever any possible means of shewing them occurred. I have spoken of his Piety, his Charity & his Truth; the Enlargement of his Heart, & the Delicacy of his Sentiments: & when I search for the Blemishes in a Character so compleat none will present itself to my Sight, but Pride modified differently, as different Opportunities shewed it in different Forms; yet his Pride was ever nicely purified at once from meanness and from Vanity—The mind of Mr Johnson was indeed expanded beyond the common Limits of human Nature, & stored with such variety of Knowledge that I used to think it resembled a Royal Pleasure Ground, where every Tree of every Name & Nation, flourished in the full perfection of their Nature; & where tho' lofty Woods & falling Cataracts first caught the Eye, & fixed the attention of Beholders, yet neither the trim Parterre, nor the pleasing Shrubbery; nor even the antiquated Evergreens were denied a place in some fit Corner of the happy Valley.—When I shewed him his Character next day—for he would see it; he said it was a very fine Piece of Writing; and that I had improved upon *Young* who he saw was my *model* he said; for my Flattery was still stronger than *his* & yet somehow or other less *hyperbolic*.

Hester Lynch Thrale.

85. JAMES BOSWELL

Born 1740 Died 1795

ASKED Weld at Debrett's if he knew Boswell. He had met him at coffee-houses, &c. where *Boswell* used to drink hard and sit late. It was his custom during the sessions, to dine daily with the Judges, invited or not. He obtruded himself everywhere. Lowe (mentioned by him in his life of Johnson) once gave me a humourous picture of him. Lowe had requested Johnson to write him a letter, which Johnson did, and Boswell came in, while it was writing. His attention was immediately fixed. Lowe took the letter, retired, and was followed by Boswell. "Nothing," said Lowe, "could surprise me more. Till that moment he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence; and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible." "How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend, Dr. Johnson, writing a letter for you."—"Yes, Sir."—"I hope you will not think me rude, but if it would not be too great a favor, you would infinitely oblige me, if you would just let me have a sight of it. Every thing from that hand, you know, is so inestimable."—"Sir, it is on my own private affairs, but"—"I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe; by any means. I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing, only if it were no particular secret."—"Sir, you are welcome to read the letter."—"I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind." (having read) "It is nothing I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of."—"Certainly not."—"Why then, my dear Sir, if you would do me another favour, you would make the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do anything in my power to oblige you."—"I was overcome," said Lowe, "by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon

as he had put his document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterwards was unnoticed. Nay, I am not certain," added he, sarcastically, "whether the Scotchman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee."

Theophilus Lowe.

86. LORD NORTH

Born 1732 Died 1792

FREDERIC, LORD NORTH, eldest son of the Earl of Guilford, was now in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Nothing could be more coarse or clumsy or ungracious than his outside. Two large prominent eyes that rolled about to no purpose (for he was utterly short-sighted), a wide mouth, thick lips, and inflated visage, gave him the air of a blind trumpeter. A deep untunable voice, which instead of modulating, he enforced with unnecessary pomp, a total neglect of his person, and ignorance of every civil attention, disgusted all who judge by appearance, or withhold their approbation till it is courted. But within that rude casket were enclosed many useful talents. He had much wit, good-humour, strong natural sense, assurance, and promptness, both of conception and elocution. His ambition had seemed to aspire to the height, yet he was not very ambitious. He was thought interested, yet was not avaricious. What he did, he did without a mask, and was not delicate in choosing his means. He had lent himself readily to all the violences of Mr. Grenville against Wilkes, had seized the moment of advancement by accepting the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer (after a very short opposition) when the Court wanted a person to oppose to the same Mr. Grenville; and with equal alacrity had served under the Duke of Grafton. When the first post became vacant by the Duke's strange retreat, no man so ready to place himself in the gap as Lord North. It was in truth worth his ambition, though he should rule but a day, to attain the rank of Prime Minister. He had knowledge, and though fond of his amusement, seemed to have all necessary

activity till he reached the summit. Yet that industry ceased when it became most requisite. He had neither system, nor principles, nor shame; sought neither the favour of the Crown or of the people, but enjoyed the good luck of fortune with a gluttonous epicurism that was equally careless of glory and disgrace. His indolence prevented his forming any plan. His indifference made him leap from one extreme to another; and his insensibility to reproach reconciled him to any contradiction. He proved as indolent as the Duke of Grafton, but his temper being as good as the Duke's was bad, he was less hurt at capital disgraces than the Duke had been at trifling difficulties. Lord North's conduct in the American war displayed all these features. He engaged in it against his opinion, and yet without reluctance. He managed it without foresight or address, and was neither ashamed when it miscarried, nor dispirited when the Crown itself became endangered by the additional war with France. His good-humour could not be good-nature, for at the beginning of the war he stuck at no cruelty, but laughed at barbarities with which all Europe rung. It could not be good sense, for in the progress he blushed at none of the mischiefs he had occasioned, at none of the reproaches he had incurred. Like the Duke of Grafton, he was always affecting a disposition to retire, yet never did. Unlike the Duke, who secured no emoluments to himself, Lord North engrossed whatever fell in his way, and sometimes was bribed by the Crown to promote Acts, against which he pretended his conscience recoiled—but it never was delicate when profit was in the opposite scale. If he had ambition, it was of a very mean complexion, for he stooped to be but a nominal Prime Minister and suffered the King's private junto to enjoy the whole credit of favour, while, between submission and laziness, Lord North himself was seldom the author of the measures in which he bore the principal part. His passive and inglorious tractability, and his being connected with no faction, made him welcome to the King: his having no predominant fault or vice recommended him to the nation, and his good-humour and wit to everybody but to the few whom his want of good breeding and attention offended. One singularity came out in his character, which was, that no man was more ready for extremes under

the administration of others, no man more temperate than Lord North during his own:—in effect, he was a man whom few hated, fewer could esteem. As a Minister he had no foresight, no consistence, no firmness, no spirit. He miscarried in all he undertook in America, was more improvident than unfortunate, less unfortunate than he deserved to be. If he was free from vices, he was as void of virtues: and it is a paltry eulogium of a Prime Minister of a great country, yet the best that can be allotted to Lord North, that, though his country was ruined under his administration, he preserved his good-humour, and neither felt for his country nor for himself. Yet it is true, too, that he was the least odious of the Ministers with whom he acted; and though servile in obedience to a Prince who meant so ill, there was reason to think that Lord North neither stimulated, nor was more than the passive instrument of the black designs of the Court.

Horace Walpole.

87. DR. ROBERTSON AND DR. BLAIR

DR. BLAIR was a different kind of man from Robertson, and his character is very justly delineated by Dr. Finlayson, so far as he goes. Robertson was most sagacious, Blair was most naïf. Neither of them could be said to have either wit or humour. Of the latter Robertson had a small tincture—Blair had hardly a relish for it. Robertson had a bold and ambitious mind, and a strong desire to make himself considerable; Blair was timid and unambitious, and withheld himself from public business of every kind, and seemed to have no wish but to be admired as a preacher, particularly by the ladies. His conversation was so infantine that many people thought it impossible, at first sight, that he could be a man of sense or genius. He was as eager about a new paper to his wife's drawing-room, or his own new wig, as about a new tragedy or a new epic poem. Not long before his death I called upon him, when I found him restless and fidgetty. "What is the matter with you to-day," says I, "my good friend—are you well?" "O yes," says he, "but I must dress myself, for the Duchess of Leinster has ordered her granddaughters not to leave Scotland

without seeing me." "Go and dress yourself, Doctor, and I shall read this novel; for I am resolved to see the Duchess of Leinster's granddaughters, for I knew their father and grandfather." This being settled, the young ladies, with their governess, arrived at one, and turned out poor little girls of twelve and thirteen, who could hardly be supposed to carry a well-turned compliment which the Doctor gave them in charge to their grandmother.

Robertson had so great a desire to shine himself, that I hardly ever saw him patiently bear anybody else's showing-off but Dr. Johnson and Garrick. Blair, on the contrary, though capable of the most profound conversation, when circumstances led to it, had not the least desire to shine, but was delighted beyond measure to show other people in their best guise to his friends. "Did not I show you the lion well to-day?" used he to say after the exhibition of a remarkable stranger. For a vain man he was the least envious I ever knew. He had truly a pure mind, in which there was not the least malignity; for though he was of a quick and lively temper, and apt to be warm and impatient about trifles, his wife, who was a superior woman, only laughed, and his friends joined her.

Though Robertson was never ruffled, he had more animosity in his nature than Blair. They were both reckoned selfish by those who envied their prosperity, but on very unequal grounds; for though Blair talked selfishly enough sometimes, yet he never failed in generous actions. In one respect they were quite alike. Having been bred at a time when the common people thought to play with cards or dice was a sin, and every body thought it an indecorum in clergymen, they could neither of them play at golf or bowls, and far less at cards or backgammon, and on that account were very unhappy when from home in friends' houses in the country in rainy weather. As I had set the first example of playing at cards at home with unlocked doors, and so relieved the clergy from ridicule on that side, they both learned to play at whist after they were sixty. Robertson did very well—Blair never shone. He had his country quarters for two summers in my parish, where he and his wife were quite happy. We were much together. Mrs. C., who had wit and humour in a high degree, and an acuteness

and extent of mind that made her fit to converse with philosophers, and indeed a great favourite with them all, gained much upon Blair; and, as Mrs. B. alleged, could make him believe whatever she pleased. They took delight in raising the wonder of the sage Doctor. "Who told you that story, my dear Doctor?" "No," says he "dont *you* doubt it, for it was Mrs. C who told me." On my laughing—"and so, so," said he, "I must hereafter make allowance for her imagination."

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle.

88. DR. ERASMUS DARWIN

Born 1731 Died 1802

IT was in the course of that autumn that the celebrated Dr. Darwin first came to see my mother at Barr. His arrival was an era in my life; I saw him then with the eyes of a child, and now, in age, I can only describe him from the stores I then locked up in my memory.

It was in the latter part of the morning that a carriage drove up to our door, of that description then called a "Sulky," because calculated to hold one person only. The carriage was worn, and bespattered with mud. Lashed on the place appropriated to the boot in ordinary carriages was a large pail for the purpose of watering the horses, together with some hay and oats beside it. In the top of the carriage was a skylight, with an awning which could at pleasure be drawn over; this was for the purpose of giving light to the doctor, who wrote most of his works on scraps of paper with a pencil as he travelled.

The front of the carriage within was occupied by a receptacle for writing-paper and pencils, likewise for a knife, fork, and spoon; on one side was a pile of books reaching from the floor to nearly the front window of the carriage; on the other, a hamper containing fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, great part of which, however, was demolished during the time the carriage traversed the forty miles which separated Derby from Barr. We all hastened to the parlour window to see Dr. Darwin, of whom we had heard so much, and whom I was

prepared to honour and venerate, in no common degree, as the restorer of my mother's health. What then was my astonishment at beholding him as he slowly got out of the carriage! His figure was vast and massive, his head was almost buried on his shoulders, and he wore a scratch wig, as it was then called, tied up in a little bob-tail behind. A habit of stammering made the closest attention necessary, in order to understand what he said. Meanwhile, amidst all this, the doctor's eye was deeply sagacious, the most so I think of any eye I remember ever to have seen; and I can conceive that no patient consulted Dr. Darwin who, so far as intelligence was concerned, was not inspired with confidence in beholding him; his observation was most keen; he constantly detected disease, from his sagacious observation of symptoms apparently so slight as to be unobserved by other doctors. His horror of fermented liquors, and his belief in the advantages both of eating largely, and eating an almost immeasurable abundance of sweet things, was well known to all his friends; we had on this occasion, as indeed was the custom whenever he came, a luncheon-table set out with hothouse fruit, and West India sweetmeats, clotted cream, Stilton cheese, &c. When the whole party were settled at table, and I had lost the fear that the doctor would speak to me, and when, by dint of attention, I could manage to understand what he said, I was astonished at his wit, his anecdotes, and most entertaining conversation. I was particularly amused by anecdotes he told of his patients. There was one lady, the Duchess of D——, whom he had recently been called to attend, who was perishing, he said, under the effect of white enamel paint which some ladies were then very fond of applying. The doctor at once perceived the cause of her malady, but he knew it would be tender ground to touch upon, since her use of this cosmetic was kept a profound secret, even from her family; he, therefore, put on a very grave face, and said she was certainly poisoned, asked if she had had her servants long, and if she had reason to think they owed her ill-will; he then said he should make the strictest examination of all the kitchen utensils, which he did; no satisfaction could be obtained. He then informed her Grace that poison might be absorbed by the skin as well as received by the stomach; had she observed the

dyes of her gloves? &c. &c. At last, the Duchess of D—— after a great struggle, confessed she used the white lead enamel. It was soon removed. Dr. Darwin's ingenuity furnished her with some vegetable cosmetic in its stead; and her Grace completely recovered.

With this, and various other anecdotes, did Dr. Darwin beguile the time whilst the dishes in his vicinity were rapidly emptied; but what was my astonishment when, at the end of the three hours during which the meal had lasted, he expressed his joy at hearing the dressing-bell, and hoped dinner would soon be announced. At last, to my sorrow, he discovered me, and said, "I will now see if you are a clever and industrious little girl; translate me these lines of Virgil," on which he began, no doubt, to repeat them, but to me, who could not even understand his English, they were wholly unintelligible. He then quoted some Greek lines, of which language I knew not a word, so that I got into great disgrace with him. This is the recollection of my first childish impressions of Dr. Darwin; an eventful day, not only for myself, was that which first introduced him to our family circle.

Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck.

89. LORD BRAXFIELD

Born 1722 Died 1799

BUT the giant of the bench was Braxfield. His very name makes people start yet.

Strong built and dark, with rough eyebrows, powerful eyes, threatening lips, and a low growling voice, he was like a formidable blacksmith. His accent and his dialect were exaggerated Scotch; his language, like his thoughts, short, strong, and conclusive.

Our commercial jurisprudence was only rising when he was sinking, and, being no reader, he was too old both in life and in habit to master it familiarly, though even here he was inferior to no Scotch lawyer of his time except Ilay Campbell, the Lord President. But within the range of the Feudal and Civil branches, and in every matter depending on natural

ability and practical sense, he was very great; and his power arose more from the force of his reasoning and his vigorous application of principle, than from either the extent or the accuracy of his learning. I have heard good observers describe with admiration how, having worked out a principle, he followed it in its application, fearlessly and triumphantly, dashing all unworthy obstructions aside, and pushed on to his result with the vigour and disdain of a consummate athlete. And he had a colloquial way of arguing, in the form of question and answer, which, done in his clear abrupt style, imparted a dramatic directness and vivacity to the scene.

With this intellectual force, as applied to law, his merits, I fear, cease. Illiterate and without any taste for refined enjoyment, strength of understanding, which gave him power without cultivation, only encouraged him to a more contemptuous disdain of all natures less coarse than his own. Despising the growing improvement of manners, he shocked the feelings even of an age, which, with more of the formality, had far less of the substance of decorum than our own. Thousands of his sayings have been preserved, and the staple of them is indecency, which he succeeded in making many people enjoy, or at least endure, by hearty laughter, energy of manner, and rough humour. Almost the only story of him I ever heard that had some fun in it without immodesty, was when a butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lord!" he exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."

It is impossible to condemn his conduct as a criminal judge too gravely, or too severely. It was a disgrace to the age. A dexterous and practical trier of ordinary cases, he was harsh to prisoners even in his jocularities, and to every counsel whom he chose to dislike. I have heard this attempted to be accounted for and extenuated by the tendency which the old practice of taking all the evidence down in writing, by judicial dictation, had to provoke a wrangle between the court and the bar every moment, and thus to excite mutual impatience and hostility. No doubt there was something in this; but not much. And Braxfield, as might have been expected from his love of domineering, continued the vice after its external cause, whatever

it may have been, had ceased. It may be doubted if he was ever so much in his element as when tauntingly repelling the last despairing claim of a wretched culprit, and sending him to Botany Bay or the gallows with an insulting jest; over which he would chuckle the more from observing that correct people were shocked. Yet this was not from cruelty, for which he was too strong and too jovial, but from cherished coarseness.

This union of talent, with a passion for rude predomination, exercised in a very discretionary court, tended to form a formidable and dangerous judicial character. This appeared too often in ordinary cases; but all stains on his administration of the common business of his court disappear in the indelible iniquity of the political trials of 1793 and 1794. In these he was the Jeffreys of Scotland. He, as head of the Court, and the only very powerful man it contained, was the real director of its proceedings. The reports make his abuse of the judgment seat bad enough; but his misconduct was not so fully disclosed in formal decisions and charges, as it transpired in casual remarks and general manner. "Let them bring me prisoners, and I'll find them law" used to be openly stated as his suggestion, when an intended political prosecution was marred by anticipated difficulties.

Henry Cockburn.

90. LORD ESGROVE

Born 1724? Died 1804

ESGROVE was a very considerable lawyer; in mere knowledge probably Braxfield's superior. But he had nothing of Braxfield's grasp or reasoning, and in everything requiring force or soundness of head, he was a mere child compared with that practical Hercules. Still he was cunning in old Scotch law.

But a more ludicrous personage could not exist. When I first knew him he was in the zenith of his absurdity. People seemed to have nothing to do but to tell stories of this one man. To be able to give an anecdote of Esgrove, with a proper imitation of his voice and manner, was a sort of fortune in society. Scott in those days was famous for this particularly. Whenever

a knot of persons were seen listening in the Outer House to one who was talking slowly, with a low muttering voice and a projected chin, and then the listeners burst asunder in roars of laughter, nobody thought of asking what the joke was. They were sure it was a successful imitation of Esky; and this was enough. Yet never once did he do or say anything which had the slightest claim to be remembered for any intrinsic merit. The value of all his words and actions consisted in their absurdity.

He seemed, in his old age, to be about the average height; but as he then stooped a good deal, he might have been taller in reality. His face varied, according to circumstances, from a scurfy red to a scurfy blue; the nose was prodigious; the under lip enormous, and supported on a huge clumsy chin, which moved like the jaw of an exaggerated Dutch toy. He walked with a slow stealthy step—something between a walk and a hirple, and helped himself on by short movements of his elbows, backwards and forwards, like fins. The voice was low and mumbling, and on the bench was generally inaudible for some time after the movement of the lips showed that he had begun speaking; after which the first word that was let fairly out was generally the loudest of the whole discourse. It is unfortunate that, without an idea of his voice and manner, mere narrative cannot describe his sayings and doings graphically. . . . Nothing disturbed him so much as the expense of the public dinner for which the judge on the circuit has a fixed allowance, and out of which the less he spends the more he gains. His devices for economy were often very diverting. His servant had strict orders to check the bottles of wine by laying aside the corks. His lordship once went behind a screen at Stirling, while the company was still at table, and seeing an alarming row of corks, got into a warm altercation, which everybody overheard, with John; maintaining it to be "impossibill" that they could have drunk so much. On being assured that they had, and were still going on—"Well, then, John, I must just protect myself!" On which he put a handful of corks into his pocket and resumed his seat.

Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who

let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when, lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. “I declare,” said the Justice, “that man Broom or Brougham is the torment of my life!” His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham’s eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. “Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why, it said this (misstating it); but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.”

As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus, “and not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majes-ty’s!” . . . Sir John Henderson of Fordell, a zealous Whig, had long nauseated the civil court by his burgh politics. Their Lordships had once to fix the amount of some discretionary penalty that he had incurred. Esgrove began to give his opinion in a very low voice, but loud enough to be heard by those next him, to the effect that the fine ought to be fifty pounds; when Sir John, with his usual imprudence, interrupted him, and begged him to raise his voice, adding that if judges did not speak so as to be heard, they might as well not speak at all. Esgrove, who could never endure any imputation of bodily infirmity, asked his neighbour, “What does the fellow say?” “He says that, if you don’t speak out, you may as well hold your tongue.” “Oh, is that what he says? My Lords, what I was sayingg was very simpell. I was only sayingg that in my humbell opinyon, this fine could not be less than two hundred and fifty pounds, sterlingg”—this sum being roared out as loudly as his old angry voice could launch it.

His tediousness, both of manner and matter, in charging juries was most dreadful. It was the custom to make juries

stand while the judge was addressing them; but no other judge was punctilious about it. Esgrove, however, insisted upon it; and if any one of them slipped cunningly down to his seat, or dropped into it from inability to stand any longer, the unfortunate wight was sure to be reminded by his Lordship that "these were not the times in which there should be any disrespect of this High Court, or even of the law." Often have I gone back to the Court at midnight, and found him, whom I had left mumbling hours before, still going on, with the smoky un-snuffed tallow candles in greasy tin candlesticks, and the poor despairing jurymen, most of the audience having retired or being asleep; the wagging of his Lordship's nose and chin being the chief signs that he was still *char-ging*.

A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this—"And so, gentle-men, having shown you that the pannell's argument is utterly impossibill, I shall now proceed for to show you that it is extremely improbabil."

He rarely failed to signalise himself in pronouncing sentences of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that, "whatever your religi-ous persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentle-men who will be most happy to show you the way to yeternal life."

Note by Cockburn. "Wherever a name could be prounounced in more ways than one, he gave them all; and always put an accent on the last syllable. For example, syllable he called syllabil. And when a word ended with the letter g, this letter was prounounced, and strongly. And he was very fond of meaningless successions of adjectives. A good man would be described as one excellent, and worthy, and amiabil, and agrecabill, and very good man. The article A was generally made into *one*, and he generally cut a word of three syllables into two separate words, the first two syllables and the last of one, and even divided a word of two syllables into two words. Thus, I met a young friend as I was walking in the Canongate, was converted by him into, "I met one youngg friend as I was walk-ing in the Canon-gate."

Henry Cockburn.

91. LORD THURLOW

Born 1731 Died 1806

IN the autumn of 1805, Thurlow had declined greatly in energy. . . . It was the year only before his death. He used to read or ride out in the morning, and his daughter Mrs. Brown, and Mr. Sneyd, the clergyman of Brighton, occupied themselves in procuring any stranger or other person who they thought would be agreeable to the old man to dine with him, the party being thus 10 to 12 every day, or more. I had the good fortune to be occasionally there with Mrs Creevey. However rough Thurlow might be with men, he was the politest man in the world to ladies. Two or three hours were occupied by him at dinner in laying wait for any unfortunate slip or ridiculous observation that might be made by any of his *male* visitors, whom, when caught, he never left hold of, till I have seen the sweat run down their faces from the scrape they had got into.

Having seen this property of his, I took care, of course, to keep clear of him, and have often enjoyed extremely seeing the figures which men have cut who came with the evident intention of shewing off before him. Curran, the Irish lawyer, was a striking instance of this. I dined with him at Thurlow's one day, and Thurlow just made as great a fool of him as he did formerly of Tooke. Thurlow was always dressed in a full suit of cloaths of the old fashion, great cuffs and massy buttons, great wig, long ruffles, &c.; the black eyebrows exceeded in size any I have ever seen, and his voice, tho' by no means devoid of melody, was a kind of rolling, murmuring thunder. He had great reading particularly classical, and was a very distinguished, as well as most *daring* converser. I never heard of any one but Mr. Hare who had fairly beat him, and this I know from persons who were present, Hare did more than once, at Carlton House and at Woburn. Sir Philip Francis, whom I knew intimately, and who certainly was a remarkably quick and clever man, was perpetually vowing vengeance against Thurlow, and always fixing his time during this autumn

of 1805 for "making an example of the old ruffian," either at the Pavilion or wherever he met him; but I have seen them meet afterwards, and tho' Thurlow was always ready for battle, Francis, who on all other occasions was bold as a lion, would never stir.

Thomas Creevey.

92. LORD SHELBURNE

Born 1737 Died 1805

His falsehood was so constant and notorious, that it was rather his profession than his instrument. It was like a fictitious violin, which is hung out of a music shop to indicate in what goods the tradesman deals; not to be of service, nor to be depended on for playing a true note. He was so well known that he could only deceive by speaking truth. His plausibility was less an artifice than a habit; and his smiles were so excited that, like the rattle of the snake, they warned before he had time to bite. Both his heart and his face were brave; he feared neither danger nor detection. He was so fond of insincerity as if he had been the inventor, and practised it with as little caution as if he thought nobody else had discovered the secret.

With an unbounded ambition of governing mankind, he had never studied them. He had no receipt but indiscriminate flattery, which he addressed to all, without knowing how to adapt it to any particular person, for he neither understood the characters of men nor penetrated them. Hence his flatteries were so gross, that instead of captivating, they prompted laughter. So ignorant was he of mankind, that he did not know how absurd it was in a man of such glaring ambition to affect having none. He would talk of himself as void of all views, when there was no industry and intrigue of which he was not suspected. The folly of his professions was the only chance he had for not being thought a deep politician, for who could believe that such palpable duplicity was the offspring of anything but of want of sense? He not only had no principles, but was ready for any crimes that suited his plans, which seemed

drawn from histories of the worst ages—for he was rather a pedant in villany, than a politician who adapted himself to the times in which he lived. Thus a Catiline or a Borgia were his models in an age when half their wickedness would have suited his purpose better—for when refinements have taken the place of horrid crimes, and the manners of men are rather corrupt than flagitious, excess of profligacy is more destructive to ambition than serviceable. He determined to be Prime Minister by any means, but forgot that, in a country where faction has any weight, character is a necessary ingredient towards acquiring or preserving power. The King hated him, all the higher orders knew him, the people could have no favourable opinion of him. To combat hatred, suspicion, and at best indifference, he had no arms but a resolution of recommending himself to the King by unbounded flattery and servility, and the power and money of the Crown he trusted would maintain him against all other sinister impressions. But more was wanting than versatility to acquire confidence. He must re-establish the King's power as well as show a desire of it, and he must perform real services for the kingdom before he could gain its affections. If he attempted the former, he contradicted his own professions, and those of his late allies, who would have no mercy in his failures; and to hope to recover the affairs of the nation was a presumption that betrayed vanity, not consciousness of abilities.

Lord North, with an unimpeached private character, agreeable to, if not possessing the confidence of, the King, and extremely popular with the greater part of the nation, had fallen by mere want of success, and by his own inactivity. The other enjoyed none of those supports, and was in nothing preferable to Lord North but in vigilance and industry. He might have succeeded where Lord North had miscarried by indolence; but Lord North had miscarried too much for diligence to retrieve—and if Lord Shelburne was equally unprosperous, he had none of Lord North's good qualities to procure the same indulgence. Thus having raised himself by want of character, he was sure of wanting character to break his fall.

Horace Walpole.

Beowulf Adams

1858

93. JOHN KEATS

Born 1795 Died 1821

KEATS, when he died, had just completed his four-and-twentieth year. He was under the middle height; and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat and well turned. His shoulders were very broad for his size; he had a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up; an eager power, checked and made patient by ill-health. Every feature was at once strongly cut, and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression, it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. His face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under; the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing; large, dark, and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action, or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears and his mouth trembled. In this, there was ill-health as well as imagination, for he did not like these betrayals of emotion; and he had great personal as well as moral courage. He once chastised a butcher, who had been insolent, by a regular stand-up fight. His hair, of a brown colour, was fine, and hung in natural ringlets. The head was a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull; a singularity which he had in common with Byron and Shelley, whose hats I could not get on. Keats was sensible of the disproportion above noticed, between his upper and lower extremities; and he would look at his hand, which was faded and swollen in the veins, and say it was the hand of a man of fifty.

James Henry Leigh Hunt.

94. SHELLEY AT OXFORD

Born 1792 Died 1822

I LISTENED, therefore, in silence to his eloquent disquisition, interposing a few brief questions only, and at long intervals, as to the extent of his own studies and manipulations. As I

felt, in truth, but a slight interest in the subject of his conversation, I had leisure to examine, and I may add, to admire, the appearance of my very extraordinary guest. It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much, that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, and almost feminine, of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn, as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. In times when it was the mode to imitate stage-coachmen as closely as possible in costume, and when the hair was invariably cropped, like that of our soldiers, this eccentricity was very striking. His features were not symmetrical (the mouth, perhaps, excepted), yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration, that characterizes the best works, and chiefly the frescoes (and into those they infused their whole souls), of the great masters of Florence and of Rome. I recognized the very peculiar expression in those wonderful productions long afterwards, and with a satisfaction mingled with much sorrow, for it was after the decease of him in whose countenance I had first observed it. I admired the enthusiasm of my new acquaintance, his ardour in the cause of science, and his thirst for knowledge. I seemed to have

found in him all those intellectual qualities which I had vainly expected to meet with in an University. But there was one physical blemish that threatened to neutralize all his excellence. "This is a fine, clever fellow! I said to myself, "but I can never bear his society; I shall never be able to endure his voice; it would kill me. What a pity it is!" I am very sensible of imperfections, and especially of painful sounds,—and the voice of the stranger was excruciating: it was intolerably shrill, harsh, and discordant; of the most cruel intension,—it was perpetual, and without any remission,—it excoriated the ears. He continued to discourse of chemistry, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing before the fire, and sometimes pacing about the room; and when one of the innumerable clocks that speak in various notes during the day and the night at Oxford, proclaimed a quarter to seven, he said suddenly that he must go to a lecture on mineralogy, and declared enthusiastically that he expected to derive much pleasure and instruction from it. I am ashamed to own that the cruel voice made me hesitate for a moment; but it was impossible to omit so indispensable a civility—I invited him to return to tea; he gladly assented, promised that he would not be absent long, snatched his cap, hurried out of the room, and I heard his footsteps, as he ran through the silent quadrangle, and afterwards along High-street.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg.

95. MR. AND MRS. NOLLEKENS

NOLLEKENS *Born 1737 Died 1823*

I MUST indulge in a comparison betwixt the general appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, certainly not cheek-by-jowl, but by the simile of placing a pair of compasses and a short pair of callipers side by side; the first opened at ten degrees, or perhaps not quite so much, the latter at full fifteen; and then, I think, Mrs. Nollekens will stand pardoned for continuing to call her husband "Little Nolly": which name, by-the-by, he originally received from her early admirer and sincere friend, Dr. Johnson, who never failed to visit her for the last three years of his

life, at least three times a month, so that I had frequent opportunities of peeping at him. In the way in which the compasses and callipers will appear, when opened at the above degrees, so Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens' figures may be conceived:—the lady with *legs tall, thin, and straight*, the gentleman with *limbs short and bowed*: thus *proportioned*, they would slowly move, on a Sunday morning, till they arrived at a certain corner of Mortimer-street, where they then parted; the one turning to the right, the other to the left; he to the Roman Catholic chapel, and she to the Protestant church.

Sometimes in the evening, when they had no engagements, to take a little fresh air and to avoid interlopers, they would, after putting a little tea and sugar, a French-roll, or a couple of rusks into their pockets, stray to Madam Caria's, a French-woman, who lived near the end of Marylebone-lane, in what were at that time called the French Gardens, principally tenanted by the citizens, where persons were accommodated with tea equipage and hot water at a penny a head. Mrs. Nollekens made it a rule to allow one servant—as they kept two—to go out on the alternate Sunday; for it was Mr. Nollekens' opinion, that if they were never permitted to visit the Jew's Harp, Queen's Head and Artichoke, or Chalk Farm, they never would wash "*themselves*."

Had the facetious Samuel Foote witnessed the following scene, it is probable he would have given it a more humorous commemoration; but I shall endeavour to narrate it in the manner Mrs. Bland, who kept a Turner's shop, used to tell it to her customers. Mrs. Nollekens, upon opening Mrs. Bland's door, declared she had not seen her for some time, though they lived in the same street, and were close neighbours, only seven doors apart.

MRS. BLAND. "No, Madam, I have not sold you a broom for these five years!"

MRS. NOLLEKENS. "Five years! my dear Mrs. Bland, how time passes! though you don't look the worse for wear, my good friend."

MRS. BLAND. "I thank you, Ma'am, I have had my share of troubles, with my poor dear husband and my two boys."

MRS. NOLLEKENS. "Ah! so we all have. My house

opposite has been to let a good while now, ever since the General left it: is it not a pity so good a house should remain empty? Indeed, it must be a great loss to you, Mrs. Bland, for I understand they had all their turnery of you."

MRS. BLAND. "Yes; and what is more, they always gave me my price, and paid punctually!"

MRS. NOLLEKENS. "I will now put it in your power to gain a customer; here is a bill which I got *Little Smith* (myself) to write in a large hand; allow it to occupy a pane of your shop-window, and as there is more sun upon this side of the street, the white paper will sooner catch the eye."

MRS. BLAND. "I have no objection."—"Well, then," rejoined the lady, "do desire your girl to clean the glass, and then put it up while I stay. Bless me! I totally forgot to bring wafers; can you oblige me with one?"

MRS. BLAND. "I will see; we have used them so little here since my poor dear husband died."

MRS. NOLLEKENS. "Pray don't mention the loss of him now; we should never repine. Bless me! what a miserable stock; stay, we will not mind the colours, we shall manage it." The bill being stuck up, Mrs. Nollekens asked her neighbour what was the price of a good mop: Mrs. Bland, after taking one down, and striking it on the floor to make it appear bushy, and holding it as a buffetier would his halbert, replied, "There, Ma'am, there's a mop! half-a-crown."

MRS. NOLLEKENS. "What! half-a-crown! my good woman, why, I only gave two shillings and three-pence for the last!"

"Yes, Ma'am," observed the shopkeeper, "but that was ten years ago."

MRS. NOLLEKENS. "Come, come, Mrs. Bland, don't be rude; I know pretty well when it was: but what will you allow me, now, for an old stick?"—"Three halfpence, Ma'am."—"No, Mrs. — what's your name; allow me three-pence, and I will give you two shillings, and you may send in your mop." As Mrs. Bland would not agree to this, Mrs. Nollekens shut the door without wishing her a good morning; at the same time muttering loud enough to be heard, that she would go to the man round the corner, who had just opened a Turner's shop.

Perhaps it now may be better, by way of variety, to give a

few of Mr. Nollekens' recollections; but before they are related, a description of his person may not be considered as out of place. His figure was short, his head big, and it appeared much increased by a large-crowned hat, of which kind he was very fond: but his dress-hat, which he always sported when he went to Court, or to the Academy dinners, was nearly flat, and he brought it from Rome. His neck was short, his shoulders narrow, his body too large, particularly in the front lower part, which resembled that of Tenducci, and many other falsetto-singers; he was bow-legged and hook-nosed—indeed, his leg was somewhat like his nose, which resembled the rudder of an Antwerp packet-boat—his lips were rather thin, but between his brows there was great evidence of study. He was very fond of his ruffles, and continued to wear them long after they had become unfashionable; indeed, until they were worn out. A drab was his favourite colour, and his suit was generally made from the same piece; though now and then he would treat himself with a striped Manchester waistcoat, of one of which he was so fond that he sat to Abbot for his portrait in it; . . . His dress-stockings were also rather remarkable, being ornamented with blue and white stripes; similar to those constantly and so lately worn by Sir Thomas Stepney, an old member of White's in St. James's Street.

John Thomas Smith.

96. LORD BYRON

Born 1788 Died 1824

THE impression of the first few minutes disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him. I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air; and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; the nose is large and well shaped,

but, from being a little *too thick*, it looks better in profile than in front-face; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face: the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full and finely cut. In speaking, he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. This particularly struck me. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, as its character is that of fairness—the fairness of a dark-haired person—and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally; he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. I should say that melancholy was its prevailing character, as I noticed that when any observation elicited a smile—and they were many, as the conversation was gay and playful—it appeared to linger but for a moment on his lip, which instantly resumed its former expression of seriousness. His whole appearance is remarkably gentlemanlike, and he owes nothing of this to his toilet, as his coat appears to have been many years made, is much too large, and all his garments convey the idea of having been purchased ready-made, so ill do they fit him. There is a *gaucherie* in his movements, which evidently proceeds from the perpetual consciousness of his lameness, that appears to haunt him; for he tries to conceal his foot when seated, and when walking, has a nervous rapidity in his manner. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate—clear, harmonious, and so distinct, that though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. His manners are as unlike my preconceived notions of them as is his appearance. I had expected to find him a dignified, cold, reserved and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so

loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world; but nothing can be more different; for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterize a man of birth and education.

Lady Blessington.

97. HENRY FUSELI AND JOHN BONNYCASTLE

FUSELI was a small man, with energetic features, and a white head of hair. Our host's daughter, then a little girl, used to call him the white-headed lion. He combed his hair up from his forehead; and as his whiskers were large, his face was set in a kind of hairy frame, which, in addition to the fierceness of his look, really gave him an aspect of that sort. Otherwise, his features were rather sharp than round. He would have looked much like an old military officer, if his face, besides its real energy, had not affected more. There was the same defect in it as in his pictures. Conscious of not having all the strength he wished, he endeavoured to make up for it by violence and pretension. He carried this so far, as to look fiercer than usual when he sat for his picture. His friend and engraver, Mr. Houghton, drew an admirable likeness of him in this state of dignified extravagance. He is sitting back in his chair, leaning on his hand, but looking ready to pounce withal. His notion of repose was like that of Pistol:

“Now, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.”

Agreeably to this over-wrought manner, he was reckoned, I believe, not quite so bold as he might have been. He painted horrible pictures, as children tell horrible stories; and was frightened at his own lay-figures. Yet he would hardly have talked as he did about his terrors, had he been as timid as some supposed him. With the affected, impression is the main thing, let it be produced how it may. A student of the Academy told me, that Mr. Fuseli coming in one night, when a solitary candle had been put on the floor in a corner of the room, to produce

some effect or other, he said it looked "like a damned soul." This was by way of being Dantesque, as Michael Angelo was. Fuseli was an ingenious caricaturist of that master, making great bodily displays of mental energy, and being ostentatious with his limbs and muscles, in proportion as he could not draw them. A leg or an arm was to be thrust down one's throat, because he knew we should dispute the truth of it. In the indulgence of his wilfulness of purpose, generated partly by impatience of study, partly by want of sufficient genius, and no doubt, also, by a sense of superiority to artists who could do nothing but draw correctly, he cared for no time, place, or circumstance in his pictures. A set of prints, after his designs, for Shakespeare and Cowper, exhibit a chaos of mingled genius and absurdity, such as, perhaps, was never before seen. He endeavoured to bring Michael Angelo's apostles and prophets, with their super-human ponderousness of intention, into the commonplaces of modern life. A student reading in a garden, is all over intensity of muscle; and the quiet tea-table scene in Cowper, he has turned into a preposterous conspiracy of huge men and women, all bent on showing their thews and postures, with dresses as fantastical as their minds. One gentleman, of the existence of whose trousers you are not aware till you see the terminating line at the ankle, is sitting and looking grim on a sofa, with his hat on and no waistcoat. Yet there is real genius in his designs for Milton, though disturbed, as usual, by strainings after the energetic. . . .

Fuseli was lively and interesting in conversation, but not without his usual faults of violence and pretension. Nor was he always as decorous as an old man ought to be; especially one whose turn of mind is not of the lighter and more pleasurable cast. The licences he took were coarse, and had not sufficient regard to his company. Certainly they went a great deal beyond his friend Armstrong; to whose account, I believe, Fuseli's passion for swearing was laid. The poet condescended to be a great swearer, and Fuseli thought it energetic to swear like him. His friendship with Bonnycastle had something childlike and agreeable in it. They came and went away together, for years, like a couple of old school-boys. They, also, like boys, rallied one another, and sometimes made a singular

display of it,—Fuseli, at least; for it was he that was the aggressor. Bonnycastle was a good fellow. He was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it; and he goggled over his plate, like a horse. I often thought that a bag of corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upwards at the sides.

James Henry Leigh Hunt.

98. GEORGE IV

Born 1762 Died 1830

THE King's indolence is so great that it is next to impossible to get him to do even the most ordinary business, and Knighton is still the only man who can prevail on him to sign papers, &c. His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him, or to lay papers before him, wait in his ante-room while he is lounging with Mount Charles or anybody, talking of horses or any trivial matter; and when he is told, "Sir, there is Watson waiting" &c., he replies "Damn Watson; let him wait." He does it on purpose, and likes it.

This account corresponds with all I have before heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog, does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has a sort of capricious good-nature, arising however out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment and at small cost a long score of misconduct. Princes have only to behave with common decency and prudence, and they are sure to be popular, for there is a great and general disposition to pay court to them. I do not know anybody who is proof against their seductions when they think fit to use them in the shape of civility and condescension. The great consolation in all this is the proof that, so far from deriving happiness from their grandeur, they are the most miserable of all mankind. The contrast between their apparent authority and the contradictions which they practically meet with must

be peculiarly galling, more especially to men whose minds are seldom regulated, as other men's are, by the beneficial discipline of education and early collision with their equals. There have been good and wise kings, but not many of them. Take them one with another they are of an inferior character, and this I believe to be one of the worst of the kind. The littleness of his character prevents his displaying the dangerous faults that belong to great minds, but with vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished. . . .

He leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window curtains at six or seven o'clock in the morning; he breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed too; he reads every newspaper quite through, dozes three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings the bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water; he won't stretch out his hand to get it. His valets are nearly destroyed, and at last Lady Conyngham prevailed on him to agree to an arrangement by which they wait on him on alternate days. The service is still most severe, as on the days they are in waiting their labours are incessant, and they cannot take off their clothes at night; and hardly lie down. He is in good health, but irritable, and has been horribly annoyed by other matters besides the Catholic affair. . . .

He [the Duke of Wellington] told me that both the King's eyes were affected, the left the most, and that he would have the operation performed when they were fit for it; he said that the King never evinced any fear upon these occasions, that he was always perfectly cool, and neither feared operations nor their possible consequences; that he remembered when he had a very painful and dangerous operation performed some time ago upon his head, that he was not the least nervous about it, nor at all afraid of dying, for they told him that he would very likely not recover. I said "Then, after all, perhaps he who has

the reputation of being a coward would prove a very brave man if circumstances occasioned his showing what he is." He said, "Very likely"; that he seemed to have but one fear, that of ridicule: he cannot bear the society of clever men, for fear of ridicule; he cannot bear to show himself in public, because he is afraid of the jokes that may be cut on his person.

Charles C. F. Greville.

99. WILLIAM HAZLITT

Born 1778 Died 1830

FOR depth, force, and variety of intellectual expression, a finer head and face than Hazlitt's were never seen. I speak of them when his countenance was not dimmed and obscured by illness, or clouded and deformed by those fearful indications of internal passion which he never even attempted to conceal. The expression of Hazlitt's face, when anything was said in his presence that seriously offended him, or when any peculiarly painful recollection passed across his mind, was truly awful—more so than can be conceived as within the capacity of the human countenance; except, perhaps, by those who have witnessed Edmund Kean's last scene of *Sir Giles Overreach* from the front of the pit. But when he was in good health, and in a tolerable humour with himself and the world, his face was more truly and entirely answerable to the intellect that spoke through it, than any other I ever saw, either in life or on canvas; and its crowning portion, the brow and forehead, was, to my thinking, quite unequalled, for mingled capacity and beauty.

For those who desire a more particular description, I will add, that Hazlitt's features, though not cast in any received classical mould, were regular in their formation, perfectly consonant with each other, and so finely "chiselled" (as the phrase is), that they produced a much more prominent and striking effect than their scale of size might have led one to expect. The forehead, as I have hinted, was magnificent; the nose precisely that (combining strength with lightness and elegance) which physiognomists have assigned as evidence of a fine and highly

cultivated taste; though there was a peculiar character about the nostrils, like that observable in those of a fiery and unruly horse. The mouth, from its ever-changing form and character, could scarcely be described, except as to its astonishingly varied power of expression, which was equal to, and greatly resembled, that of Edmund Kean. His eyes, I should say, were not good. They were never brilliant, and there was a furtive and at times a sinister look about them, as they glanced suspiciously from under their overhanging brows, that conveyed a very unpleasant impression to those who did not know him. And they were seldom directed frankly and fairly towards you; as if he were afraid that you might read in them what was passing in his mind concerning you. His head was nobly formed and placed; with (until the last few years of his life) a profusion of coal-black hair, richly curled; and his person was of the middle height, rather slight, but well formed and put together.

Yet all these advantages were worse than thrown away, by the strange and ungainly manner that at times accompanied them. Hazlitt entered a room as if he had been brought back to it in custody; he shuffled sidelong to the nearest chair, sat himself down upon one corner of it, dropped his hat and his eyes upon the floor, and, after having exhausted his stock of conventional small-talk in the words "It's a fine day" (whether it was so or not), seemed to resign himself moodily to his fate. And if the talk did not take a turn that roused or pleased him, thus he would sit, silent and half-absorbed, for half an hour or half a minute, as the case might be, and then get up suddenly, with a "Well, good morning," shuffle back to the door, and blunder his way out, audibly muttering curses on his folly, for willingly putting himself in the way of becoming the laughing-stock of—the servants! for it was of *that* class and intellectual grade of persons that Hazlitt alone stood in awe. Of the few private houses to which his inclinations ever led him, he perfectly well knew that, even if there had been (which, as we have seen there was not) anything unusual or *outré* in his appearance, his intellectual pretensions would alone have been thought of. But there was no reaching the drawing-room without running the gauntlet of the servants' hall; and this it was that crushed and confounded him. I am satisfied that Hazlitt

never entered a room—scarcely even his own—that he was not writhing under the feelings engendered during his passage to it; and that he never knocked at a door without fearing that it might be opened by a new servant, who would wonder what so “strange” a person could want with their master or mistress.

P. G. Patmore.

100. HAZLITT MEETS COLERIDGE

MY father was a Dissenting Minister at Wem, in Shropshire; and in the year 1798 . . . Mr Coleridge came to Shrewsbury, to succeed Mr Rowe in the spiritual charge of a Unitarian Congregation there. He did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach; and Mr Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description but a round-faced man, in a short black coat (like a shooting jacket) which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who seemed to be talking at a great rate to his fellow-passengers. Mr Rowe had scarce returned to give an account of his disappointment when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he stayed; nor has he since, that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in delightful suspense for three weeks that he remained there “fluttering the *proud Salopians*, like an eagle in a dove-cote;” and the Welsh mountains that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion, agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the days of

“High-born Hoel’s harp or soft Llewellyn’s lay.” . . .

My father lived ten miles from Shrewsbury, and was in the habit of exchanging visits with Mr Rowe, and with Mr Jenkins of Whitchurch (nine miles farther on) according to the custom of Dissenting Ministers in each other’s neighbourhood. . . . Coleridge had agreed to come over and see my father, according to the courtesy of the country, as Mr Rowe’s probable successor; but, in the meantime, I had gone to hear him preach the

Sunday after his arrival. . . . On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was called down into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. "For those two hours," he afterwards was pleased to say, "he was conversing with William Hazlitt's forehead!" His appearance was different from what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright—

"As are the children of yon azure sheen."

His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows and his eyes rolling beneath them, like a sea with darkened lustre. . . . His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face as from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So at least I comment on it after the event. Coleridge, in his person, was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, or like Lord Hamlet, "somewhat fat and pursy." His hair (now, alas! gray) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is peculiar to enthusiasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward; and is traditionally inseparable (though of a different colour) from the pictures of Christ. It ought to belong, as a character, to all who preach *Christ crucified*, and Coleridge was at that time one of those!

It was curious to observe the contrast between him and my father, who was a veteran in the cause, and then declining into the vale of years. . . .

No two individuals were ever more unlike than were the host and his guest. A poet was to my father a sort of nondescript; yet whatever added grace to the Unitarian cause was to him welcome. He could hardly have been more surprised or pleased, if our visitor had worn wings. Indeed, his thoughts had wings; and as the silken sounds rustled round our little wainscoted parlour, my father threw back his spectacles over his forehead, his white hairs mixing with its sanguine hue; and a smile of delight beamed across his rugged cordial face, to think that Truth had found a new ally in Fancy!

William Hazlitt.

101. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Born 1772 Died 1834

COLERIDGE sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London in its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by "the reason" what "the understanding" had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print of the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. . . . The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer; but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.

The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitement of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place,—perhaps take you to his own particular room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. . . . Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world,—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent.

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his “object” and “subject,” terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sung and snuffled them into “om-m-mject” and “sum-m-mject,” with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Thomas Carlyle.

102. WILLIAM COBBETT

Born 1762 Died 1835

THOSE who expected to find Cobbett a rude truculent barbarian, were disappointed. They found instead a tall, stout, mild-faced, broad-shouldered, farmer-looking man, with a spice of humour lurking in his eye, but without one vestige of fierceness or malignity either in his look or demeanour. His private manners were simple, unaffected—almost gentlemanly.

George Gilfillan.

103. JAMES MILL

Born 1773 Died 1836

MY father's moral convictions, wholly dis severed from religion, were very much of the character of those of the Greek philosophers; and were delivered with the force and decision which characterized all that came from him. Even at the very early age at which I read with him the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, I imbibed from that work and from his comments a deep respect for the character of Socrates; who stood in my mind as a model of ideal excellence; and I well remember how my father at that time impressed upon me the lesson of the "Choice of Hercules." At a somewhat later period the lofty moral standard exhibited in the writings of Plato operated upon me with great force. My father's moral inculcations were at all times mainly those of the "Socratici viri"; justice, temperance (to which he gave a very extended application), veracity, perseverance, readiness to encounter pain and especially labour; regard for the public good; estimation of persons according to their merits, and of things according to their intrinsic usefulness; a life of exertion in contradiction to one of self-indulgent ease and sloth. These and other moralities he conveyed in brief sentences, uttered as occasion arose, of grave exhortation, or stern reprobation and contempt.

But though direct moral teaching does much, indirect does more; and the effect my father produced on my character, did

not depend solely on what he said or did with that direct object, but also, and still more, on what manner of man he was.

In his views of life he partook of the character of the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Cynic, not in the modern but the ancient sense of the word. In his personal qualities the Stoic predominated. His standard of morals was Epicurean, inasmuch as it was utilitarian, taking as the exclusive test of right and wrong, the tendency of actions to produce pleasure or pain. But he had (and this was the Cynic element) scarcely any belief in pleasure; at least in his later years, of which alone, on this point, I can speak confidently. He was not insensible to pleasures; but he deemed very few of them worth the price which, at least in the present state of society, must be paid for them. The greater number of miscarriages in life, he considered to be attributable to the over-valuing of pleasures. Accordingly, temperance, in the large sense intended by the Greek philosophers—stopping short at the point of moderation in all indulgences—was with him, as with them, almost the central point of educational precept. His inculcations of this virtue fill a large place in my childish remembrances. He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by. This was a topic on which he did not often speak, especially, it may be supposed, in the presence of young persons: but when he did, it was with an air of settled and profound conviction. He would sometimes say, that if life were made what it might be, by good government and good education, it would be worth having: but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility. He never varied in rating intellectual enjoyments above all others, even in value as pleasures, independently of their ulterior benefits. The pleasures of the benevolent affections he placed high in the scale; and used to say, that he had never known a happy old man, except those who were able to live over again in the pleasures of the young. For passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt. He regarded them as a form of madness. "The intense" was with him a bye-word of scornful disapprobation. He regarded as an aberration of the moral

standard of modern times, compared with that of the ancients, the great stress laid upon feeling. Feelings, as such, he considered to be no proper subjects of praise or blame. Right and wrong, good and bad, he regarded as qualities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions; there being no feeling which may not lead, and does not frequently lead, either to good or to bad actions: conscience itself, the very desire to act right, often leading people to act wrong. Consistently carrying out the doctrine, that the object of praise and blame should be the discouragement of wrong conduct and the encouragement of right, he refused to let his praise or blame be influenced by the motive of the agent. He blamed as severely what he thought a bad action, when the motive was a feeling of duty, as if the agents had been consciously evil doers. He would not have accepted as a plea in mitigation for inquisitors, that they sincerely believed burning heretics to be an obligation of conscience. But though he did not allow honesty of purpose to soften his disapprobation of actions, it had its full effect on his estimation of characters. No one prized conscientiousness and rectitude of intention more highly, or was more incapable of valuing any person in whom he did not feel assurance of it. But he disliked people quite as much for any other deficiency, provided he thought it equally likely to make them act ill. He disliked, for instance, a fanatic in any bad cause, as much or more than one who adopted the same cause from self-interest, because he thought him even more likely to be practically mischievous. And thus, his aversion to many intellectual errors, or what he regarded as such, partook, in a certain sense, of the character of a moral feeling. All this is merely saying that he, in a degree once common, but now very unusual, threw his feelings into his opinions; which truly it is difficult to understand how any one who possesses much of both, can fail to do. None but those who do not care about opinions, will confound this with intolerance. Those, who having opinions which they hold to be immensely important, and their contraries to be prodigiously hurtful, have any deep regard for the general good, will necessarily dislike, as a class and in the abstract, those who think wrong what they think right, and right what they think wrong: though they need not therefore

be, nor was my father, insensible to good qualities in an opponent nor governed in their estimation of individuals by one general presumption, instead of by the whole of their character. I grant that an earnest person, being no more infallible than other men, is liable to dislike people on account of opinions which do not merit dislike; but if he neither himself does them any ill office, nor connives at its being done by others, he is not intolerant: and the forbearance which flows from a conscientious sense of the importance to mankind of the equal freedom of all opinions, is the only tolerance which is commendable, or, to the highest moral order of minds, possible.

It will be admitted, that a man of the opinions, and the character, above described, was likely to leave a strong moral impression on any mind principally formed by him, and that his moral teaching was not likely to err on the side of laxity or indulgence. The element which was chiefly deficient in his moral relation to his children was that of tenderness. I do not believe that this deficiency lay in his own nature. I believe him to have had much more feeling than he habitually shewed, and much greater capacities of feeling than were ever developed. He resembled most Englishmen in being ashamed of the signs of feeling, and by the absence of demonstration, starving the feelings themselves. If we consider further that he was in the trying position of sole teacher, and add to this that his temper was constitutionally irritable, it is impossible not to feel true pity for a father who did, and strove to do, so much for his children, who would have so valued their affection, yet who must have been constantly feeling that fear of him was drying it up at its source. This was no longer the case later in life, and with his younger children. They loved him tenderly: and if I cannot say so much of myself, I was always loyally devoted to him.

John Stuart Mill.

104. LORD EGREMONT

Born 1751 Died 1837

YESTERDAY morning I heard of the death of Lord Egremont, who died after a week's illness of his old complaint, an inflam-

mation in the trachea, being within a month of eighty-six years old. He was a remarkable man, and his death will be more felt within the sphere of his influence (and that extended over the whole county of Sussex) than any individual's ever was. He was immensely rich and his munificence was equal to his wealth. No man probably ever gave away so much money in promoting charitable institutions or useful undertakings, and in pensioning, assisting, and supporting his numerous relations and dependants. His understanding was excellent, his mind highly cultivated, and he retained all his faculties, even his memory, unimpaired to the last. He was remarkably acute, shrewd, and observant, and in his manner blunt without rudeness, and caustic without bitterness. Though he had for some years withdrawn himself from the world, he took an eager interest and curiosity in all that was passing in it, and though not mixed up in politics, and sedulously keeping aloof from all party conflicts, he did not fail to think deeply and express himself strongly upon the important questions and events of the times. In his political principles and opinions he was anti-Liberal, and latterly an alarmist as well as a Conservative. He had always opposed Catholic Emancipation, which it is difficult to account for in a man so sagacious and benevolent, except from the force of prejudices early installed into a mind of tenacious grasp which was not exposed to the changeful influence of worldly commerce and communication. It is probable that Lord Egremont might have acted a conspicuous part in politics if he had chosen to embark on that stormy sea, and upon the rare occasions when he spoke in the House of Lords, he delivered himself with great energy and effect; but his temper, disposition, and tastes were altogether incompatible with the trammels of office or the restraints of party connexions, and he preferred to revel unshackled in all the enjoyments of private life, both physical and intellectual, which an enormous fortune, a vigorous constitution, and literary habits placed in abundant variety before him. But in the system of happiness which he marked out for himself, the happiness of others formed a large and essential ingredient; nor did old age, as it stole upon him with gradual and insensible steps, dull the brightness of his intellect or chill the warmth

of his heart. His mind was always intent upon providing for the pleasure or the benefit of those around him, and there was nothing in which he so keenly delighted as the rural festivals with which he celebrated his own birthday, when thousands of the surrounding villagers were assembled in his park to eat, drink and be merry. He was passionately fond of children, and animals of every description found favour in his sight. Lord Egremont was a distinguished patron of artists, and it was rarely that Petworth was unvisited by some painter or sculptor, many of whom he kept in almost continual employment, and by whom his loss will be severely felt. He was extremely hospitable, and Petworth was open to all his friends, and to all their friends if they chose to bring them, provided they did not interfere with his habits or require any personal attention at his hands: from any such obligation he considered that his age and infirmities released him. He received his guests with the utmost urbanity and courtesy, did the honours of his table, and in every other respect left them free to abide as long as they pleased, but to amuse themselves as they could. Petworth was consequently like a great inn. Everybody came when they thought fit, and departed without notice or leave-taking. He liked to have people there who he was certain would not put him out of his way, especially those who, entering into his eccentric habits, were ready for the snatches of talk which his perpetual locomotion alone permitted of, and from whom he could gather information about passing events; but it was necessary to conform to his peculiarities, and these were utterly incompatible with conversation or any prolonged discussion. He never remained for five minutes in the same place, and was continually oscillating between the library and his bedroom, or wandering about the enormous house in all directions; sometimes he broke off in the middle of a conversation on some subject which appeared to interest him and disappeared, and an hour after, on a casual meeting, would resume it just where he had left off. But his habitual restlessness, which was so fatal to conversation, served perhaps to exhibit the vivacity of his mind and its shrewd and epigrammatic turn in a more remarkable manner: few persons visited Petworth without being struck with astonishment at the

unimpaired vigour of his intellectual powers. To have lived to a great age in the practice of beneficence and the dispensation of happiness, and to die without bodily suffering or mental decay, in the enjoyment of existence up to the instant of its close, affords an example of human prosperity, both in life and in death, which has fallen to the lot of few, but which may well excite the envy and admiration of all.

Charles C. F. Greville.

105. LADY HESTER STANHOPE

Born 1776 Died 1839

AT last I was ushered into a small chamber, protected by a folding screen; passing this, I came alongside of a common European sofa. There sat the Lady Prophetess. She rose from her seat very formally—spoke to me a few words of welcome, pointed to a chair—one already placed exactly opposite to her sofa at a couple of yards' distance—and remained standing up to the full of her majestic height, perfectly still and motionless, until I had taken my appointed place: she then resumed her seat—not packing herself up according to the mode of the orientals, but allowing her feet to rest on the floor or the footstool; at the moment of seating herself she covered her lap with a mass of loose, white drapery. It occurred to me at the time that she did this in order to avoid the awkwardness of sitting in manifest trousers under the eye of a European; but I can hardly fancy now, that, with her wilful nature, she would have brooked such a compromise as this.

The woman before me had exactly the person of a prophetess—not, indeed, of the divine Sibyl imagined by Domenichino, so sweetly distracted betwixt love and mystery, but of a good, business-like, practical prophetess, long used to the exercise of her sacred calling. I have been told by those who knew Lady Hester Stanhope in her youth, that any notion of a resemblance betwixt her and the great Chatham must have been fanciful; but at the time of my seeing her, the large commanding features of the gaunt woman, then sixty years old or more,

certainly reminded me of the statesman that lay dying in the House of Lords, according to Copley's picture. Her face was of the most astonishing whiteness; she wore a very large turban made seemingly of pale cashmere shawls, and so disposed as to conceal the hair; her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery on her lap, was a mass of white linen loosely folding—an ecclesiastical sort of affair more like a surplice than any of those blessed creations which our souls love under the names of "dress," and "frock," and "bodice," and "collar," and "habit-shirt," and sweet "chemisette."

Such was the outward seeming of the personage that sat before me; and indeed she was almost bound, by the fame of her actual achievements, as well as by her sublime pretensions, to look a little differently from the rest of womankind. There had been something of grandeur in her career. After the death of Lady Chatham, which happened in 1803, she lived under the roof of her uncle, the second Pitt, and when he resumed the Government in 1804, she became the dispenser of much patronage, and sole Secretary of State for the department of Treasury banquets. Not having seen the lady until late in her life, when she was fired with spiritual ambition, I can hardly fancy that she could have performed her political duties in the salons of the minister with much of feminine sweetness or patience: I am told, however, that she managed matters very well indeed. Perhaps it was better for the lofty-minded leader of the House to have his reception-rooms guarded by this stately creature than by a merely clever and managing woman; it was fitting that the wholesome awe with which he filled the minds of the country gentlemen should be aggravated by the presence of his majestic niece.

A. W. Kinglake.

106. LADY HOLLAND

Born 1770 Died 1845

THE day I came here Lady Holland died, that is, she died at two o'clock in the preceding night. She evinced during her illness a very philosophical calmness and resolution, and perfect good

humour, aware that she was dying, and not afraid of death. The religious people don't know what to make of it. She never seems to have given the least sign of any religious feeling or belief. She has made a curious will, leaving the greater part of the landed property at her disposal to John Russell for his life, and her jewels to Lady Elizabeth Grey, a poor parson's wife—bequests severely blamed and justly. The legatees ought not to accept what she has bequeathed to them, but give all up to her daughter who wants it. Though she was a woman for whom nobody felt any affection, and whose death therefore will have excited no grief, she will be regretted by a great many people, some from kindly, more from selfish motives, and all who had been accustomed to live at Holland House and continued to be her *habitués* will lament over the fall of the curtain on that long drama, and the final extinction of the flickering remnant of a social light which illuminated and adorned England and even Europe for half a century. The world never has seen and never will again see anything like Holland House, and though it was by no means the same thing as it was during Lord Holland's life, Lady Holland contrived to assemble round her to the last a great society, comprising almost everybody that was conspicuous, remarkable, and agreeable. The closing of her house, therefore, will be a serious and irreparable loss, especially to those old friends who are too old to look out for new places of resort and to form new social habits. She was a very strange woman, whose character it would not be easy to describe, and who can only be perfectly understood from a knowledge and consideration of her habits and peculiarities. She was certainly clever, and she had acquired a great deal of information both from books and men, having passed her whole life amidst people remarkable for their abilities and knowledge. She cared very little for her children, but she sometimes pretended to care for them, and she also pretended to entertain strong feelings of friendship for many individuals; and this was not all insincerity, for, in fact, she did entertain them as strongly as her nature permitted. She was often capricious, tyrannical, and troublesome, liking to provoke, and disappoint, . . . often good-natured, and considerate to the same people. To those who were ill and suffering, to whom she could show any

personal kindness and attention, among her intimate friends, she never failed to do so. She was always intensely selfish, dreading solitude above everything, and eternally working to enlarge the circle of her society, and to retain all who ever came within it. She could not live alone for a single minute; she never was alone, and even in her moments of greatest grief it was not in solitude but in society that she sought her consolation. Her love and habit of domination were both unbounded, and they made her do strange and often unwarrantable things. None ever lived who assumed such privileges as Lady Holland, and the docility with which the world submitted to her vagaries was wonderful. Though she was eternally surrounded with clever people, there was no person of any position in the world, no matter how frivolous and foolish, whose acquaintance she was not eager to cultivate, and especially latterly she had a rage for knowing new people and going to fresh houses. Though often capricious and impertinent she was never out of temper, and she bore with good humour and calmness the indignant and resentful outbreaks which she sometimes provoked in others, and though she liked to have people at her orders and who would defer to her and obey her, she both liked and respected those who were not afraid of her and who treated her with spirit and freedom. Although she was known to be wholly destitute of religious opinions she never encouraged any irreligious talk in her house. She never herself spoke disrespectfully or with levity of any of the institutions or opinions which other people were accustomed to reverence, nor did she at any time, even during periods of the greatest political violence, suffer any disloyal language towards the sovereign, nor encourage any fierce philippics, still less any ribaldry against political opponents. It was her great object, while her society was naturally and inevitably of a particular political colour, to establish in it such a tone of moderation and general toleration that no person of any party, opinion, profession, or persuasion might feel any difficulty in coming to her house, and she took care that no one who did should ever have reason to complain of being offended or annoyed, still less shocked or insulted under her roof. Never was anybody more invariably kind to her servants or more solicitous for their comfort:• In this probably

selfish considerations principally moved her; it was essential to her comfort to be diligently and zealously served, and she secured by her conduct to them their devoted attachment. It used often to be said in joke that they were very much better off than her guests.

Charles C. F. Greville.

107. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Born 1770 Died 1850

I WENT out for a walk with Mr. G. Venables over the Doldowlod suspension bridge across the Wye and up the Llandrindod road. We fell into conversation about Wordsworth and the following are some of Mr. George Venables' recollections of him.

"I was staying at Ambleside with some people who knew Wordsworth and was introduced to him there. Then I went over to tea at his house, Rydal Mount. Wordsworth's sister Dorothy was in the room, an old woman at that time. She was depressed and took no part in the conversation and no notice of what was passing. Her brother told me he attributed the failure of her health and intellect to the long walks she used to take with him, e.g. from Llyswen to Llanthony.

"He said he met 'Peter Bell' on the road between Builth and Rhayader.

"One evening riding near Rydal I saw Wordsworth sauntering towards me wearing a shade over his eyes, which were weak, and crooning out aloud some lines of a poem which he was composing. I stopped to avoid splashing him and apologized for having intruded upon him. He said, 'I am glad I met you for I want to consult you about some lines I am composing in which I want to make the shadow of Etna fall across Syracuse, the mountain being 40 miles from the city. Would this be possible?' I replied that there was nothing in the distance to prevent the shadow of the mountain falling across the city. The only difficulty was that Etna is exactly North of Syracuse. 'Surely,' said Wordsworth, 'it is a little N.E. or N.W.' And as he was evidently determined to make the shadow fall the way he wanted it I did not contradict him. Wordsworth was

a very remarkable looking man. He looked like an old shepherd, with rough rugged weather beaten face, but his features were fine and high cut. He was a grand man. He had a perfectly independent mind and cared for no one else's opinion. I called upon him afterwards at the Stow, Whitney. He was very kind to me there. He used to say that the Wye above Hay was the finest piece of scenery in South Britain, i.e. every thing south of himself." *C. Venables* [28 Sept. 1870].

108. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON a summer morning (let us call it 1840, then) I was appraised by Taylor that Wordsworth had come to Town; and would meet a small party of us at a certain Tavern in St. James's Street at breakfast,—to which I was invited for the given day and hour . . . he talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity and force; as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop,—and as no unwise one could. His voice was good, frank and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct and forcible, rather than melodious; the tone of him business-like, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous; a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man; glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore the marks of much not always peaceful meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable and hard: a man *multa tacere loquive paratus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not very brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well shaped; rather too much of cheek ("horse-face" I have heard satirists say), face of squarish shape and decidedly longish, as I think the head itself was (*its* "length" going *horizontal*): he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall and strong-looking when he stood: a right good old steel-gray figure, with a fine rustic simplicity and dignity about him, and a veracious *strength* looking through him/which might have suited one of

those old steel-gray *Markgrafs* (Graf=*Grau*, "Steel-gray") whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the marches, and do battle with the intrusive Heathen, in a stalwart and judicious manner.

On this and other occasional visits of his I saw Wordsworth a number of times, at dinners, in evening parties; and we grew a little more familiar, but without much increase of real intimacy or affection springing up between us. . . .

Wordsworth took his bit of lionism very quietly, with a smile sardonic rather than triumphant; and certainly got no harm by it, if he got or expected little good. His Wife a small, withered, puckered, winking lady, who never spoke seemed to be more earnest about the affair;—and was visibly and sometimes ridiculously assiduous to secure her proper place of precedence at Table. . . . Wordsworth generally spoke a little with me on those occasions; sometimes, perhaps, we sat by one another; but there came from him nothing considerable, and happily at least nothing with an effort. "If you think me dull, be it just so!" this seemed to a most respectable extent to be his inspiring humour. Hardly above once (perhaps at the Stanleys') do I faintly recollect something of the contrary on his part for a little while; which was not pleasant or successful while it lasted. The light [this was at Lord Mounteagle's] was always afflictive to his eyes; he carried in his pocket something like a skeleton brass candlestick; in which, setting it on the dinner-table, between him and the most afflictive or nearest of the chief lights, he touched a little spring, and there flitted out, at the top of his brass implement, a small vertical green circle, which prettily enough threw his eyes into shade, and screened him from that sorrow. In proof of his equanimity as lion I remember, in connection with this green shade, one little glimpse; which shall be given presently as *finis*. But first let me say that all these Wordsworth phenomena appear to have been indifferent to me, and have melted to steamy oblivion, in a singular degree. Of his talk to others in my hearing I remember simply nothing, not even a word or gesture. To myself it seemed once or twice as if he bore suspicions, thinking I was *not* a real worshipper, which threw him into something of embarrassment, till I hastened to get them laid, by frank discourse on some suitable things (in

the Stanley Drawing-room, I remember, he hit a stool, and kicked it over in striding forward to shake hands);—nor, when we did talk, was there on his side or on mine the least utterance worth noting. The tone of his voice when I did get him afloat, on some Cumberland or other matter germane to him, had a braced rustic vivacity, willingness, and solid precision, which alone rings in my ear when all else is gone. Of some Druid Circle, for example, he prolonged his response to me with the addition, “And there is another some miles off; which the country people call *Long MEG and her DAUGHTERS*”; as to the now ownership of which, “It” etc.; “*and then it came into the hands of a Mr. Crackenthorpe*”; the *sound* of these two phrases is still lively and present with me; meaning or sound of absolutely nothing more. Still more memorable is an ocular glimpse I had in one of these Wordsworthian lion-dinners, very symbolic to me of his general deportment there, and far clearer than the little feature of opposite sort, ambiguously given above. . . . Dinner was large, luminous, sumptuous; I sat a long way from Wordsworth; dessert I think had come in; and certainly there reigned in all quarters a cackle as of Babel (only politer perhaps),—which far up, in Wordsworth’s quarter (who was leftward on my side of the table), seemed to have taken a sententious, rather louder, logical and quasi-scientific turn,—heartily unimportant to gods and men, so far as I could judge of it and of the other babble reigning. I looked upwards, leftwards, the coast luckily being for a moment clear: there, far off, beautifully screened in the shadow of his vertical green circle, which was on the farther side of him, sat Wordsworth, silent, in rock-like indifference, slowly but steadily gnawing some portion of what I judged to be raisins, with his eye and attention placidly fixed on these and these alone. The sight of whom, and of his rock-like indifference to the babble, quasi-scientific and other, with attention turned on the small practical alone, was comfortable and amusing to me who felt like him but could not eat raisins. This little glimpse I could still paint, so clear and bright is it, and this shall be symbolical of all.

Thomas Carlyle.

109. MRS. WORDSWORTH AND DOROTHY
WORDSWORTH

A LITTLE semi-vestibule between two doors prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was—a perfect and unpretending cottage window, with little diamond panes, embowered at almost every season of the year with roses, and in the summer and autumn with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainscoting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air. However, I saw sufficiently to be aware of two ladies just entering the room, through a doorway opening upon a little staircase. The foremost, a tallish young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features, advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner. This was Mrs. Wordsworth, cousin of the poet, and, for the last five years or more, his wife. She was now mother of two children, a son and a daughter; and she furnished a remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely—according to the rigour of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain—to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts and movements. *Words*, I was going to have added; but her words were few. In reality, she talked so little that Mr. Slave-Trade Clarkson used to allege against her that she could only say, “*God bless you!*” Certainly her intellect was not of an active order; but, in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts; and it would have been strange, indeed,

if she who enjoyed such eminent advantages of training, from the daily society of her husband and his sister, failed to acquire some power of judging for herself, and putting forth some functions of activity. But undoubtedly that was not her element: to feel and to enjoy in a luxurious repose of mind—there was her *forte* and her peculiar privilege; and how much better this was adapted to her husband's taste, how much more adapted to uphold the comfort of his daily life, than a blue-stocking loquacity or even a legitimate talent for discussion, may be inferred from his verses, beginning—

She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleam'd upon my sight.

Once for all, these exquisite lines were dedicated to Mrs Wordsworth; were understood to describe her—to have been prompted by the feminine graces of her character; hers they are, and will remain for ever. . . . And I will add to this abstract of her *moral* portrait these few concluding traits of her appearance in a physical sense. Her figure was tolerably good. In complexion she was fair, and there was something peculiarly pleasing even in this accident of the skin, for it was accompanied by an animated expression of health, a blessing which, in fact, she possesses uninterruptedly. Her eyes, the reader may already know, were

Like stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight, too, her dark brown hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

Yet strange it is to tell that, in those eyes of vesper gentleness, there was a considerable obliquity of vision; and much beyond that slight obliquity which is often supposed to be an attractive foible in the countenance: this *ought* to have been displeasing or repulsive; yet, in fact, it was not. Indeed all faults, had they been ten times more and greater, would have been neutralized by that supreme expression of her features to the unity of which every lineament in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts, of her countenance, concurred, viz. a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness such as in this world I never saw surpassed.

Immediately behind her moved a lady, shorter, slighter, and perhaps, in all other respects, as different from her in personal characteristics as could have been wished for the most effective contrast. "Her face was of Egyptian brown"; rarely, in a woman of English birth, had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in motion. Her manner was warm and even ardent; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which, being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irrepressible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age, and her maidenly condition, gave to her whole demeanour, and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered in point of clearness and steadiness, from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times, the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer, and so determinately to stammer that a stranger who should have seen her and quitted her in that state of feeling would have certainly set her down for one plagued with that infirmity of speech as distressingly as Charles Lamb himself. . . . The greatest deductions from Miss Wordsworth's attractions, and from the exceeding interest which surrounded her in right of her character, of her history, and of the relation which she fulfilled towards her brother, were the glancing quickness of her motions, and other circumstances in her deportment (such as her stooping attitude when walking), which gave an ungraceful, and even an unsexual character to her appearance when out of doors. She did not cultivate the graces which preside over the person and its carriage. But, on the other hand, she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually; and, in addition to the other great services which she rendered to her brother, this I may mention as greater than all the rest, and it was one which equally operated to the benefit of every casual companion in a walk—viz. the exceeding sympathy, always ready and always profound, by which she made all that one could tell her, all

that one could describe, all that one could quote from a foreign author, reverberate, as it were, *à plusieurs reprises*, to one's own feelings, by the manifest impression it made upon *hers*. The pulses of light are not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation, than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathizing attention. Her knowledge of literature was irregular, and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart.

Thomas De Quincey.

110. MRS. WORDSWORTH

Born 1771 Died 1859

THE last thing that would have occurred to Mrs. Wordsworth would have been that her departure, or anything about her, would be publicly noticed amidst the events of a stirring time. Those who knew her well, regarded her with as true a homage as they ever rendered to any member of the household, or to any personage of the remarkable group which will be for ever traditionally associated with the Lake District: but this reverence, genuine and hearty as it was, would not, in all eyes, be a sufficient reason for recording more than the fact of her death. It is her survivorship of such a group which constitutes an undisputed public interest in her decease. With her closes a remarkable scene in the history of the literature of our century. The well-known cottage, Mount, and garden at Rydal will be regarded with other eyes, when shut up, or transferred to new occupants. With Mrs. Wordsworth, an old world has passed away before the eyes of the inhabitants of the District, and a new one succeeds which may have its own delights, solemnities, honours, and graces, but which can never replace the familiar one that is gone. There was something mournful in the lingering of the aged lady—blind, deaf, and bereaved in her latter years; but *she* was not mournful, any more than she was insensible. Age did not blunt her feelings, nor deaden her interest in the events of the day. It seems not

so very long ago that she said that the worst of living in such a place (as the Lake District) was its making one unwilling to go. It was too beautiful to let one be ready to leave it.

Within a few years, the beloved daughter was gone; and then the aged husband, and then the son-in-law; and then the devoted friend, Mr. Wordsworth's publisher, Mr. Moxon, who paid his duty occasionally by the side of her chair; then she became blind and deaf. Still her cheerfulness was indomitable. No doubt, she would in reality have been "willing to go" whenever called upon, throughout her long life; but she liked life to the end. By her disinterestedness of nature, by her fortitude of spirit, and her constitutional elasticity and activity, she was qualified for the honour of surviving her household—nursing and burying them, and bearing the bereavement which they were vicariously spared. She did it wisely, tenderly, bravely, and cheerfully, and she will be remembered accordingly by all who witnessed the spectacle.

It was by the accident (so to speak) of her early friendship with Wordsworth's sister that her life became involved with the poetic element, which her mind would hardly have sought for itself in another position. She was the incarnation of good sense, as applied to the concerns of the every-day world. In as far as her marriage and course of life tended to infuse a new elevation into her views of things, it was a blessing; and, on the other hand, in as far as it infected her with the spirit of exclusiveness which was the grand defect of the group in its own place, it was hurtful; but that very exclusiveness was less an evil than an amusement, after all. It was a rather serious matter to hear the Poet's denunciations of the railway, and to read his well-known sonnets on the desecration of the Lake region by the unhallowed presence of commonplace strangers; and it was truly painful to observe how the scornful and grudging mood spread among the young, who thought they were agreeing with Wordsworth in claiming the vales and lakes as a natural property for their enlightened selves. But it was so unlike Mrs. Wordsworth, with her kindly, cheery, generous turn, to say that a green field with buttercups would answer all the purposes of Lancashire operatives, and that they did not know what to do with themselves when they came among

the mountains, that the innocent insolence could do no harm. It became a fixed sentiment when she alone survived to uphold it; and one demonstration of it amused the whole neighbourhood in a good-natured way. "People from Birtwaite" were the bugbear—Birtwaite being the end of the railway. Mrs Wordsworth's companion told her (she being then blind) that there were some people in the garden . . . "Boys from Birtwaite," said the old lady. . . . When the strangers were gone, it appeared that they were the Prince of Wales and his companions. Making allowance for prejudices, neither few nor small, but easily dissolved when reason and kindness had opportunity to work, she was a truly wise woman, equal to all occasions of action, and supplying other persons' needs and deficiencies.

In the "Memoirs of Wordsworth" it is stated that she was the original of

"She was a phantom of delight,"

and some things in the next few pages look like it; but for the greater part of the Poet's life it was certainly believed by some who ought to know that that wonderful description related to another, who flitted before his imagination in earlier days than those in which he discovered the aptitude of Mary Hutchinson to his own needs. The last stanza is very like her; and her husband's sonnet to the painter of her portrait in old age discloses to us how the first stanza might be so also, in days beyond the ken of the existing generation. Of her early sorrows, in the loss of two children and a beloved sister who was domesticated with the family, there are probably no living witnesses. It will never be forgotten by any who saw it how the late dreary train of afflictions was met. For many years Wordsworth's sister Dorothy was a melancholy charge. Mrs. Wordsworth was wont to warn any rash enthusiast for mountain walking by the spectacle before them. The adoring sister would never fail her brother; and she destroyed her health, and then her reason, by exhausting walks, and wrong remedies for the consequences. Forty miles in a day was not a singular feat of Dorothy's. During the long years of this devoted creature's helplessness she was tended with admirable cheerfulness and good sense. Thousands of Lake tourists must remember the

locked garden gate when Miss Wordsworth was taking the air, and the garden chair going round and round the terrace, with the emaciated little woman in it, who occasionally called out to strangers, and amused them with her clever sayings. She outlived the beloved Dora, Wordsworth's only surviving daughter. After the lingering illness of that daughter (Mrs. Quillinan), the mother encountered the dreariest portion, probably, of her life. Her aged husband used to spend the long winter evenings in grief and tears—week after week, month after month. Neither of them had eyes for reading. He could not be comforted. She, who carried as tender a maternal heart as ever beat, had to bear her own grief and his too. She grew whiter and smaller, so as to be greatly changed in a few months; but this was the only expression of what she endured, and he did not discover it. When he too left her, it was seen how disinterested had been her trouble. When his trouble had ceased, she too was relieved. She followed his coffin to the sacred corner of Grasmere churchyard, where lay now all those who had once made her home. She joined the household guests on their return from the funeral, and made tea as usual. And this was the disinterested spirit which carried her through the last few years, till she had just reached the ninetieth. Even then, she had strength to combat disease for many days. Several times she rallied and relapsed; and she was full of alacrity of mind and body as long as exertion of any kind was possible. There were many eager to render all duty and love—her two sons, nieces, and friends, and a whole sympathizing neighbourhood. . . .

Not one is left now of the eminent persons who rendered that cluster of valleys so eminent as it has been. Dr. Arnold went first, in the vigour of his years. Southey died at Keswick, and Hartley Coleridge on the margin of Rydal Lake; and the Quillinans under the shadow of Loughrigg; and Professor Wilson disappeared from Elleray; and the aged Mrs. Fletcher from Lancrigg; and the three venerable Wordsworths from Rydal Mount.

The survivor of all the rest had a heart and a memory for the solemn *last* of everything. She was the one to inquire of about the last eagle in the District, the last pair of ravens in any crest of rocks, the last old dalesman in any improved spot, the

last round of the last pedlar among hills where the broad white road has succeeded the green bridle-path. She knew the District during the period between its first recognition, through Gray's "Letters," to its complete publicity in the age of railways. She saw, perhaps, the best of it. But she contributed to modernise and improve it, though the idea of doing so probably never occurred to her. There were great people before to give away Christmas bounties, and spoil their neighbours as the established almsgiving of the rich does spoil the labouring class, which ought to be above that kind of aid. Mrs. Wordsworth did infinitely more good in her own way, and without being aware of it. An example of comfortable thrift was a greater boon to the people round than money, clothes, meat, or fuel. The oldest residents have long borne witness that the homes of the neighbours have assumed a new character of order and comfort, and wholesome economy, since the Poet's family lived at Rydal Mount. It used to be a pleasant sight when Wordsworth was seen in the middle of a hedge, cutting switches for half-a-dozen children, who were pulling at his cloak, or gathering about his heels: and it will long be pleasant to family friends to hear how the young wives of half a century learned to make home comfortable by the example of the good housewife at the Mount, who was never above letting her thrift be known.

Finally, she who had noted so many last survivors was herself the last of a company more venerable than eagles, or ravens, or old-world yeomen, or antique customs. She would not in any case be the first forgotten. As it is, her honoured name will live for generations in the traditions of the valleys round. If she was studied as the Poet's wife, she came out so well from that investigation that she was contemplated for herself; and the image so received is her true monument. It will be better preserved in her old-fashioned neighbourhood than many monuments which make a greater show. *Harriet Martineau.*

111. SIR ROBERT PEEL

Born 1788 Died 1850

NATURE had combined in Sir Robert Peel many admirable parts. In him a physical frame incapable of fatigue was united with an

understanding equally vigorous and flexible. He was gifted with the faculty of method in the highest degree; and with great powers of application which were sustained by a prodigious memory; while he could communicate his acquisitions with clear and fluent elocution.

Such a man, under any circumstances and in any sphere of life, would probably have become remarkable. Ordained from his youth to be busied with the affairs of a great empire, such a man, after long years of observation, practice, and perpetual discipline would have become what Sir Robert Peel was in the latter portion of his life, a transcendent administrator of public business and a matchless master of debate in a popular assembly. In the course of time the method which was natural to Sir Robert Peel had matured into a habit of such expertness that no one in the despatch of affairs ever adapted the means more fitly to the end; . . . his memory accumulated such stores of political information that he could bring luminously together all that was necessary to establish or to illustrate a subject; while in the house of commons he was equally eminent in exposition and in reply: in the first, distinguished by his arrangement, his clearness, and his completeness; in the second, ready, ingenious, and adroit, prompt in detecting the weak points of his adversary, and dexterous in extricating himself from an embarrassing position.

Thus gifted and thus accomplished, Sir Robert Peel had a great deficiency; he was without imagination. Wanting imagination, he wanted prescience. No one was more sagacious when dealing with the circumstances before him; no one penetrated the present with more acuteness and accuracy. His judgment was faultless provided he had not to deal with the future. Thus it happened through his long career, that while he always was looked upon as the most prudent and safest of leaders, he ever, after a protracted display of admirable tactics, concluded his campaigns by surrendering at discretion. He was so adroit that he could prolong resistance even beyond its term, but so little foreseeing that often in the very triumph of his manœuvres he found himself in an untenable position. And so it came to pass that roman catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, and the abrogation of our commercial system,

were all carried in haste or in passion and without conditions or mitigatory arrangements.

Sir Robert Peel had a peculiarity which is perhaps natural with men of very great talents who have not the creative faculty; he had a dangerous sympathy with the creations of others. Instead of being cold or wary, as was commonly supposed, he was impulsive and even inclined to rashness. When he was ambiguous, unsatisfactory, reserved, tortuous, it was that he was perplexed, that he did not see his way, that the routine which he had admirably administered failed him, and that his own mind was not constructed to create a substitute for the custom which was crumbling away. Then he was ever on the look-out for new ideas, and when he embraced them he did so with eagerness and often with precipitancy; he always carried these novel plans to an extent which even their projectors or chief promoters had usually not anticipated; as was seen, for example, in the settlement of the currency. Although apparently wrapped up in himself and supposed to be egotistical, except in seasons of rare exaltedness, as in the years 1844-5, when he reeled under the favour of the court, the homage of the continent, and the servility of parliament, he was really deficient in self-confidence. There was always some person representing some theory or system exercising an influence over his mind. In his "sallet-days" it was Mr. Horner or Sir Samuel Romilly; in later and more important periods, it was the Duke of Wellington, the king of the French, Mr. Jones Lloyd—some others—and finally, Mr. Cobden. . . .

Sir Robert Peel had a bad manner of which he was sensible; he was by nature very shy, but forced early in life into eminent positions, he had formed an artificial manner, haughtily stiff or exuberantly bland, of which, generally speaking, he could not divest himself. There were, however, occasions when he did succeed in this, and on these, usually when he was alone with an individual whom he wished to please, his manner was not only unaffectedly cordial, but he could even charm. When he was ridiculed by his opponents in '41, as one little adapted for a court, and especially the court of a queen, those who knew him well augured different results from his high promotion, and they were right. But generally speaking he was never at his

ease, and never very content except in the house of commons. Even there he was not natural, though there the deficiency was compensated for by his unrivalled facility, which passed current with the vulgar eye for the precious quality for which it was substituted. He had obtained a complete control over his temper, which was by nature somewhat fiery. His disposition was good; there was nothing petty about him; he was very free from rancour; he was not only not vindictive, but partly by temperament and still more perhaps by discipline, he was even magnanimous.

For so very clever a man he was deficient in the knowledge of human nature. The prosperous routine of his youth was not favourable to the development of this faculty. It was never his lot to struggle; although forty years in parliament, it is remarkable that Sir Robert Peel never represented a popular constituency or stood a contested election. As he advanced in life he was always absorbed in thought, and abstraction is not friendly to a perception of character, or to a fine appreciation of the circumstances of the hour. . . .

As an orator Sir Robert Peel had perhaps the most available talent that has ever been brought to bear in the house of commons. We have mentioned that both in exposition and in reply he was equally eminent. His statements were perspicuous, complete, and dignified; when he combated the objections or criticized the propositions of an opponent, he was adroit and acute; no speaker ever sustained a process of argumentation in a public assembly more lucidly, and none as debaters have united in so conspicuous a degree prudence with promptness. In the higher efforts of oratory he was not successful. His vocabulary was ample and never mean; but it was neither rich nor rare. His speeches will afford no sentiment of surpassing grandeur or beauty that will linger in the ears of coming generations. He embalmed no great political truth in immortal words. His flights were ponderous; he soared with the wing of the vulture rather than the plume of the eagle; and his perorations, when most elaborate, were most unwieldy. In pathos he was quite deficient; when he attempted to touch the tender passions, it was painful. His face became distorted, like that of a woman who wants to cry but cannot succeed. Orators certainly should not shed tears, but there are moments when, as the Italians

say, the voice should weep. The taste of Sir Robert Peel was highly cultivated, but it was not originally fine; he had no wit; but he had a keen sense of the ridiculous and an abundant vein of genuine humour. Notwithstanding his artificial reserve, he had a hearty and a merry laugh; and sometimes his mirth was uncontrollable. He was gifted with an admirable organ; perhaps the finest that has been heard in the house in our days, unless we except the thrilling tones of O'Connell. . . . His enunciation was very clear, though somewhat marred by provincialisms. His great deficiency was want of nature, which made him often appear even with a good cause more plausible than persuasive and more specious than convincing. . . .

Sir Robert Peel was a very good-looking man. He was tall and, though of latter years he had become portly, had to the last a comely presence. Thirty years ago, when he was young and lithe, with curling brown hair, he had a very radiant expression of countenance. His brow was very distinguished, not so much for its intellectual development, although that was of a very high order, as for its remarkably frank expression, so different from his character in life. The expression of the brow might even be said to amount to beauty. The rest of the features did not, however, sustain this impression. The eye was not good; it was sly, and he had an awkward habit of looking askance. He had the fatal defect also of a long upper lip, and his mouth was compressed.

One cannot say of Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding his unrivalled powers of despatching affairs, that he was the greatest minister that this country ever produced, because, twice placed at the helm, and on the second occasion with the court and the parliament equally devoted to him, he never could maintain himself in power. Nor, notwithstanding his consummate parliamentary tactics, can he be described as the greatest party leader that ever flourished among us, for he contrived to destroy the most compact, powerful, and devoted party that ever followed a British statesman. Certainly, notwithstanding his great sway in debate, we cannot recognize him as our greatest orator, for in many of the supreme requisites of oratory he was singularly deficient. But what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is the greatest member of parliament that ever lived.

Benjamin Disraeli.

112. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Born 1769 Died 1852

HE who rode in front was a thin, well-made man, apparently of the middle stature, and not yet past the prime of life. His dress was a plain grey frock, buttoned close to the chin; a cocked hat, covered with oilskin; grey pantaloons, with boots buckled at the side; and a steel-mounted light sabre. Though I knew not who he was, there was a brightness in his eye which bespoke him something more than an aide-de-camp or a general of brigade; nor was I long left in doubt. There were in the ranks many veterans who had served in the Peninsula during some of the earlier campaigns; these instantly recognized their old leader, and the cry of "Duro, Duro!" the familiar title given by the soldiers to the Duke of Wellington, was raised. This was followed by reiterated shouts, to which he replied by taking off his hat and bowing, when, after commending the appearance of the corps, and chatting for a moment with the commanding officer, he advised that a halt should take place where we were, and rode on.

As I had never seen the great Captain of the day before, it will be readily imagined that I looked at him on the present occasion with a degree of admiration and respect such as a soldier of seventeen years of age, devoted to his profession, is likely to feel for the man whom he regards as its brightest ornament. There was in his general aspect nothing indicative of a life spent in hardships and fatigues; nor any expression of care or anxiety in his countenance. On the contrary, his cheek, though bronzed with frequent exposure to the sun, had on it the ruddy hue of health, while a smile of satisfaction played about his mouth, and told, more plainly than words could have spoken, how perfectly he felt himself at his ease. Of course I felt, as I gazed upon him, that an army under his command could not be beaten; and I had frequent opportunities afterwards of perceiving how far such a feeling goes towards preventing a defeat. Let troops only place perfect confidence in him who leads them, and the sight of him, at the most trying moment, is worth a fresh brigade.

The Rev. G. R. Gleig.

113. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

It was at Doncaster on Wednesday morning last that I heard of the Duke of Wellington's death, which at first nobody believed, but they speedily telegraphed to London, and the answer proved that the report was correct. Doncaster was probably the only place in the kingdom where the sensation caused by this event was not absorbing and profound; but there, on the morning of the St. Leger, most people were too much occupied with their own concerns to bestow much thought or lamentation on this great national loss. Everywhere else the excitement and regret have been unexampled, and the press has been admirable especially the "*Times*," the biographical notice and article in which paper were both composed many months ago, and shown to me. Indeed the notices of the Duke and the characters drawn of him have been so able and elaborate in all the newspapers, that they leave little or nothing to be said. Still, there were minute traits of character and peculiarities about the Duke which it was impossible for mere public writers and men personally unacquainted with him to seize, but the knowledge and appreciation of which are necessary in order to form a just and complete conception of the man.

In spite of some foibles and faults, he was, beyond all doubt, a very great man—the only great man of the present time—and comparable, in point of greatness, to the most eminent of those who have lived before him. His greatness was the result of a few striking qualities—a perfect simplicity of character without a particle of vanity or conceit, but with a thorough and strenuous self-reliance, a severe truthfulness, never misled by fancy or exaggeration, and an ever-abiding sense of duty and obligation which made him the humblest of citizens and most obedient of subjects. The Crown never possessed a more faithful, devoted, and disinterested subject. Without personal attachment to any of the monarchs whom he served, and fully understanding and appreciating their individual merits and demerits, he alike revered their great office in the persons of each of them, and would at any time have sacrificed his ease, his fortune, or his life, to serve the Sovereign and the State.

Passing almost his whole life in command and authority, and regarded with universal deference and submission, his head was never turned by the exalted position he occupied, and there was no duty, however humble, he would not have been ready to undertake at the bidding of his lawful superiors, whose behests he would never have hesitated to obey. Notwithstanding his age and his diminished strength, he would most assuredly have gone anywhere and have accepted any post in which his personal assistance might have been essential to the safety or advantage of the realm. He had more pride in obeying than in commanding, and he never for a moment considered that his great position and elevation above all other subjects released him from the same obligation which the humblest of them acknowledged. He was utterly devoid of personal and selfish ambition, and there never was a man whose greatness was so *thrust* upon him. It was in his dispassionate unselfishness, and sense of duty and moral obligation, that he was so superior to Napoleon Bonaparte, who, with more genius and fertility of invention, was the slave of his own passions, unacquainted with moral restraint, indifferent to the well-being and happiness of his fellow-creatures; and who in pursuit of any objects at which his mind grasped trampled under foot without remorse or pity all divine and human laws, and bore down every obstacle and scorned every consideration which opposed themselves to his absolute and despotic will. The Duke was a good-natured, but not an amiable man; he had no tenderness in his disposition, and never evinced much affection for any of his relations. His nature was hard, and he does not appear to have had any real affection for anybody, man or woman, during the later years of his life, since the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, to whom he probably was attached, and in whom he certainly confided. Domestic enjoyment he never possessed, and, as his wife was intolerable to him, though he always kept on decent terms with her, at least, ostensibly, he sought the pleasure of women's society in a variety of capricious *liaisons*, from which his age took off all scandal: these he took up or laid aside and changed as fancy and inclination prompted him. His intimate friends and adherents used to smile at these senile *engouements*, but sometimes had to regret the ridicule to which they would have

exposed him if a general reverence and regard had not made him a privileged person, and permitted him to do what no other man could have done with impunity. In his younger days he was extremely addicted to gallantry, and had great success with women, of whom one in Spain gained great influence over him, and his passion for whom very nearly involved him in serious difficulties. His other ladies did little more than amuse his idle hours and subserve his social habits, and with most of them his *liaisons* were certainly very innocent. He had been very fond of Grassini, and the successful lover of some women of fashion, whose weaknesses have never been known, though perhaps suspected. These habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted. He was always ready to enter into any personal matters, intrigues, or quarrels, political or social difficulties, and to give his advice, which generally (though not invariably) was very sound and good; but latterly he became morose and inaccessible, and cursed and swore at the people who sought to approach him, even on the most serious and necessary occasions.

Although the Duke's mind was still very vigorous, and he wrote very good papers on the various subjects which were submitted for his judgement and opinion, his prejudices had become so much stronger and more unassailable, that he gave great annoyance and a good deal of difficulty to the Ministers who had to transact business with him. He was opposed to almost every sort of change and reform in the military administration, and it was a task of no small difficulty to steer between the exigencies of public opinion and his objections and resistance. As it was always deemed an object to keep him in good humour, and many considerations forbade anything like a dissension with him, or an appeal against him to the public, the late Ministers often acted, or refrained from acting, in deference to his opinions and against their own, and took on themselves all the responsibility of maintaining his views and measures, even when they thought he was wrong. His habits were latterly very solitary, and after the death of Arbuthnot he had no intimacy with any one, nor any friend to whom he could talk freely and confidentially. As long as Arbuthnot lived he

confided everything to him, and those who wished to communicate with the Duke almost always did so through him.

Charles C. F. Greville.

114. DR. M. J. ROUTH

Born 1755 Died 1854

LET me recall the occasion, the pretext rather, on which (Dec. 10th, 1846) I obtained my first interview with Dr. Routh. I had been charged with a book for him, and, having obtained his permission to bring it in person, presented myself at his gate. Moss received my name in a manner which showed me that I was expected. With a beating heart, I followed the man up the old-fashioned staircase—grim old Doctors in their wigs and robes, and bearded divines with little books in their hands, and college benefactors innumerable, eyeing me all the way from the walls, with terrible severity. My courage at last almost failed me; but retreat was impossible, for by this time we had reached the open door of the library,—a room completely lined with books, (the volumes in that room were reckoned at 5000),—the shelves (which were of deal painted white) reaching from the floor to the ceiling; and the President was to be seen at the furthest extremity, his back to the window, with a blazing fire at his left. At the first intimation of my approach, I noticed that he slipped the book that he was reading into the drawer of the little table before him, and hastened to rise and come into the middle of the room to receive me. The refined courtesy which evidently was doing its best to persuade me not only that I was a welcome visitor but that I found the master of the house *entirely disengaged*, struck me much. Most of all, however, was I astonished by his appearance. He wore such a wig as one only sees in old pictures: cassock, gown, scarf and bands, shorts and buckles. And then *how* he did stoop! But besides immense intelligence, there was a great deal of suavity as well as dignity in that venerable face. And—"You have come to see a decrepid old man, sir!" he said, as he took me by the hand. Something fell from me about my "veneration for so learned a Divine,"

and my having "long coveted this honour." "You are very civil, sir, sit you down." And he placed me in the *arm-chair*, in which he told me he never sat himself.

After a few civilities, he began to congratulate me on my bachelor's gown, pointing to my sleeves. I learned to my astonishment that he supposed he was going to have an interview *with an undergraduate*. He inquired after my standing in the University—my late, my present college. "And you are a fellow of Oriel, sir? A very honourable college to belong to, sir. It has produced many distinguished men. You know, sir, when you marry, or take a living, you can always add to your name, 'late fellow.' I observe, sir, that Dr. Pusey always does so." It was impossible not to smile. My name (he thought) must be of French origin,—must be another form of *Burgoyne*. It soon became painfully evident that he was only talking thus in order to relieve me from the necessity of speaking, in case I should be utterly at a loss for a topic. So, availing myself of a pause after he had inquired about my intended pursuits, I leaned forward (for he was more than slightly deaf) and remarked that perhaps he would allow me to ask him a question. "Eh, sir?" "I thought that perhaps you would allow me to ask you a question about Divinity, sir." He told me (rather gravely) to go on. I explained that I desired a few words of counsel, if he would condescend to give me them—some directions as to the best way of pursuing the study which he had himself cultivated with such signal success. Aware that my request was almost as vague as the subject was vast, and full of genuine consideration for the aged oracle, I enlarged for a minute on the matter, chiefly in order to give him time to adjust his thoughts before making reply. He inquired what I had read? "Eusebius, Hooker and Pearson, very carefully." He nodded. The gravity which by this time his features had assumed was very striking. He lay back in his chair. His head sank forward on his chest, and he looked like one absorbed in thought. "Yes—I think, sir," (said he after a long pause which, besides raising my curiosity, rather alarmed me by the contrast it presented to his recent animated manner,) "I think, sir, were I you, sir—that I would—first of all—read the—the Gospel according to St. Matthew." Here he paused.

“And after I had read the Gospel according to St. Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read—the Gospel according to St.—Mark.” I looked at him anxiously to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me (but at a very slow rate) the outline of my future course. “I think, sir, when I had read the Gospel according to St. Mark, I would go on, sir—to the Gospel according to—St. Luke, sir.” (Another pause, as if the reverend speaker were reconsidering the matter.) “Well, sir, and when I had read those three gospels, sir, were I in your place, I would go on—yes, I would certainly go on to read the Gospel according to St. John.”

For an instant I had felt an inclination to laugh. But by this time a very different set of feelings came over me. Here was a theologian of ninety-one, who after surveying the entire field of sacred science, had come back to the starting-point, and had nothing better to advise me to read than—the Gospel! . . . It was time to go. Indeed the fire was so exceedingly hot that I could bear it no longer. My cap, which I had used for a screen, had been smoking for some time, and now curled and cracked. What annoyed me more, if possible, than the fire, was the President’s canary, in a cage near his elbow. The wretched creature was quiet till we got upon Divinity; but the moment his master mentioned the Gospels, away it went into a paroxysm of song—scream, scream, scream,—as if on purpose to make it impossible for me to hear what he said. If ever the President dropped his voice, the bird screamed the louder.

J. W. Burgon.

115. BISHOP SAMUEL WILBERFORCE

Born 1805 Died 1873

THOSE only who were admitted to the Bishop’s confidence—or, at least, had often seen him in private,—are qualified to speak of his actual character. He had a facility alike in assuming and in throwing off the burdens of his office and station, which might easily mislead. To see him at his own table, for instance, surrounded by twenty or thirty guests, and still more to *hear*

him,—a stranger might have gone away and remembered him only as a brilliant talker, a delightful companion; and straightway jumped to the conclusion that it was for his “convivial qualities” that the Bishop of Oxford was chiefly conspicuous. No one who really knew him, even a little, could make so complete a mistake. But it may be readily granted that the Bishop was at no pains to put the “rank and file” of his acquaintance on the right scent. He would partake freely of the good things before him. And then, he was the very best of table-talkers. His vivacity increased as the entertainment proceeded. He had an endless flow of anecdote. His power of repartee was marvellous. When he was *sure* of his company, he would not only be confidential but unguarded to a degree. It may be questioned if any who knew and loved him did not take the more care of him *because* he was so careless of himself. But to return to the dinner. His habit at his own table,—(by the way, he always sat *in the middle* of it),—was to gather in front of him, and at his right and left, the choicest spirits present; and further to station one of his best lieutenants at either extremity of the hospitable board, with an injunction to them to “keep the company at that end entertained.” (And O the droll way in which he would contrive to listen to a favourite lieutenant’s story, though he seemed fully occupied with his neighbours; and would presently procure general silence, and insist that—“*Now* we are going to have *that* story over again!) The hilarity of those gatherings was sometimes extraordinary, and the almost *boyish* spirits with which the Bishop would throw himself into the topic of the moment, as already hinted, was pretty sure to mislead a superficial observer.

But how had he been occupied for the eight or ten hours before dinner? Let us try to recall. Prayers in the private chapel of the palace ended, there had been breakfast,—a social and cheerful meal: although the formidable pile of letters of all shapes and sizes at the Bishop’s side (sure harbingers of a busy and anxious day) kept him tolerably occupied—sometimes thoughtful—all breakfast time. At 10 he retired to his library, requesting his Archdeacons, Chaplains, and Clergy, to follow him speedily: so that long before 11 they had plunged *in medias res*,—the business (whatever it was) which had

brought them all up to Cuddesdon. At the end of two or three hours of application, most of those present had slipped away for luncheon, and again returned to sit in conclave. Wilberforce alone could never be persuaded to stir. I once *brought* him a biscuit and a glass of sherry. He thanked me for my zeal, laughing, but was inexorable. He "never did," and was "better without it." The long summer afternoon wore away, and the room at last grew oppressively close. At 5 o'clock, nods and winks indicative of exhaustion were freely interchanged: but no one moved,—the chief personage having as yet shown no signs of fatigue. At length the clock struck six: and "I say!" (exclaimed some bold spirit) "I have got the cramp, and must go for a walk." The standard of rebellion once set up, the room began to clear. "Well then," (the Bishop would say), "we had better break off, for I see some of you are getting tired." So satisfactory a recognition of a fact which was altogether undeniable produced a general rising of the faithful band which remained, and a pleasant vision floated before each one's eyes of a rush through the sweet evening air before having to dress for dinner. Vain dream! "My dear Randall, *you* are not leaving us,—are you?" The good old man murmured something about "not minding stopping." The act of self-sacrifice was so gratefully acknowledged that it was quite impossible for "my dear Clerke," or "my dear Bickersteth," or "my dear Pott," or "my dear anything else" to decline,—as the Bishop challenged us severally to do him the great favour to stay and help him with his post. In this way he secured the services of about a dozen white negroes, whom he overwhelmed with thanks and blotting-paper,—placing them round the long table which was covered with writing implements, and at which he had already taken his seat. "Now then, are you ready?" (throwing a letter across to "my dear Woodford")—"Begin, 'My dear sir,' and finish 'yours truly.' Say, 'I shall be glad to confirm at your Church on the day and at the hour you propose. I trust your wife is by this time restored to health.' Thank you!"—"Will *you*" (turning to the man on his left and handing him a letter) "explain to him that I cannot possibly sanction what would be a grave irregularity, but that, &c. &c. Begin, 'Dear Mr. So-and-so,' and end 'very

faithfully yours.' Thank you, my dear Pearson." Then, turning with another letter to the man on his right,—“Tell him, please, that I have an engagement for the 17th which will hinder me doing what he wishes. But, would another afternoon after the 17th and before the 20th suit him? Thank you, dear Leighton! Begin, ‘My dear’ (calling him by his surname), and end it ‘yours affectionately.’”—To the next scribe,—“Begin, ‘My dear Mrs.’ (naming her), ‘Yes, we all grow older. Thank you much for your photograph. I enclose you in return what you are so good as to ask for,’ I will finish it myself.”—To the next,—“Begin, ‘Reverend sir, I have read with surprise yours of the 13th, and can only refer you to the letter I sent you on the same subject a week ago.’”—To the next,—“‘Dear Sir,—the last sherry was excellent. I shall be glad if you will send me a further supply of precisely the same quality at the same price.’” This went on till every pen at table was heard scratching; the Bishop dashing off the more important notes with his own hand; only pausing at short intervals to glance over the work of his scribes, to sign his name, and to furnish the letter-writer with another job: every envelope as soon as finished being thrown into a basket. In this way perhaps forty, fifty, sixty letters were achieved, and the clock had already struck seven. All yawned,—but one. *He* turned an imploring look to “my dear Randall.” The letters had not yet been registered in the log-book. “O yes, I’ll do it.” And now, the contents of the basket being transferred to the post-bag, we were all again thanked and invited to dress for dinner, with the information that A, B, C, D (gentry of the neighbourhood), with wives and daughters, were coming, and that they had been invited for eight o’clock. Wilberforce had been hard at work for nine hours, and had still “a little thing which he *must* do before he could go to dress.” He looked thoroughly fagged. On reappearing in the drawing-room, however, a more entire contrast can hardly be imagined. He looked at least ten years younger. Every mark of thought and care had vanished from his brow. It was as if he had *combed out* his cares. *Then came the dinner . . .*

“If you were called upon”—(the question was once put to one of the Bishop’s greatest intimates)—“to state wherein lay

the secret of Wilberforce's success, what should you say?"—"In his *power of sympathy*," was the ready answer; and it was probably the true one. There never was a more enthusiastic sympathizer with his Clergy. He was large-hearted, liberal, generous to a fault; prompt to enter into every one's needs, difficulties, discouragements; prepared to throw himself heart and soul into any project which seemed to him capable of being successfully worked, and which had *good* for its object. He was courageous also in such matters to the verge of indiscretion; evinced no official stiffness about initiating a novelty, provided it carried on its front the promise of good; but, on the contrary, must walk straight to the front, and take the lead in whatever experiment seemed to him worth the trial. And then, how he graced the leadership which by common suffrage would have been assigned to him, even had it not been his by right! His ready eloquence, his delightful manner, his genial warmth, *ensured* the success of whatever he undertook. To the friendship of men of the school called "Evangelical" he had an inherited claim. But then he also reckoned men of the very opposite way of thinking among his chiefest friends, and had a measure of genuine sympathy for all. In this way he not only drew strangers to himself, but bound them fast when they once came within the sphere of his immediate influence. His temperament effected more. It conciliated prejudice, broke down opposition, cemented confidence and affection. Earnest and enthusiastic spirits, attracted to him by the natural affinity of like natures, were made *more* earnest, *more* enthusiastic, by his example. Long before his translation to Winchester he had gathered round himself whatever of real ability and earnestness there was to be found in the Oxford diocese. No man in truth ever got more *out* of his Clergy than he. They did—whatever he bade them do; and he bade them do—as much as he thought they were capable of doing. If any disliked him, it was the timorous, the secular, the obstructive. As for the men who neglected their parishes, their churches, their work,—they hated him with a cordial hatred. Few things, —*nothing* perhaps, was more remarkable than the art he had of screwing up "to concert pitch,"—(so to express oneself,)—men whose traditions were lax and unsatisfactory, but who, in his

society and under his influence, became really very respectable churchmen.

Let the whole truth, however, be stated: for we may be thought to have been drawing an ideal picture. It is obvious for a reader to inquire,—The man's gifts and graces being such as you have described, and the ends to which he directed them so admirable, are we to understand that we have before us a character without a flaw? Nothing of the sort! His very excellences were a snare to him; his very gifts and graces proved his most effectual hindrances. He was *too* clever, *too* self-reliant, whereby he often put himself in a false position, and exposed himself to unfriendly criticism. Again, he was *too* persuasive, *too* fascinating in his manner, *too* fertile in expedients; and thus he furnished not a few with pleas for suspecting him of insincerity. Sure of himself and unsuspecting of others, he was habitually *too* confiding, *too* unguarded in his utterances. But above all, his besetting fault was that he was a vast deal *too facile*. The consequence might have been foreseen. He was sometimes obliged to "hark back,"—to revoke,—to unsay. This occasioned distrust. Notwithstanding his mastery of the principles of Anglo-Catholic divinity, it may be questioned whether, at the outset of his career, he had that clear perception of *where* to draw the line,—which in one so conspicuous as he was, early entrusted with such a vast amount of responsibility, is even indispensable; especially if his lot be cast in perilous times, and in what may be emphatically termed a *transition* period of the Church's history. Accordingly, Wilberforce would sometimes adventure the partial allowance of views and practices, against which, on maturer reflection, he must have seen that he would have acted more wisely if he had from the beginning set his face like a flint. He was—(one can but repeat it)—too fond of being "all things to all men,"—too apt to commit himself through his very versatility and large-heartedness.

J. W. Burgon.

THREE VICTORIAN NOVELISTS

116. GEORGE ELIOT

Born 1819 Died 1880

NATURE had disguised George Eliot's apparently stoical, yet really vehement and sensitive, spirit, and her soaring genius, in a homely and insignificant form. Her countenance was equine—she was rather like a horse; and her head had been intended for a much longer body—she was not a tall woman. She wore her hair in not pleasing, out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding her ears; and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone. You will see her at her very best in the portrait by Sir Frederic Burton. To my mind George Eliot was a plain woman.

She had a measured way of conversing; restrained, but impressive. When I happened to call she was nearly always seated in the chimney corner on a low chair, and she bent forward when she spoke. As she often discussed abstract subjects, she might have been thought pedantic, especially as her language was sprinkled with a scientific terminology; but I do not think she was a bit of a pedant. Then, though she had a very gentle voice and manner, there was, every now and then, just a suspicion of meek satire in her talk.

Her sentences unwound themselves very neatly and completely, leaving the impression of past reflection and present readiness; she spoke exceedingly well, but not with all the simplicity and *verve*, the happy *abandon* of certain practised women of the world; however, it was in a way that was far more interesting. I have been told she was most agreeable *en tête-à-tête*; that when surrounded by admirers she was apt to become oratorical—a different woman. She did not strike me as witty or markedly humorous; she was too much in earnest; she spoke as if with a sense of responsibility, and one cannot be exactly captivating when one is doing that. Madame de Sablé might have said of her, “*elle s'écouta en parlant.*” She was a good listener. . . .

When we first became acquainted we were told that she and Lewes had been married in Germany, and that they were reluctant to move out of their own immediate circle, or to enlarge it; however, when I ventured to ask them to dine with me, to meet Arthur and Augusta Stanley, they came.

The Stanleys appreciated the dinner: they did not think Mr. Lewes attractive, but they were interested in *her*. I think they and I afterwards met both Mr. Lewes and George Eliot at Lord Mount-Temple's, and at Jowett's; but these subsequent meetings did not deepen Arthur's first favourable impression, and then he was considerably taken aback when he found that Mrs. Lewes was in no way Mr. Lewes's wife. . . .

When I attended Mr. Lewes's funeral in Highgate Cemetery, we were a very small party in the mortuary chapel, not more than twelve persons. I never before had seen so many out-and-out rationalists in so confined a space. A brief discourse was delivered by a Unitarian clergyman, who half apologised for suggesting the possible immortality of some of our souls.

George Eliot's funeral was also at Highgate; snow and slush, and a bitter wind blowing, but still there was a remarkable gathering from all parts of England. I took Tyndall there, and brought him back, and had great pleasure in the philosopher and his conversation. He is full of imagination and I may say of affection.

George Eliot's more transcendental friends never forgave her for marrying. In a morally immoral manner they washed their virtuous hands of her. I could not help thinking it was the most natural thing for the poor woman to do. She was a heavily laden but interesting derelict, tossing among the breakers, without oars or rudder, and all at once the brave Cross arrives, throws her a rope, and gallantly tows her into harbour.

I am sure that she was very sensitive, and must have had many a painful half-hour as the helpmate of Mr. Lewes. By accepting the position, she had placed herself in opposition to the moral instincts of most of those whom she held most dear. Though intellectually self-contained, I believe she was singularly dependent on the emotional side of her nature. With her, as with nearly all women, she needed a something to lean upon.

117. CHARLES DICKENS

Born 1812 Died 1870

DICKENS had much social tact; he was genial and manly; he had a strong personality; he could say "No," but I should think he had infinitely greater pleasure in saying "Yes." He was a jovial fellow, with a most elastic spirit, and apparently an exhaustless vitality. I am told he was an adept at brewing stiff punch, but sparing in his own libations. He favoured convivial philanthropy—indeed, he was the first person to preach the deep spiritual significance of the Christmas goose. He boiled the hot water and potatoes at picnics, was adroit at conjuring and otherwise amusing the young people. Indeed, Dickens entered heart and soul into everything he did; he was a keen man of business, active and practical. He told me that genuine appreciation of his works was as fresh and precious to him then (1869) as it had been thirty years before; indeed, he was still so sensitive to neglect that, in a railway carriage, if his opposite neighbour were reading one of his novels, he did not dare to watch him, lest he should see the book thrown aside with indifference.

His appearance was attractive; he was not conventionally gentlemanlike-looking—I should have been disappointed if he had been so; he was something better. I shall not quickly forget him at Macaulay's funeral, as he walked among the subdued-looking clericals and staid men of mark; there was a stride in his gait and a roll; he had a seafaring complexion and air, and a huge white tie.

Dickens was fond of dress; he owned that he had the primeval savage's love for bright positive colours. I consoled him with the assurance that it was the poet side of his nature that was so gratified.

Dickens had, as indeed I have already remarked, a wonderfully animated countenance. There was an eager look in his bright eyes, and his manners were as free from *mauvaise honte* as from unseasonable familiarity. He told stories with real dramatic effect; he gave one at my table, as related by Rogers (who made story-telling a fine art), of the English and French

duellists who agreed to fight with pistols, the candles being extinguished, in a small room. The brave but humane Englishman, unwilling to shed blood, gropes his way to the fire-place, and discharges his weapon up the chimney; when, lo and behold! whom should he bring down but the dastardly Frenchman, who had crept thither for safety! Dickens said that Rogers's postscript was not the worst part of the story—"When I tell that in Paris, I always put the Englishman up the chimney!" Dickens mimicked Rogers's calm, low-pitched, drawling voice and dry biting manner very comically.

118. ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Born 1815 Died 1882

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, like his ancestor of old, was combative, and he was boisterous, but good naturedly so. He was abrupt in manners and speech; he was ebullient, and therefore he sometimes offended people. I suppose he was a wilful man, and we know that such men are always in the right; but he was a good fellow.

Some of Trollope's acquaintance used to wonder how so commonplace a person could have written such excellent novels; but I maintain that so honourable and interesting a man could not be commonplace.

Hirsute and taurine of aspect, he would glare at you from behind fierce spectacles. His ordinary tones had the penetrative capacity of two people quarrelling, and his voice would ring through and through you, and shake the windows in their frames, while all the time he was most amiably disposed towards you under his waistcoat. To me his *viso sciolto* and bluff geniality were very attractive, and so were his gusty denunciations, but most attractive of all was his unselfish nature. Literary men might make him their exemplar, as I make him my theme; for he may quite well have been the most generous man of letters, of mark, since Walter Scott. . . .

Trollope had a furious hatred of shams and toadyism, and he sometimes recognized and resented these weaknesses where

they would hardly have been detected by an ordinary observer. He could not be said to be quarrelsome, but he was crotchety. It would have been as well if sometimes he had borne in mind Talleyrand's advice, "Surtout point de zèle."

Frederick Locker-Lampson.

119. ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Born 1815 Died 1882

"I REMEMBER a man hitting off a very good description of Trollope's manner, by remarking that 'he came in at the door like a frantic windmill.' The bell would peal, the knocker begin thundering, the door be burst open, and the next minute the house be filled by the big resonant voice inquiring who was at home. I should say he had naturally a sweet voice, which through eagerness he had spoilt by holloing. He was a big man, and the most noticeable thing about his dress was a black handkerchief which he wore tied *twice* round his neck. A trick of his was to put the end of a silk pocket-handkerchief in his mouth and to keep gnawing at it—often biting it into holes in the excess of his energy; and a favourite attitude was to stand with his thumbs tucked into the armholes of his waistcoat. He was a full-coloured man, and joking and playful when at his ease. Unless with his intimates, he rarely laughed, but he had a funny way of putting things, and was usually voted good company."

Trollope was five feet ten, but most people would have thought him taller. He was a stout man, large of limb, and always held himself upright without effort. His manner was bluff, hearty, and genial, and he possessed to the full the great charm of giving his undivided attention to the matter in hand. He was always enthusiastic and energetic in whatever he did. He was of an eager disposition, and doing nothing was a pain to him. In early manhood he became bald; in his latter life his full and bushy beard naturally grew to be gray. He had thick eyebrows, and his open nostrils gave a look of determination to his strong capable face. His eyes were grayish-blue,

but he was rarely seen without spectacles, though of late years he used to take them off whenever he was reading. From a boy he had always been short-sighted.

Standing with his back to the fire, with his hands clasped behind him and his feet planted somewhat apart, the appearance of Anthony Trollope, as I recall him now, was that of a thorough Englishman in a thoroughly English attitude. He was then, perhaps, nearing sixty, and had far more the look of a country gentleman than of a man of letters. Tall, broad-shouldered, and dressed in a careless though not slovenly fashion, it seemed more fitting that he should break into a vivid description of the latest run with the hounds than launch into book-talk. Either subject, however, and for the matter of that I might add *any* subject, was attacked by him with equal energy. In writing of the man this, indeed, is the chief impression I recall—his energy, his thoroughness. While he talked to me, I and my interests might have been the only things for which he cared; and any passing topic of conversation was, for the moment, the one absorbing topic in the world. Being short-sighted, he had a habit of peering through his glasses which contracted his brows and gave him the appearance of a perpetual frown, and, indeed his expression when in repose was decidedly severe. This, however, vanished when he spoke. He talked well, and had generally a great deal to say; but his talk was disjointed, and he but rarely laughed. In manner he was brusque, and one of his most striking peculiarities was his voice, which was of an extraordinarily large compass.

A Personal Friend, 1873.

120. ARCHBISHOP TAIT

Born 1811 Died 1882

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT was educated at Glasgow University and at Balliol College, Oxford; worked at his college for some years as a tutor, succeeded Dr. Arnold as headmaster of Rugby School in 1843, became Dean of Carlisle and then Bishop of London, and was translated to Canterbury in 1868. It has

been generally understood that Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, suggested another prelate for the post, but the Queen, who did not share her minister's estimate of that prelate expressed a preference for Tait. Her choice was amply justified. . . . He was, if it be not a paradox to say so, more remarkable as an archbishop than as a man. He had no original power as a thinker. He was not a striking preacher, and the more pains he took with his sermons the less interesting did they become. He was so far from being learned that you could say no more of him than that he was a sound scholar and a well-informed man. He was deeply and earnestly pious, but in a quiet, almost dry way, which lacked what is called unction, though it impressed those who were in close contact with him. He showed slight interest either in the historical or in the speculative side of theology. Though a good headmaster, he was not a stimulating teacher. Had he remained all his life in a subordinate position, as a college tutor at Oxford, or as canon of some cathedral, he would have discharged the duties of the position in a thoroughly satisfactory way, and would have acquired influence among his colleagues, but no one would have felt that Fate had dealt unfairly with him in depriving him of some larger career and loftier post. No one, indeed, who knew him when he was a college tutor seems to have predicted the dignities he was destined to attain, although he had shown in the theological strife that then raged at Oxford the courage and independence of his character.

In what, then, did the secret of his success lie—the secret, that is, of his acquitting himself so excellently in those dignities as to have become almost a model to his own and the next generation of what an Archbishop of Canterbury ought to be? In the statesmanlike quality of his mind. He had not merely moderation, but what, though often confounded with moderation, is something rarer and better, a steady balance of mind. He was carried about by no winds of doctrine. He seldom yielded to impulses, and was never so seduced by any one theory as to lose sight of other views and conditions which had to be regarded. He was, I think, the first man of Scottish birth who ever rose to be Primate of England, and he had the cautious self-restraint which is deemed characteristic of his nation. He

knew how to be dignified without assumption, firm without vehemence, prudent without timidity, judicious without coldness. He was, above all things, a singularly just man, who recognised every one's rights, and did not seek to overbear them by an exercise of authority. He was as ready to listen to his opponents as to his friends. Indeed, he so held himself as to appear to have no opponents, but to be rather a judge before whom different advocates were stating their respective cases, than a leader seeking to make his own views or his own party prevail. Genial he could hardly be called, for there was little warmth, little display of emotion, in his manner; and the clergy noted, at least in his earlier episcopal days, a touch of the headmaster in his way of receiving them. But he was simple and kindly, capable of seeing the humorous side of things, desiring to believe the good rather than the evil, and to lead people instead of driving them. With all his caution he was direct and straightforward, saying no more than was necessary, but saying nothing he had occasion to be ashamed of. He sometimes made mistakes, but they were not mistakes of the heart, and, being free from vanity or self-conceit, he was willing in his quiet way to admit them and to alter his course accordingly. So his character by degrees gained upon the nation, and so even ecclesiastical partisanship, proverbially more bitter than political, because it springs from deeper wells of feeling, grew to respect and spare him. The influence he obtained went far to strengthen the position of the Established Church, and to keep its several parties from breaking out into more open hostility with one another. He himself inclined to what might be called a moderate Broad Church attitude, leaning more to Evangelical than to Tractarian or Romanising views in matters of doctrine. At one time the extreme High Churchmen regarded him as an enemy. But this unfriendliness had almost died away when the death of his wife and his only son (a young man of singularly winning character), followed by his own long illness, stilled the voices of criticism.

Lord Bryce.

121. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Born 1828 Died 1882

VERY soon Rossetti came to me through the doorway in front, which proved to be the entrance to his studio. Holding forth both hands and crying "Hulloa," he gave me that cheery, hearty greeting which I came to recognise as his alone, perhaps, in warmth and unfailing geniality among all the men of our circle. It was Italian in its spontaneity, and yet it was English in its manly reserve, and I remember with much tenderness of feeling that never to the last (not even when sickness saddened him, or after an absence of a few days or even hours) did it fail him when meeting with those friends to whom to the last he was really attached. Leading the way into the studio, he introduced me to his brother, who was there upon one of the evening visits, which at intervals of a week he was at that time making, with unfailing regularity. I should have described Rossetti, at this time, as a man who looked quite ten years older than his actual age, which was fifty-two, of full middle height and inclining to corpulence, with a round face that ought, one thought, to be ruddy but was pale, large grey eyes with a steady introspecting look, surmounted by broad protrusive brows and a clearly-pencilled ridge over the nose, which was well cut and had large breathing nostrils. The mouth and chin were hidden beneath a heavy moustache and abundant beard, which grew up to the ears, and had been a mixed black-brown and auburn, and were now streaked with grey. The forehead was large, round, without protuberances, and very gently receding to where thin black curls, that had once been redundant, began to tumble down to the ears. The entire configuration of the head and face seemed to me singularly noble, and from the eyes upwards, full of beauty. He wore a pair of spectacles, and, in reading, a second pair over the first: but these took little from the sense of power conveyed by those steady eyes, and that "bar of Michael Angelo." His dress was not conspicuous, being however rather negligent than otherwise, and noticeable, if at all, only for a straight sack-coat buttoned at the throat, descending at least to the knees, and having large pockets cut into it perpendicularly at the sides. This garment

was, I afterwards found, one of the articles of various kinds made to the author's own design. When he spoke, even in exchanging the preliminary courtesies of an opening conversation, I thought his voice the richest I had ever known any one to possess. It was a full deep barytone, capable of easy modulation, and with undertones of infinite softness and sweetness, yet, as I afterwards found, with almost illimitable compass, and with every gradation of tone at command, for the recitation or reading of poetry. . . .

Dropping down on the sofa with his head laid low and his feet thrown up in a favourite attitude on the back, which must, I imagine, have been at least as easy as it was elegant, he began the conversation by bantering me upon what he called my "robustious" appearance compared with what he had been led to expect from gloomy reports of uncertain health. After a series of playful touches (all done in the easiest conceivable way, and conveying any impression on earth save the right one, that a first meeting with any man, however young and harmless, was little less than a tragic event to Rossetti) he glanced one by one at certain of the topics that had arisen in the course of our correspondence. I perceived that he was a ready, fluent, and graceful talker, with a remarkable incisiveness of speech, and a trick of dignifying ordinary topics in words which, without rising above conversation, were so exactly, though freely enunciated, as would have admitted of their being reported exactly as they fell from his lips. In some of these respects I found his brother William resemble him, though, if I may describe the talk of a dead friend by contrasting it with that of a living one bearing a natural affinity to it, I will say that Gabriel's conversation was perhaps more spontaneous, and had more variety of tone with less range of subject, together with the same precision and perspicuity.

T. Hall Caine.

122. CHARLES DARWIN

Born 1809 Died 1882

REMINISCENCES OF MY FATHER'S EVERYDAY LIFE

HE was about six feet in height, but scarcely looked so tall, as he stooped a good deal; in later days he yielded to the stoop;

but I can remember seeing him long ago swinging back his arms to open out his chest, and holding himself upright with a jerk. He gave one the idea that he had been active rather than strong; his shoulders were not broad for his height, though certainly not narrow. . . .

He walked with a swinging action, using a stick heavily shod with iron, which he struck loudly against the ground, producing as he went round the "Sandwalk" at Down, a rhythmical click which is with all of us a very distinct remembrance. As he returned from the mid-day walk, often carrying the water-proof or cloak which had proved too hot, one could see that the swinging step was kept up by something of an effort. Indoors his step was often slow and laboured, and as he went upstairs in the afternoon he might be heard mounting the stairs with a heavy footfall, as if each step were an effort. When interested in his work he moved about quickly and easily enough, and often in the midst of dictating he went eagerly into the hall to get a pinch of snuff, leaving the study door open, and calling out the last words of his sentence as he left the room.

In spite of his activity, he had, I think, no natural grace or neatness of movement. He was awkward with his hands, and was unable to draw at all well. This he always regretted, and he frequently urged the paramount necessity to a young naturalist of making himself a good draughtsman. . . .

His beard was full and almost untrimmed, the hair being grey and white, fine rather than coarse, and wavy or frizzled. His moustache was somewhat disfigured by being cut short and square across. He became very bald, having only a fringe of dark hair behind.

His face was ruddy in colour, and this perhaps made people think him less of an invalid than he was. He wrote to Sir Joseph Hooker (June 13, 1849), "Every one tells me that I look quite blooming and beautiful; and most think I am shamming, but you have never been one of those." And it must be remembered that at this time he was miserably ill, far worse than in later years. His eyes were bluish grey under deep overhanging brows, with thick, bushy, projecting eyebrows. His high forehead was deeply wrinkled, but otherwise his face

was not much marked or lined. His expression showed no signs of the continual discomfort he suffered.

When he was excited with pleasant talk his whole manner was wonderfully bright and animated, and his face shared to the full in the general animation. His laugh was a free and sounding peal, like that of a man who gives himself sympathetically and with enjoyment to the person and the thing which have amused him. He often used some sort of gesture with his laugh, lifting up his hands or bringing one down with a slap. I think, generally speaking, he was given to gesture, and often used his hands in explaining anything (*c.g.* the fertilisation of a flower) in a way that seemed rather an aid to himself than to the listener. He did this on occasions when most people would illustrate their explanations by means of a rough pencil sketch.

He wore dark clothes, of a loose and easy fit. Of late years he gave up the tall hat even in London, and wore a soft black one in winter, and a big straw hat in summer. . . . Two peculiarities of his indoor dress were that he almost always wore a shawl over his shoulders, and that he had great loose cloth boots lined with fur which he could slip on over his indoor shoes.

He rose early, and took a short turn before breakfast, a habit which began when he went for the first time to a water-cure establishment, and was preserved till almost the end of his life. I used, as a little boy, to like going out with him, and I have a vague sense of the red of the winter sunrise, and a recollection of the pleasant companionship, and a certain honour and glory in it. He used to delight me as a boy by telling me how, in still earlier walks, on dark winter mornings, he had once or twice met foxes trotting home at the dawning.

After breakfasting alone about 7.45, he went to work at once, considering the $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour between 8 and 9.30 one of his best working times. At 9.30 he came in to the drawing-room for his letters—rejoicing if the post was a light one and being sometimes much worried if it was not. He would then hear any family letters read aloud as he lay on the sofa.

The reading aloud, which also included part of a novel, lasted till about half-past ten, when he went back to work till twelve or a quarter past. By this time he considered his day's work

over, and would often say, in a satisfied voice, "*I've* done a good day's work." He then went out of doors whether it was wet or fine; . . .

My father's mid-day walk generally began by a call at the greenhouse, where he looked at any germinating seeds or experimental plants which required a casual examination, but he hardly ever did any serious observing at this time. Then he went on for his constitutional—either round the "Sandwalk," or outside his own grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of the house. . . .

Luncheon at Down came after his mid-day walk; and here I may say a word or two about his meals generally. He had a boy-like love of sweets, unluckily for himself, since he was constantly forbidden to take them. He was not particularly successful in keeping the "vows," as he called them, which he made against eating sweets, and never considered them binding unless he made them aloud.

He drank very little wine, but enjoyed and was revived by the little he did drink. He had a horror of drinking, and constantly warned his boys that any one might be led into drinking too much. I remember, in my innocence as a small boy, asking him if he had been ever tipsy; and he answered very gravely that he was ashamed to say he had once drunk too much at Cambridge. I was much impressed, so that I know now the place where the question was asked.

After his lunch he read the newspaper, lying on the sofa in the drawing-room. I think the paper was the only non-scientific matter which he read to himself. Everything else, novels, travels, history, was read aloud to him. He took so wide an interest in life, that there was much to occupy him in newspapers, though he laughed at the wordiness of the debates, reading them, I think, only in abstract. His interest in politics was considerable, but his opinion on these matters was formed rather by the way than with any serious amount of thought.

After he had read his paper, came his time for writing letters. These, as well as the MS. of his books, were written by him as he sat in a huge horse-hair chair by the fire, his paper supported on a board resting on the arms of the chair. When he had many or long letters to write, he would dictate them from

a rough copy; these rough copies were written on the backs of manuscript or of proof-sheets, and were almost illegible, sometimes even to himself. He made a rule of keeping all letters that he received; this was a habit which he learnt from his father, and which he said had been of great use to him.

Many letters were addressed to him by foolish, unscrupulous people, and all of these received replies. He used to say that if he did not answer them, he had it on his conscience afterwards, and no doubt it was in great measure the courtesy with which he answered every one which produced the widespread sense of his kindness of nature which was so evident on his death.

He was considerate to his correspondents in other and lesser things—for instance, when dictating a letter to a foreigner, he hardly ever failed to say to me, “You’d better try and write well, as it’s to a foreigner.” His letters were generally written on the assumption that they would be carelessly read; thus, when he was dictating, he was careful to tell me to make an important clause begin with an obvious paragraph, “to catch his eye,” as he often said. How much he thought of the trouble he gave others by asking questions, will be well enough shown by his letters.

He had a printed form to be used in replying to troublesome correspondents, but he hardly ever used it; I suppose he never found an occasion that seemed exactly suitable. I remember an occasion on which it might have been used with advantage. He received a letter from a stranger stating that the writer had undertaken to uphold Evolution at a debating society, and that being a busy young man, without time for reading, he wished to have a sketch of my father’s views. Even this wonderful young man got a civil answer, though I think he did not get much material for his speech. His rule was to thank the donors of books, but not of pamphlets. He sometimes expressed surprise that so few thanked him for his books which he gave away liberally; the letters that he did receive gave him much pleasure, because he habitually formed so humble an estimate of the value of all his works, that he was genuinely surprised at the interest which they excited.

In money and business matters he was remarkably careful and exact. He kept accounts with great care, classifying them,

and balancing at the end of the year like a merchant. I remember the quick way in which he would reach out for his account-book to enter each cheque paid, as though he were in a hurry to get it entered before he had forgotten it. His father must have allowed him to believe that he would be poorer than he really was, for some of the difficulty experienced over finding a house in the country must have arisen from the modest sum he felt prepared to give. Yet he knew, of course, that he would be in easy circumstances, for in his *Recollections* he mentions this as one of the reasons for his not having worked at medicine with so much zeal as he would have done if he had been obliged to gain his living.

He had a pet economy in paper, but it was rather a hobby than a real economy. All the blank sheets of letters received were kept in a portfolio to be used in making notes; it was his respect for paper that made him write so much on the backs of his old MS., and in this way, unfortunately, he destroyed large parts of the original MS. of his books. His feeling about paper extended to waste paper, and he objected, half in fun, to the habit of throwing a spill into the fire after it had been used for lighting a candle. . . .

When letters were finished, about three in the afternoon, he rested in his bedroom, lying on the sofa, smoking a cigarette, and listening to a novel or other book not scientific. He only smoked when resting, whereas snuff was a stimulant, and was taken during working hours. He took snuff for many years of his life, having learnt the habit at Edinburgh as a student. He had a nice silver snuff-box given him by Mrs. Wedgwood, of Maer, which he valued much—but he rarely carried it, because it tempted him to take too many pinches. In one of his early letters he speaks of having given up snuff for a month, and describes himself as feeling “most lethargic, stupid, and melancholy.” Our former neighbour and clergyman, Mr. Brodie Innes, tells me that at one time my father made a resolve not to take snuff, except away from home, “a most satisfactory arrangement for me,” he adds, “as I kept a box in my study, to which there was access from the garden without summoning servants, and I had more frequently, than might have been otherwise the case, the privilege of a few minutes’

conversation with my dear friend." He generally took snuff from a jar on the hall-table, because having to go this distance for a pinch was a slight check: the clink of the lid of the snuff-jar was a very familiar sound. Sometimes when he was in the drawing-room, it would occur to him that the study fire must be burning low, and when one of us offered to see after it, it would turn out that he also wished to get a pinch of snuff. . . .

He came down at four o'clock to dress for his walk, and he was so regular that one might be quite certain it was within a few minutes of four when his descending steps were heard.

From about half-past four to half-past five he worked; then he came to the drawing-room, and was idle till it was time (about six) to go up for another rest with novel-reading and a cigarette.

Latterly he gave up late dinner, and had a simple tea at half-past seven (while we had dinner), with an egg or a small piece of meat. After dinner he never stayed in the room, and used to apologise by saying he was an old woman who must be allowed to leave with the ladies. This was one of the many signs and results of his constant weakness and ill-health. Half an hour more or less conversation would make to him the difference of a sleepless night and of the loss perhaps of half the next day's work.

After dinner he played backgammon with my mother, two games being played every night. For many years a score of the games which each won was kept, and in this score he took the greatest interest. He became extremely animated over these games, bitterly lamenting his bad luck and exploding with exaggerated mock-anger at my mother's good fortune.

After playing backgammon he read some scientific book to himself, either in the drawing-room, or, if much talking was going on, in the study.

In the evening—that is, after he had read as much as his strength would allow, and before the reading aloud began—he would often lie on the sofa and listen to my mother playing the piano. He had not a good ear, yet in spite of this he had a true love of fine music. He used to lament that his enjoyment of music had become dulled with age, yet within my recollection his love of a good tune was strong. I never heard him hum

more than one tune, the Welsh song "Ar hyd y nos," which he went through correctly; he used also, I believe, to hum a little Otaheitan song. From his want of ear he was unable to recognise a tune when he heard it again, but he remained constant to what he liked, and would often say, when an old favourite was played, "That's a fine thing; what is it?" He liked especially parts of Beethoven's symphonies and bits of Handel. He was sensitive to differences in style, and enjoyed the late Mrs. Vernon Lushington's playing intensely, and in June 1881, when Hans Richter paid a visit at Down, he was roused to strong enthusiasm by his magnificent performance on the piano. . . .

He became much tired in the evenings, especially of late years, and left the drawing-room about ten, going to bed at half-past ten. His nights were generally bad, and he often lay awake or sat up in bed for hours, suffering much discomfort. He was troubled at night by the activity of his thoughts, and would become exhausted by his mind working at some problem which he would willingly have dismissed. At night, too, anything which had vexed or troubled him in the day would haunt him, and I think it was then that he suffered if he had not answered some troublesome correspondent.

Sir Francis Darwin.

123. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND FLEEMING JENKIN

It was as a student that I first knew Fleeming, as one of that modest number of young men who sat under his ministrations in a soul-chilling class-room at the top of the University buildings. His presence was against him as a professor: no one, least of all students, would have been moved to respect him at first sight: rather short in the stature, markedly plain, boyishly young in manner, cocking his head like a terrier with every mark of the most engaging vivacity and readiness to be pleased, full of words, full of paradox, a stranger could scarcely fail to look at him twice, a man thrown with him in a train could scarcely fail to be engaged by him in talk, but a student would never regard him as academical. Yet he had that fibre

in him that order always existed in his class-room. I do not remember that he ever addressed me in language; at the least sign of unrest his eye would fall on me and I was quelled. Such a feat is comparatively easy in a small class; but I have misbehaved in smaller classes and under eyes more Olympian than Fleeming Jenkin's. He was simply a man from whose reproof one shrank; in manner the least buckrammed of mankind, he had, in serious moments, an extreme dignity of goodness. So it was that he obtained a power over the most insubordinate of students, but a power of which I was myself unconscious. I was inclined to regard any professor as a joke, and Fleeming as a particularly good joke, perhaps the broadest in the vast pleasantries of my curriculum. I was not able to follow his lectures; I somehow dared not misconduct myself, as was my customary solace; and I refrained from attending. This brought me at the end of a session into a relation with my contemned professor that completely opened my eyes. During the year, bad student as I was, he had shown a certain leaning to my society; I had been to his house, he had asked me to take a humble part in his theatricals; I was a master in the art of extracting a certificate even at the cannon's mouth; and I was under no apprehension. But when I approached Fleeming I found myself in another world; he would have naught of me. "It is quite useless for *you* to come to me, Mr. Stevenson. There may be doubtful cases, there is no doubt about yours. You have simply *not* attended my class." The document was necessary to me for family considerations; and presently I stooped to such pleadings and rose to such adjurations as made my ears burn to remember. He was quite unmoved; he had no pity for me.—"You are no fool," said he, "and you chose your course." I showed him that he had misconceived his duty, that certificates were things of form, attendance a matter of taste. Two things, he replied, had been required for graduation; a certain competency proved in the final trials, and a certain period of genuine training proved by certificate; if he did as I desired, not less than if he gave me hints for examination, he was aiding me to steal a degree. "You see, Mr. Stevenson, these are the laws and I am here to apply them," said he. I could not say but that this view was tenable, though

it was new to me; I changed my attack: it was only for my father's eye that I required his signature, it need never go to the Senatus. I had already certificates enough to justify my year's attendance. "Bring them to me; I cannot take your word for that," said he. "Then I will consider." The next day I came charged with my certificates, a humble assortment. And when he had satisfied himself, "Remember," said he, "that I can promise nothing, but I will try to find a form of words." He did find one, and I am still ashamed when I think of his shame in giving me that paper. He made no reproach in speech, but his manner was the more eloquent; it told me plainly what a dirty business we were on; and I went from his presence, with my certificate indeed in my possession, but with no answerable sense of triumph. That was the bitter beginning of my love for Fleeming; I never thought lightly of him afterwards.

Once, and once only, after our friendship was truly founded, did we come to a considerable difference. It was, by the rules of poor humanity, my fault and his. I had been led to dabble in society journalism; and this coming to his ears, he felt it like a disgrace upon himself. So far he was exactly in the right; but he was scarce happily inspired when he broached the subject at his own table and before guests who were strangers to me. It was the sort of error he was always ready to repent, but always certain to repeat; and on this occasion he spoke so freely that I soon made an excuse and left the house, with the firm purpose of returning no more. About a month later I met him at dinner at a common friends. "Now," said he, on the stairs, "I engage you—like a lady to dance—for the end of the evening. You have no right to quarrel with me and not give me a chance." I have often said and thought that Fleeming had no tact; he belied the opinion then. I remember perfectly how, as soon as we could get together, he began his attack: "You may have grounds of quarrel with me; you have none against Mrs. Jenkin; and before I say another word, I want you to promise you will come to *her* house as usual." An interview thus begun could have but one ending: if the quarrel were the fault of both, the merit of reconciliation was entirely Fleeming's.

When our intimacy first began, coldly enough, accidentally enough on his part, he had still something of the Puritan, something of the inhuman narrowness of the good youth. It fell from him slowly, year by year, as he continued to ripen, and grow milder, and understand more generously the mingled characters of men. In the early days he once read me a bitter lecture; and I remember leaving his house in a fine spring afternoon, with the physical darkness of despair upon my eyesight. Long after he made me a formal retraction of the sermon and a formal apology for the pain he had inflicted; adding drolly, but truly, "You see, at that time I was so much younger than you!" And yet even in those days, there was much to learn from him; and above all his fine spirit of piety, bravely and trustfully accepting life, and his singular delight in the heroic.

R. L. Stevenson.

124. MRS. GLADSTONE

CATHERINE GLADSTONE was the elder daughter, and in her issue heir, of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, eighth baronet, of Hawarden, by Mary Neville, daughter of the second Lord Braybrooke, and was married in 1839 to William Ewart Gladstone. To describe Mrs. Gladstone is an extremely difficult task. One cannot compare her. She was not like any one else. Both in her powers and in her oddities she stood alone. No one whom I have ever known made a more vivid impression on my mind, and yet to convey that impression to another seems almost impossible. The attempt, however, must be made.

To begin with outward characteristics. She was tall and splendidly shaped, with a bearing which was queen-like in its stateliness and girl-like in its ease and elasticity. In this respect she never grew old, but was to the end as active and as graceful as when she became "the answering spirit-bride" of the foremost man of his generation. Never did she look more majestic than when, sitting by her husband's grave in Westminster

Abbey, she received the reverent homage of the Heir to the Throne, and the band of friends and disciples who had borne the body to its resting-place.

Her beauty was on the grand scale—a noble brow, shaded by magnificent dark and wavy hair, eyes full of light and expression, and a wide though well-formed mouth. She was, not only by blood and training, but by temperament and instinct, emphatically a great lady (I eschew the French equivalent, and “aristocratic” sounds pompous). Her walk and curtsy as she passed the Royal presence at the Drawing Room was long the admiration of those whose official duty obliged them to stand by the Throne or in the “general circle.” All her habits, manners, and ways of speech belonged to that old school, which in these matters was certainly the best school. The effectiveness of her appearance owed nothing to art or study. She was by nature careless and untidy, and it was only the unremitting attentions of zealous maids that made her even presentable. Yet effective her appearance certainly was—no one’s more so—and, when one thought what any other woman of her age, who bestowed so little care upon her dress, would have looked, one’s admiration was intensified.

She had a magnificent constitution, and the activity and joy in living which spring from that best endowment. No untoward circumstances could depress her spirits, and her sense of fun was like a perpetual fountain bubbling up in unexpected places. She saw the absurdities of situations, speech, character, and appearances, with peculiar keenness, and could scarcely keep her sense of amusement under control. She was peculiarly intolerant of bores and prozers, dealers in solemn commonplace, “sedentary weavers of long tales”; and her skill in extricating herself from their meshes without hurting their self-esteem amounted to genius. Like many geniuses, she was, in the petty concerns of life, careless and unmethodical; and this quality, playing round the social duties of a Premier’s wife, not seldom landed her in difficulties. But here again her mother-wit always came to her aid, and Mr. Gladstone once proudly said to me: “My wife has a marvellous faculty of getting into scrapes, but an even more marvellous faculty of getting out of them.” There was, however, one “scrape”

into which Mrs. Gladstone never got, and that was a betrayal of her husband's confidence. She told me that, at the outset of their married life, Mr. Gladstone, forecasting his probable career, gave her the choice of two alternatives—to know nothing, and be free from all responsibility: to know everything, and to be bound to secrecy. Who can doubt which alternative was chosen? Forty years later Mr. Gladstone said to me: "My wife has known every political secret I have ever had, and has never once betrayed my confidence."

G. W. E. Russell.

125. MATTHEW ARNOLD

Born 1822 Died 1888

MATTHEW ARNOLD was very different in outward aspect. The face, strong and rugged, the large mouth, the broad lined brow, and vigorous coal-black hair, bore no resemblance, except for that fugitive yet vigorous something which we call "family likeness," to either his father or mother—still less to the brother so near to him in age. But the Celtic trace is there, though derived, I have sometimes thought, rather from an Irish than a Cornish source. Dr. Arnold's mother, Martha Delafield, according to a genealogy I see no reason to doubt, was partly of Irish blood; one finds, at any rate, Fitzgeralds and Dillons among the names of her forebears. And I have seen in Ireland faces belonging to the "black Celt" type—faces full of power, and humour, and softness, visibly moulded out of the good common earth by the nimble spirit within, which have reminded me of my uncle. Nothing indeed at first sight could have been less romantic or dreamy than his outer aspect. "Ineffectualness" was not to be thought of in connection with him. He stood four-square—a courteous, competent man of affairs, an admirable inspector of schools, a delightful companion, a guest whom everybody wanted, and no one could bind for long; one of the sanest, most independent, most cheerful and loveable of mortals. Yet his poems show what was the real inner life and genius of the man; how rich

in that very "emotion," "love of beauty and charm," "rebellion against fact," "spirituality," "melancholy" which he himself catalogued as the cradle gifts of the Celt. Crossed indeed, always, with the Rugby "earnestness," with that in him which came to him from his father. . . .

Already at Oxford "Matt" had been something of an exquisite—or as Miss Brontë puts it, a trifle "foppish"; and in the (manuscript) "Fox How Magazine," to which all the nine contributed, and in which Matthew Arnold's boyish poems may still be read, there are many family jests levelled at Matt's high standard in dress and deportment.

But how soon the nascent dread lest their poet should be somehow separated from them by the "great world" passes away from mother and sisters—for ever! With every year of his life Matthew Arnold, beside making the sunshine of his own married home, became a more attached, a more devoted son and brother. . . . But, indeed, the time saved, day after day, for an invalid sister, by a run-after young man of twenty-seven, who might so easily have made one or other of the trifling or selfish excuses we are all so ready to make, was only a prophecy of those many "nameless unremembered acts" of simple kindness, which filled the background of Matthew Arnold's middle and later life, and were not revealed, many of them, even to his own people, till after his death—kindness to a pupil-teacher, an unsuccessful writer, a hard-worked school-master or schoolmistress, a budding poet, a school-boy. It was not possible to "spoil" Matthew Arnold. Meredith's "Comic Spirit" in him, his irrepressible humour, would alone have saved him from it. And as to his relation to "society," and the great ones in it, no one more frankly amused himself—within certain very definite limits—with the "cakes and ale" of life, and no one held more lightly to them. He never denied—none but the foolish ever do deny—the immense personal opportunities and advantages of an aristocratic class, wherever it exists. He was quite conscious—none but those without imagination can fail to be conscious—of the glamour of long descent and great affairs. But he laughed at the "Barbarians," the materialised or stupid holders of power and place, and their "fortified posts," *i.e.* the country houses, just as he laughed at

the Philistines and Mr. Bottles; when he preached a sermon in later life, it was on Menander's motto—"Choose Equality"; and he and Clough—the Republican—were not really far apart.

Mrs. Humphry Ward.

126. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Born 1801 Died 1890

WHEN I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. It was Cæsar, not the principle of the empire, which overthrew Pompey and the constitution. *Credo in Neumannum* was a common phrase at Oxford, and is still unconsciously the faith of nine-tenths of the English converts to Rome. . . . I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious;

to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to Providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. I was told that, though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose the vintages for the college cellar. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's "Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said, "it makes one burn to have been a soldier."

J. A. Froude.

127. CANON R. W. DIXON

Born 1833 Died 1900

I NEVER heard of Dixon until the year 1878, when my friend Gerard Hopkins told me of his poetry; and after a few letters had passed between us, I proposed in 1879, to visit him at the rectory at Hayton near Carlisle.

I have already commemorated my visit in a poem which begins, "Man hath with man on earth no holier bond." The sentiment there is from life, but the incidents and scene are fictitious. The facts were that, after staying with my friend

Mandell Creighton at Embleton, I proposed to explore the Roman Wall on foot from Newcastle to Carlisle, and conclude my holiday under the poet's roof. The summer of that year was wet in the North, and the persistent rain delaying my start made me relinquish the western end of my ramble, so it was by train that I arrived one afternoon, and first saw Dixon awaiting me on the platform of How Mill station. Emotion gravened the scene on my memory: a tallish, elderly figure, its litheness lost in a slight, scholarly stoop which gave to the shoulders an appearance of heaviness, wearing unimpeachable black cloth negligently, and a low-crowned clerical hat banded with twisted silk. His attitude and gait as he walked on the platform were those of a man who, through abstraction or indifference, is but half aware of his surroundings, and his attention to the train as he gazed along the carriages to discover me had that sort of awkwardness that comes from the body not expressing the intention of the mind. His face, I saw, was dark and solemn, and as he drew near I could see that the full lips gave it a tender expression, for the beard did not hide the mouth. Nothing further could be read, only the old mystery and melancholy of the earth, and that under the heavy black brows his eyes did their angelic service to the soul without distraction. His hearty welcome was in a voice that startled me with its sonority and depth; but in its convincing sincerity there was nothing expansive or avaricious. He then became so silent that I half suspected him of common tactics, and was slow to interpret his silence as mere courtesy, which it was; indeed, he would never speak unless he were assured that he was not preventing another, a habit which made a singularly untrue disguise of his eager, ingenuous temper. However, as we approached the village it was his call to talk, and he set me wondering by his anxiety that I should admire the church. It was a dreary, modern stone building with round headed windows and a wide slate roof; the shrunken degradation of a tower stuck on one end and the after-concession of a brick chancel at the other . . . I suppose he loved it as the home of his ministry, and perhaps from the link which it made with the Wesleyanism of his family. He would, too, have preferred the simplicity and spiritual ease of making the best of poor circumstances to

the labour of ineffectively exploiting luxurious opportunities. There is surely not one of our meanest churches that has not been sanctified by loving service, but few can have known such poetical idealization as Dixon lavished on Hayton.

He was then a widower, living with his two grown-up stepdaughters a simple life full of professional engagements. The domestic round closed early, and he and I would then repair to his study upstairs, and chat by the unseasonable but comforting fire until the small hours. Like his father he was a clerical smoker indoors, and, I think, valued the use of tobacco too much to count it a luxury. His pipe lay on his writing-table in careless brotherhood with his old quill pens. Of the many nights spent thus, I can recall little but the inexhaustible pleasure of our conversation, and the reluctance with which we dutifully separated for our beds. He had many poems to show, and I could read them with the excitement which the likelihood of discovering treasure always brings. His muse, too, was then new to me, and its strangeness drew our unencumbered discourse far afield. Those nights I remember better than the days, of which, however, some distinct pictures remain: one is of Dixon's favourite walk in a deep combe, where the trees grew thickly and a little stream flowed by the foundations of old Roman masonry; another is a game of lawn-tennis—it could have no other name, for only the implements of that game or their approximate substitutes were used. The scene after thirty years is undimmed; I am standing with Dixon and two ladies in the bright sunlight on a small plot of grass surrounded by high *laurustinus* bushes in full flower, and crossed by festoons of light netting. I am more spectator than player, lazily from time to time endeavouring to place a ball where Dixon might be likely to reach it, or mischievously screwing it in order to perplex him. He like a terrier after a rat, as if there were nothing else in the world, in such rapturous earnestness that I wonder we did not play oftener. He was not, even at school, much given to games, and only the tennis-racquet betrayed to me, what few of his most intimate friends knew, that he was left-handed. . . .

We were sitting together, I remember, one morning in my study in Bedford Square, when a visitor was admitted. He was

an old clergyman who, being in London for a few hours, had looked in upon me. We had intimate associations, and chatted together affectionately for the few minutes that he had to spare, Dixon saying nothing. As soon as he had left, Dixon looked at me concernedly and said with oracular emphasis, "That man is a saint." I responded merely "εὐνοκα," and we returned to what we had been engaged on before the interruption. . . .

At another time I had, with his approval, invited an historical theologian to meet him, to aid, it was hoped, in the resolution of some disputed point concerning the doctrinal motives of the Reformation. Observing that when they sat together over the wine they spoke only on common topics, I inquired of Dixon afterwards why he had neglected his opportunity. "I asked him one question," said Dixon, "and his answer showed that he did not understand the situation."

The characteristic of Dixon which was most outwardly apparent was his humility. With many it passed for shyness or gaucherie, whereas he was at his ease in any company, with sympathy and observation both actively engaged. This modesty was entirely natural, and so excessive as to reach the pitch where modest manners assume distinction and a position of veritable advantage. Thus he always took the lowest room, and involved his host in the trouble of bidding him come up higher, or in the shame of neglecting to do so. When I rallied him on this, saying that he must at heart be very proud, since true modesty would shrink from giving needless trouble, and from going out of the way to occupy a conspicuously wrong position, he would laugh at himself, but was evidently unaware that he was ever advantaged by his mode of conduct; while, on the other hand, of his being unpleasantly imposed upon he had experience enough and to spare. In place of enlivening my reminiscences with any personal anecdotes of this kind, I must be content to testify that no man could appreciate a comical or wrong situation with more enjoyment than he, nor tell a humorous story with drier salt. His life was lightened by his humour, the mirth of which was enhanced by his natural gravity, intellectual power, and habitual concentration.

Robert Bridges.

128. OSCAR WILDE AND W. E. HENLEY

MY first meeting with Oscar Wilde was an astonishment. I never before heard a man talking with perfect sentences, as if he had written them all over night with labour and yet all spontaneous. There was present that night at Henley's, by right of propinquity or of accident, a man full of the secret spite of dullness, who interrupted from time to time, and always to check or disorder thought; and I noticed with what mastery he was foiled and thrown. I noticed, too, that the impression of artificiality that I think all Wilde's listeners have recorded came from the perfect rounding of the sentences and from the deliberation that made it possible. That very impression helped him, as the effect of metre, or of the antithetical prose of the seventeenth century, which is itself a true metre, helped its writers, for he could pass without incongruity from some unforeseen, swift stroke of wit to elaborate reverie. I heard him say a few nights later: "Give me *The Winter's Tale*, 'Daffodils that come before the swallow dare,' but not *King Lear*. What is *King Lear* but poor life staggering in the fog?" and the slow, carefully modulated cadence sounded natural to my ears. That first night he praised Walter Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*: "It is my golden book; I never travel anywhere without it; but it is the very flower of decadence: the last trumpet should have sounded the moment it was written." "But," said the dull man, "would you not have given us time to read it?" "Oh no," was the retort, "there would have been plenty of time afterwards—in either world." I think he seemed to us, baffled as we were by youth, or by infirmity, a triumphant figure, and to some of us a figure from another age, an audacious Italian fifteenth-century figure. A few weeks before I had heard one of my father's friends, an official in a publishing firm that had employed both Wilde and Henley as editors, blaming Henley who was "no use except under control," and praising Wilde, "so indolent but such a genius"; and now the firm became the topic of our talk. "How often do you go to the office?" said Henley. "I used to go three times a week," said Wilde,

"for an hour a day, but I have since struck off one of the days." "My God," said Henley, "I went five times a week for five hours a day and when I wanted to strike off a day they had a special committee meeting." "Furthermore," was Wilde's answer, "I never answered their letters. I have known men come to London full of bright prospects and seen them complete wrecks in a few months through a habit of answering letters." He too knew how to keep our elders in their place, and his method was plainly the more successful, for Henley had been dismissed. "No, he is not an æsthete," Henley commented later, being somewhat embarrassed by Wilde's pre-Raphaelite entanglement; "one soon finds that he is a scholar and a gentleman." And when I dined with Wilde a few days afterwards he began at once, "I had to strain every nerve to equal that man at all"; and I was too loyal to speak my thought: "You and not he said all the brilliant things." He like the rest of us had felt the strain of an intensity that seemed to hold life at the point of drama. He had said on that first meeting, "The basis of literary friendship is mixing the poisoned bowl"; and for a few weeks Henley and he became close friends till, the astonishment of their meeting over, diversity of character and ambition pushed them apart, and, with half the cavern helping, Henley began mixing the poisoned bowl for Wilde. Yet Henley never wholly lost that first admiration, for after Wilde's downfall he said to me: "Why did he do it? I told my lads to attack him and yet we might have fought under his banner."

W. B. Yeats.

129. FREDERICK YORK POWELL

Born 1850 Died 1904

YORK POWELL was human nature itself. "Bother intellect," he would say. This was his value: he was human nature, with the gates of knowledge wide open. He knew all languages and literatures and all the schools of painting, and the whole region was traversed for him by one or two personal affections. For these last he lived; and this is the reason he so utterly despised his own learning and intellect, a feeling carried so far that at times he seemed to adore ignorance. . . .

He was an original man because, living in virtuous England, he loved sinners best of all; living in Oxford he regarded learning and "culture" not as ends in themselves but as means of self-expansion. He thought there were many things better than being a *savant*—for instance to be a good carpenter or a good fisherman or a good doctor. Where every one is ambitious, his only desire was happiness, that is, happiness as he defined it, and this is not always to be found in the alcove, but always in living and dying for others. But that sentence I must recall. There is nothing Powell would more have disapproved of than people living and dying for others. It would have seemed to him mere humbug, and quite impossible for a healthy person. In this I don't say he was right, but I am sure he would have so expressed himself. Yet this was his salient characteristic, that into affection for this and that person, sometimes old friends, sometimes friends of a few days,—into the channel of such affection he poured all his energies. When asked to do a good turn for a friend, alacrity would spring up into all his limbs, and he was off like a rocket. I remember seeing this and being impressed by it as something novel, never seen before in anybody else. I believe if at the moment of death he had been asked to do a man he liked some service, he would have managed somehow to live a little longer, that he might write the letter, or sign the necessary cheque, or do for friendship's sake the preface that made the fortune of your book.

I think Powell's humility was a little peculiar in this way, that he thought nothing about his own merits as compared with the merits of other people. But he was always thinking what good times he was having,—life and friends after his own heart, and every want satisfied. He did not think it a merit, but a lucky accident that he could open out his arms and take in great armfuls of happiness. He was almost ashamed of his faculty for enjoyment. Some people never go into life at all; and Powell was to them like a sailor fresh from many voyages, who has come to see his cousin the church sexton. Those people prefer the kingdom of dullness, where they make the best terms they can with fear and dullness: with neither of these would Powell live an hour, not even when he was dying, as

his letters show: he always defied death and fear. For that reason he always seemed to me a healthy man living among invalids, and his health was contagious. . . .

The most important part of his equipment for joyousness was his extraordinary power of instantaneous mental concentration. Most of us when thinking of one thing are always thinking of something else as well. Powell gave all his energies to one subject, and that was always the passing moment. The busy bee sunk in the heart of a flower is the true symbol of his intellect.

Living in the present with such immense gusto, he with a mere gesture, as it were, drove off all the bogeys, the bogey of death as well as the more urgent bogey of to-morrow; and the saints themselves could enjoy his company, because his happiness was all made up of affection and sympathy and friendship, while his noble intellect, freed from all the vileness of fear, played radiantly over the philosophy appropriate to those feelings. In his company fear fled as the devil shuns holy water: you did not need to cross yourself.

A strong will would have spoiled Powell. The wild garden, blooming with every flower of every season, all growing together, would have been changed into a builder's yard, or a Manchester factory with its slums.

Of all men I ever met he was the freest from vanity, which is a form of personal hopefulness,—hope, that is, of some personal success or glory or distinction. Powell had no form of personal hopefulness, because he was never interested in himself at all, either as regards the present or the future. Himself was a horse he never backed: but he loved praise, because he thought it meant liking. He leaned towards those who liked him, as a shy boy or girl would in a world of strangers look about for friendly faces.

J. B. Yeats.

130. PROFESSOR ALFRED NEWTON

Born 1829 Died 1907

My first encounter with the Professor, as we all called him at Magdalene, was at dinner at the Lodge. He was then over

seventy-five years of age, and had resided at the College for more than fifty years. I recognised him at once. He was older, bolder, whiter, and much lamer. He walked with two sticks and with great difficulty. He had been lame in one leg since infancy, and had latterly injured his sound leg by a fall out yachting. But his complexion was as clear and rosy as ever, and he looked like a man who enjoyed life heartily. I had written to him upon my election, and had received a courteous non-committal sort of reply. He greeted me drily but kindly. His fine old-fashioned courtesy impressed me. "I was taught manners," he once said to a friend, "but people nowadays don't seem to know what they mean!" He would not allow any one to help him, though he moved with great difficulty; and the way in which he plumped into a chair and crossed his legs, in a peculiar fashion, showed that standing caused him great uneasiness. His profound bow was delightful, and the deft way in which he gathered his sticks in his left hand, in order to have his right hand free to shake, was very characteristic. The hand itself was firm, strong, and cool, and the pointed fingers had a well-bred look. His manner was quick and decided, and his talk trenchant enough. He spared no loose statement, and his courtesy was not of the kind that sank differences of opinion. He combated any view with which he disagreed, and it was eminently necessary to be wary in talk with him; his manner to me was a mixture of friendliness and caution. . . . That first morning, the Master, with a good-natured desire to increase cordiality between myself and the Professor, unadvisedly suggested that I should go in with him to have a talk—unadvisedly, I say, because the Professor was a man of strict routine, and always employed the morning hours in answering letters, of which he received a large number, and which he always answered, with a blunt pen in a somewhat illegible hand, by return of post; accordingly I went in. The Professor said politely that he was proud to make my acquaintance, and added in a somewhat menacing tone that he was gratified to learn from my letter to him that I meant to reside in the College. He did not invite me to sit down, but a moment after held out his hand, saying, "I won't detain you—we shall meet in Hall to-night." I felt myself dismissed,

and hurried away. I confess that he inspired me with considerable awe.

In Hall that evening I met him. He appeared in a black bow-tie, a very high-cut waistcoat, a roomy dining coat, a thin silk gown, and a tall hat, with his two sticks. The dinner consisted of a clear soup, fish, roast beef, a goose, plum-pudding, cheese. In those days the hour was seven, and the carving was done on the table. I learned afterwards that the meal was invariably the same, though pheasants and chickens were substituted in due season for the goose. It was the Professor's idea of an appropriate English dinner. I gathered that if there was any alteration whatever in the *menu* he was profoundly vexed, and he had hit upon a plan by which it should be always the same. The *menu* was brought to one of the Fellows in residence, who occasionally made some alterations. But the Professor ordered that the *menu* should be brought to him last, when he struck out the alterations and substituted the original dishes. He did this even when he did not dine in Hall. Not only did he prefer a settled order himself, but he could not bear any deviation from it even when he was not present. It was not, with him, a question of courtesy, but of principle; and his resistance to innovation would always have been conducted with due outward deference. . . . If he approved of a thing, and ninety-nine other people approved of something else, he would still have desired that his own preferences should be carried out, in spite of their wishes, and even if he were not personally affected by the change. He could not bear even to think of us eating any other meal than that which he preferred. If he had known, for instance, that a leg of mutton had been substituted for roast beef at the Sunday dinner, even if he himself had been dining in his own house, he would have eaten a plate of roast beef in solitude, and thought in disgust and dudgeon that those in Hall were eating something different, even though it was their preference to do so. He had no sense of the rights of others in the matter. I have heard him say a dozen times, when some change of detail was being discussed, and it was represented to him, that every one else preferred it, "Then every one else are fools." . . .

When I began to reside in College, in 1905, I found that Newton

appeared little in public. He was really very infirm, though his alertness and cheerfulness, and the remarkable healthiness of his face and demeanour, gave the opposite impression. He had long given up lecturing, and paid a deputy, Mr. W. Bateson, of St. John's, the distinguished biologist, to discharge this duty for him. . . . He certainly did far more for his subject by his untiring industry than if he had contented himself with delivering the stipulated lectures and no more. Besides, he thought it his duty to encourage in every way the students of his subject. He invited them to his house, he answered any question referred to him with endless courtesy and patience, and held up a high ideal of strict investigation and laborious accumulation of facts. Neither did he amass money. He always lived like a poor man. The clothes he wore were the oldest I have ever seen: there was a suit he wore in summer which was like sacking, and a funny little round hat, green with age, adorned his head out of doors. He used to drive down to the Museum every day in a cab, and sometimes went a little farther into the country. As far as appearance went, he had the faculty of always looking like a gentleman; one would have supposed him to be a prosperous professional man, perhaps a lawyer. The routine of his day was absolutely fixed: he rose late and breakfasted about ten o'clock. I once had to see him on business, and went in, finding him at breakfast. I never saw such a meal for a sedentary man suffering from gout. He had a cold beefsteak pie, a captain's biscuit, and two cups of tea poured out, so that they might be of precisely the same strength. One of these he drank at the conclusion of the meal; one was reserved, to be sipped, cold, over his evening work. . . . His house was very characteristic. It was hideous beyond the nightmares of æsthetes. It was not even homely or comfortable. The hall was hung with a paper made to look like blocks of granite; the rooms were papered in a faded buff colour; the new bedroom was painted a strong purple. The furniture was either old and shabby, or new and pretentious. There were a few dusty pictures, mostly of birds, and I believe of considerable artistic merit, hung rather high; books everywhere, crammed into deal shelves; heaps of papers, pamphlets, packets of letters lumbering up the tables. The carpets worn, the curtains dim and drab. There was hardly

an object on which the eye could rest with a sense of pleasure or even of comfort. In his bedroom was a huge four-post bedstead, many books, bottles of medicine, ointment in saucers; nothing seemly or stately. The Professor was entirely unconscious of it all; he disliked ornament, and had just the things he wanted. The large parlour, with its flaring gas, and piercing electric lights in milky globes, was one of the most uncomfortable rooms I ever saw. . . .

An embarrassing scene occurred when one of the Fellows asked leave that his daughter's marriage might be celebrated in Chapel. The Professor exploded in wrath. . . . A College Chapel was not intended for such things as weddings; the young lady could have no association with the place; he regarded it as a most improper and entirely unaccountable proposal. On that occasion the rest of the governing body were rather indignant at the attitude of the Professor to what seemed a very reasonable request; the matter was put to the vote, and the Chapel placed at the disposal of the Fellow in question. At the following College meeting the Fellow said that he withdrew his request. His daughter had been so unfortunate as to break her leg while playing lawn-tennis, and was lying ill in the house where the accident had occurred. She was to be married quietly in the neighbouring village church as soon as she could get about. The Professor smiled, and said, with really incomparable humour, "*Solvitur non ambulando.*" And it was characteristic of him, too, to take immense pains over the selection of a wedding present for the bride herself, of whom he was personally very fond, on the same occasion.

Arthur C. Benson.

131. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Born 1837 Died 1909

THE world is familiar from portraits, and still better from caricatures, with his unique appearance. He was short, with sloping shoulders, from which rose a long and slender neck, surmounted by a very large head. The cranium seemed to be out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. His spine was rigid, and though he often bowed the heaviness of his head,

lasso papavera collo, he seemed never to bend his neck. Except in consequence of a certain physical weakness, which probably may, in more philosophical days, come to be accounted for and palliated—except when suffering from this external cause, he seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue mankind. He did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally when I have parted from him in the evening after saying “Good-night,” he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat like a grasshopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door. I am speaking, of course, of early days; it was thus about 1875 that I closely observed him.

He was more a hypertrophied intelligence than a man. His vast brain seemed to weigh down and give solidity to a frame otherwise as light as thistledown, a body almost as immaterial as that of a fairy. In the streets he had the movements of a somnambulist, and often I have seen him passing like a ghost across the traffic of Holborn, or threading the pressure of carts eastward of Gray’s Inn Road, without glancing to the left or the right, like something blown before a wind. At that time I held a humble post at the British Museum, from which I was freed at four o’clock, and Swinburne liked to arrange to meet me half-way between that monument and his own lodgings. One of Swinburne’s peculiarities was an extreme punctuality, and we seldom failed to meet on the deserted northern pavement of Great Coram Street. But although the meeting was of his own making, and the person to be met a friend seen every day, if I stood a couple of yards before him silent, he would endeavour to escape on one side and then on the other, giving a great shout of satisfaction when at length his eyes focused on my face. . . .

No physiologist who studied the corporeal condition of Swinburne could avoid observing the violent elevation of spirits to which he was constantly subject. The slightest emotional excitement, of anger, or pleasure, or admiration, sent him into a state which could scarcely be called anything but con-

vulsive. He was like that little geyser in Iceland which is always simmering, but which, if it is irritated by having pieces of turf thrown into it, instantly boils over and flings its menacing column at the sky. I was never able to persuade myself whether the extraordinary spasmodic action of the arms and legs which accompanied these paroxysms was the result of nature or habit. It was violent and it was long-continued, but I never saw that it produced fatigue. It gradually subsided into a graceful and smiling calm, sometimes even into somnolence, out of which, however, a provocative remark would instantly call up again the surprising spasm of the geyser. The poet's surviving sister, Miss Isabel Swinburne, tells me that this trick of stiffly drawing down his arms from the shoulders and giving a rapid vibratory movement to his hands was voluntary in childhood; she considers that it spoiled his shoulders and made them sloping. In later years I am sure it had become instinctive and unconscious. She describes to me also the extraordinary ecstasy which shook his body and lighted up his face when reading a book which delighted him or when speaking of any intellectual pleasure. Swinburne seemed to me to divide his hours between violent cerebral excitement and sheer immobility, mental and physical. He would sit for a long time together without stirring a limb, his eyes fixed in a sort of trance, and only his lips shifting and shivering a little, without a sound. . . .

The conversation of Swinburne, in the days of his youth and power, was very splendid in quality. No part of a great man disappears so completely as his table-talk, and of nothing is it more difficult afterwards to reconstruct an impression. Swinburne's conversation had, as was to be expected, some of the characteristics of his poetry. It was rapid, and yet not voluble; it was measured, ornate, and picturesque, and yet it was in a sense homely. It was much less stilted and involved than his prose writing. His extreme natural politeness was always apparent in his talk, unless, of course, some unfortunate *contretemps* should rouse a sudden ebullition, when he could be neither just nor kind. But, as a rule, his courtesy shone out of his blue-grey eyes and was lighted up by the halo of his cloud of orange hair as he waved it, gravely or waggishly, at the company.

Edmund Gosse.

132. GEORGE MEREDITH

Born 1828 Died 1909

FOR me the high box hedges, the damp gravel drive, the quiet house with its black speckless windows, all had *mana*. The next moment we were in a narrow passage-hall, hanging up our caps and coats, and through a thin door on the right I heard the resonant rumble of a voice. The great man was talking to his dog. He was sitting to one side of the fire, dressed in a soft, quilted jacket, with a rug upon his knees. On a little rickety table by his side stood two candles and one of those old-fashioned eye-screens which flirt out green wings at a touch; a pile of lemon-coloured volumes lay beside it. His face beneath a tousled thatch of grey hair, soft as the finest wood-ash, and combed down into a fringe upon a high round forehead, had a noble, ravaged handsomeness. The vanity and delicacy, as of a too æsthetic *petit maitre*, which marks Watts' portrait of him was not discernible; rather a note-worthy boldness. I guessed him to be one of those men who seem bigger seated than when on their legs. At this time he could not rise from his chair. That keen look in profile, as of an upward-pointing arrow, had gone. Old age had blurred his eyelids, and his eyes, once blue, were faded and full of "the empty untragic sadness of old age"; but that vitality which had inspired many a packed page still vibrated in his powerful voice, and told in the impetuosity of his greeting. His talk was full of flourishes and his enunciation grandiose, as though he loved the sound of his own words. This characteristic at first, I remember, somewhat disconcerted me. It struck me that he talked with a kind of swagger, and I was not prepared for that. Copy-book biographies always insist upon modesty as a sign of true greatness. I had certainly found out that humility was not the invariable accompaniment of power and insight, but I still clung to the idea that great men were always, as biographers say, "simple." Now "simple" Meredith was not, nor was he "natural," "unaffected"; in fact none of the adjectives of obituary respect would apply to him. He was almost stone-deaf, which accounted for the exaggerated loudness of his voice, and the continuity

of his discourse, which rolled elaborately along; but the eagerness with which he would now and again curve a hand round his ear and stoop forward to catch an interjection, showed that he was not a born monologist, and that he missed the give and take; though he was, I expect, one likely in any company to follow the sequence of his own thoughts. . . .

By this time I had come to feel rather the zest behind his elaborate phraseology than its artificiality, and to marvel at and enjoy his determination to strike a spark from every topic, astounding in a paralysed old man, and in one to whom physical decay must have been the most depressing of all humiliations. Scraps of his talk I still remember. Speaking of Gladstone, he said he was "a man of most marvellous aptitudes but no greatness of mind"; of Swinburne and his emotional mobility, that "he was a sea blown to a storm by a sigh"; of Dickens's face, when he laughed, that the surprise of it was like the change in a white-beam "when a gust of wind shivers it to silver"—this spoken with rapid gesticulation, which suggested the vehemence of his talk in youth.

Indeed, there was still such a fund of invincible vitality in him, that it was incongruous to hear him bemoaning himself as one already dead and better buried; "Nature cares not a pin for the individual; I am content to be shovelled into the ditch." I remember how in the midst of such discourse, solemn as the wind in the pines, with a humorous growl in it, for an undernote, he looked towards the black uncurtained window, past which a few large snowflakes came wavering down, and that the animation of sudden interest was like a child's. It was a momentary interruption, on he went: yes, the angel Azrael was standing behind him, and he hoped he would touch him on the shoulder. It was, however, a nurse who appeared and stood over him, with a graduated glass containing some dismal fluid in her hand; and we, who had forgotten we had been listening for two hours to an old invalid, took our leave. I looked from the door. He had sunk back in his chair; and with a wave of his hand he sketched an Oriental salaam. Had we tired him unconscionably we asked ourselves anxiously outside the door? As I was hoisting on my coat, I heard again that resonant rumble. He was talking to his dog.

I saw him several times after that, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with others. I thought I recognized the origin of that loud ostentatious enunciation which had startled me on my first visit; it was an echo, an imitation of the haw-haw drawl of the swell of the 'sixties. His small sitting-room when I first entered it was full of women's photographs; later one photograph reigned alone. He was a born amorist, and his most characteristic utterance that I remember, was à propos of the most intimate relation between man and woman; "It cannot be," he said, "too spiritual or too sensual for me."

Desmond MacCarthy.

133. INGRAM BYWATER

Born 1840 Died 1914

My old friend was no walker. Yet the picture which recollection chiefly invokes is of a spare figure, much swamped and muffled in great-coats and a soft hat, stepping delicately down the High Street of Oxford, and pausing to regard the windows of booksellers and antiquarians with a chill glance of recognition and dispraise. There was an unconscious *fastidium* in that walk, and in the aquiline cast of his old face in repose, which expressed the innocent arrogance of his mind. A natural aristocracy spoke in his bearing, to the exclusion of any mark of occupation. He was no more like a great scholar than anybody else; but he might have been an ambassador, or the head of a great banking house. He might have been a duke of the premier line. . . .

The subject of my portrait was a great scholar, as only those few can be who laboriously cultivate a rare natural gift. The penetralia of the ancient world are not to be reached save through the long and dusty corridors of modern learning; and only by a saving grace of genius will the student reach the farther end with senses unimpaired. Our scholar knew the history of classical learning as it is unlikely it will ever be known again, and read ancient literature with a taste and feeling undimmed by a cobweb. He told me once, he had read the

Choephoroe in the train that morning: "You know, it's monstrously good." The quotation does feeble justice to my vivid sense of his being as intimate with Aeschylus as he was with Browning, and as intimate with Politian as with either. He was so profoundly versed in the literature and the manners of many ages, that he would speak of Sir Thomas More, or of Burke, very much as he spoke of Swinburne; as if he had known them.

Few even of his friends, I imagine, suspected the prodigious range of his attainments. He did not suspect it himself. He had no vulgar avidity of information or conceit of versatility, and of many branches of modern scientific and mechanical knowledge was content to remain as ignorant as a gentleman need be. He acquired his knowledge with an easy deliberation, and kept it by mere tenacity and a sure instinct for selection. In conversation his native courtesy chose subjects with which he knew his interlocutor to be familiar; and the Renaissance scholar who knew that he lived on terms of close intimacy with Erasmus and the Scaligers might well remain in ignorance of his equal familiarity with Diogenes Laertius, or the Elizabethan dramatists, or the historians of the Peninsular War. Till he warmed to a subject his knowledge was always shy; he was not to be drawn; and it was felt that the attempt would be indecent. The loftiness of his own standard was more surely betrayed by the alarm he evinced at the rare discovery of a gap in his knowledge. At a meeting of a learned society over which he presided, a member, while reading a commentator's note, boggled at a word and applied to the president for its meaning. "*Sicilicus—sicilicus!*" There was a silence as he made his way to the dictionary. "*Sicilicus.* It means the forty-eighth part of an *as*, and, by metonymy, it means a comma." Then, replacing the book and turning to his audience, in accents of unfeigned dismay—"I didn't *know that!*" . . . Affectionate loyalty forbade a hint that Oxford was parochial; but there was a modest gratitude in the explanation, "I have a house in London." Certainly those who knew him only in the streets of Oxford, in the high gloomy room in Wolsey's Quad, or the very ordinary villa in the Parks, missed the cream of his urbanity. But I think fondly of the Oxford house. It was

there I first enjoyed his familiar conversation, and heard him quote the saying of Chandler—"a better Aristotelian than I shall ever be"—that "the first half-dozen chapters of any book of Aristotle are really very well done." It was there that on the eve of his leaving Oxford he invited me to call on him at five o'clock, "when I shall be still able to give you some tea." I have often smiled, as I smile now in fond amusement, at something engaging in that phrase. The amenities of tea were unruffled by any squalor of packing; and the object of the invitation was to load me with books. They were duplicates, he explained, and it was therefore in my power to do him a kindness.

But the house in Kensington was more amply expressive. . . . He was easily persuaded to do the honours of his collection. One book would suggest another, which would be taken down in its turn to prompt further comment and reminiscence. He did not disdain the collector's foibles; he liked to point out that this was a clean copy and that a tall copy; or even, with a smile that confessed a weakness—"It has the blank leaf at the end!" . . . Johnson has been reported as saying that "the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impression." I comfort myself, in the face of my poverty of recollection, with an impression, as rich as it is doubtless incommunicable, of my old friend's wit and wisdom, his courtesy and kindness. He was an admirable host; exacting only in the attention invited to his cellar and his cigars, and in the inordinate hours at which one was expected still to converse, or at least to listen. It was difficult to resist that glass of claret which wasn't a dinner claret but an after-dinner claret; and I have a shameful memory of being once caught in a yawn, and politely escorted to my candle, at about half-past one. When I dined with him last he had been very ill; his servant met me with an anxious face, and a request that I would not keep him up. He looked old and frail, and was unusually silent; but over the second glass of port—the doctors were building him up—he began to mend; and when the second cigar had been smoked the flame of discourse was burning with its old mild radiance. He would not speak of the war; I think he already knew he should not see its end. But the recent publication of a volume of Professor

Oman's *History* evoked his interest in the great days of the Peninsula; and I heard for the last time the old stories of San Sebastian and Salamanca.

R. W. Chapman.

154. SAMUEL BUTLER

Born 1835 Died 1902

IN stature he was a small man, but you hardly noticed that. His slightly-built frame was disguised in clothes of enviable bagginess and of a clumsy conventional cut, and he wore prodigiously roomy boots. But it was the hirsute, masculine vigour of his head which prevented you from thinking him a small man. Indeed, it was a surprise to me to hear afterwards that he had coxed at Cambridge the St. John's boat: I had remembered him, it seemed, as even rather a heavy man. His company manner was that of a kind old gentleman, prepared to be a little shocked by any disregard of the proprieties; the sort of old gentleman who is very mild in reproof, but whose quiet insistence that everybody should behave properly is most soothing to elderly ladies of limited means. He spoke softly and slowly, often with his head a little down, looking gravely over his spectacles and pouting his lips, and with a deliberate demureness so disarming that he was able to utter the most subversive sentiments without exciting more than a moment's astonishment. The next, his companion was completely reassured; "No, Mr. Butler could not have meant that. I wasn't quite quick enough. Mr. Butler is such an *original* man." Such was the impression he made on circumspect, humdrum people. It was comic to any one who knew what a bull in a china shop he really was. And though he was a great adept at poking gentle fun at people, he never snubbed them or scored off them. In fact, he had a strong abhorrence to anything of that kind. I think he enjoyed, a little, the irony which resides in perfect politeness, but politeness was not in the least a pose on his part. It sprang from his dislike of overbearingness. . . .

I have spoken of the extreme demureness of his manner in

company. It was apt to be interrupted in a rather startling manner. When he laughed the change in his expression was extraordinary. His laughter was mostly silent. The corners of his mouth went up in a wide semicircle beneath his beard, his eyes sparkled with mockery, and suddenly before you, instead of the face of a quaintly staid, elderly gentleman mindful of the P's and Q's, was the wild laughing face of an old faun, to whom the fear of giving himself away was obviously a sensation unknown.

Desmond MacCarthy.

135. JOHN McTAGGART ELLIS McTAGGART

Born 1866 Died 1925

McTAGGART was a highly peripatetic philosopher, and must have walked many miles in his lecture-room whilst conducting his pupils from Descartes to Hegel and from Pure-Being to the Absolute Idea. The smaller lecture-rooms at Trinity, now gay with green paint and brightened by the portraits of eminent Victorians which the fastidious taste of a later age has rejected from Hall, resembled in McTaggart's time the more neglected kind of family vault. Here he lectured to small but select classes, consuming at each lecture in successive sips a tumbler of cold water provided by the college. At intervals a representative of the College Office, known as a "marker," would appear for a moment silently and suddenly at the door, armed with a list, and, after looking severely round at the audience and the lecturer, would as suddenly and silently vanish. It was never known what he suspected, or whether his suspicions were confirmed or allayed. These gloomy and even sinister surroundings were enlivened by McTaggart's verbal wit and the happy oddity of his illustrations. Phœnixes, dragons, griffins, rocs, and unicorns, indeed most of the fauna of heraldry and mythology, formed the staple subjects of his examples, and were imagined in situations in which one would have been greatly surprised to meet them.

McTaggart was better as a formal lecturer than as the conductor of a conversation-class, and he was better in lecturing on

metaphysics than on the history of philosophy. In a conversation-class he was too apt to confute a questioner with a few pungent phrases and there leave the matter, instead of trying to draw him out and discover what, if anything, lay behind his question. Thus the conversation-classes were liable to dwindle into an uncomfortable silence after the first twenty minutes or so. Much the same criticism must be made on McTaggart's treatment of the great historical thinkers up to Hegel. Their fallacies and confusions were remorselessly exposed, as by an extremely able public prosecutor, and they left the witness-box with their reputations apparently ruined for ever. Yet the audience was left with the impression that they had hardly had a fair run for their money, and that, if they had been lucky enough to secure McTaggart as counsel for the defence, they might at worst have been dismissed with a caution. This impression was confirmed by the very different fate which befell Hegel when his turn came. In his case McTaggart lavished incredible patience and ingenuity to find a sensible meaning for the seemingly unintelligible and a plausible reconciliation for the seemingly inconsistent.

Though these were real defects, the undergraduates who attended McTaggart's lectures or wrote essays for him could not fail to be interested, instructed, and immensely impressed. Perhaps McTaggart never made a disciple, and certainly he never tried to. But on those undergraduates who worked with him he exercised the powerful formative influence of good example, the only kind of influence which can be exerted without impertinence and accepted without indignity. They learnt from a master of rigid reasoning and lucid writing how difficult it is to avoid, and how important it is to detect, logical fallacies and verbal ambiguities. They learnt how hard it is to *prove* or to *disprove* anything, by seeing that most of the arguments by which great philosophers have claimed to establish or refute propositions in fact do little more than slightly to raise or slightly to lower their probabilities. Insensibly their intellectual standards were exalted and refined, until slovenly thinking and loose rhetorical writing in themselves or in others began to evoke the same reaction of disgust as dirty finger nails or bad table-manners or a Cockney accent. It must be added

that the tendency to "score off" a questioner, which was liable to manifest itself in the publicity of a conversation-class, was completely in abeyance when McTaggart dealt individually with his pupils in the privacy of his own rooms. Under the latter conditions, not only they, but many strangers who had no claim on his time or attention except an interest in the problems of philosophy, found him sympathetic, helpful, and wonderfully patient.

McTaggart's character was original and very strongly marked. Perhaps his fundamental emotions were loyalty to his friends and devotion to certain societies of which he was a member. . . .

The popular conception of a philosopher as a child in practical affairs has never gained much support from the facts of real life; the examples of Mill, Hume, Locke, Leibniz, and Plato are enough to refute it, and to them McTaggart must certainly be added. He was an admirable man of business, cool, cautious, and methodical, both in his own affairs and in those of the societies of which he was a member. Any one who had to make a difficult decision, and needed advice, could hardly do better than to state his case to McTaggart and be guided by him. McTaggart combined a number of opinions which, though logically consistent with each other, are seldom held by the same person. In the case of most of his contemporaries at Cambridge a knowledge of a small number of their principles or prejudices enabled one to infer all the rest with a fair degree of certainty. This was far from being so with McTaggart, who unwittingly exemplified Bergsonian principles by performing actions and expressing opinions which were incalculable before the event but rationally explicable after it. He added greatly to the gaiety of College meetings; for he was always liable either to use arguments which every one accepted to support conclusions which no one had thought of, or to support conclusions that every one accepted by arguments which had occurred to no one else.

As an illustration of an unusual combination of opinions one may mention the fact that he was an atheist, a firm believer in immortality, and a strong supporter of the Church of England against popish and protestant dissent. Most of his views on church and state are explicable by the fact that he was in the

main an admirable example of that most admirable, but now unhappily rare thing, an Erastian Whig. His defence of church establishment was stated in his early years in a famous speech at the Union, which caused acute embarrassment to most of its supporters; and this remained his view up to the end. An established church is desirable for two reasons. In the first place, it makes for freedom of thought *within* the church, for the limits of permissible theological divergence are ultimately settled by lay lawyers on purely secular grounds. And, secondly, it makes for freedom *outside* the church, for the jealousy which dissenting Christians feel towards the Establishment prevents them from uniting with it to persecute non-Christian opinions. McTaggart supported this deductive conclusion by examples drawn from the United States and the Colonies. . . .

Another apparent paradox in McTaggart's opinions was that he was as strongly "liberal" in university politics as he was "conservative" in national politics. He was, *e.g.*, a strong feminist in the matter of the admission of women to full membership of the university. This paradox, however, depends largely on the usage of words. There is no essential connexion between liberalism and the view that men and women should be educated together, or between conservatism and the view that they should be educated separately. Nor is there any essential connection between liberalism and the view that the colleges should be subordinated to the university, or between conservatism and the view that the university should be subordinated to the colleges. Yet those who hold the first alternative on these two subjects are called "academic liberals," whilst those who hold the second are called "academic conservatives." There is thus no kind of inconsistency between academic liberalism and political conservatism, or between academic conservatism and political liberalism. If there were more men like McTaggart, who considered each question on its merits instead of dressing himself in a complete suit of ready-made opinions, such combinations would be much more frequent than they are, to the great benefit of both academic and national politics.

It remains to mention a few of McTaggart's more personal tastes and interests. He had a passion for ritual, which showed

itself in his love of wearing his scarlet doctor's gown and taking part in university and college ceremonies. His knowledge of the history of university offices and rituals, of the minute details of procedure, and of the true order of the academic hierarchy was extensive and accurate; he was punctilious in insisting that no mistakes should be made in such matters. Perhaps this caused him to look with a slightly more lenient eye on popish than on protestant dissent; though it did not make him any less firm against the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome, or prevent him from referring to his church as "the Roman schism."

He loved good living, and he set an example to other married fellows by the great part which he played in the social and corporate life of the College. He dined regularly in Hall; attended all College feasts; and was a faithful supporter of the old custom of drinking wine nightly in the Combination Room after dinner, a custom which has fallen into such decay in Trinity of late, that McTaggart sometimes found himself on a week-night in the lonely, if splendid, situation of Seraph Abdiel. Once a year he played at cards. The game, which was "Beggar-my-Neighbour," used to be played after the Christmas Feast with another distinguished fellow of the College. McTaggart would start the game with sixpence in his pocket, and would play until he had lost it or until it was time to gather up his winnings and go home to bed; a system of limited liability which was highly characteristic of him. It was his custom after a feast to write down any story about a past or present member of the University which he had heard and had thought good. These stories, recorded each on a separate slip of paper, with the name of the teller, the date and occasion of the telling, and sometimes a few notes of his own, were kept in four file-boxes labelled "College Stories." . . .

McTaggart was an omnivorous reader of novels, good and bad. His memory for their plots and characters was extraordinary; he could, without apparent effort, give to an inquirer a full and accurate account of stories which he had read once years before. He was also devoted to those diaries, collections of letters, biographies, and memoirs which make the chief personalities of eighteenth-century England such living figures

to ourselves. Few even of professional students of the eighteenth century can know their *Boswell*, their *Horace Walpole*, or their *Lord Hervey* better than McTaggart did. Certain Victorian poets had a great attraction for McTaggart; to judge from the frequency with which quotations from them occur in his works, his favourites were Browning and Swinburne. . . .

A biography, at best, is a series of photographs, taken from a limited number of positions, on a selectively sensitive plate, by a photographer whose presence affects the expression of the sitter in a characteristic way. There will certainly be omission and selection, and it is only too likely that there will be positive distortion. This sketch represents McTaggart as he appeared to one much younger than himself; whose relation to him was just that of pupil to teacher, and then, after a long interval and for too short a time, that of colleague. Those who knew him in his earlier years and in other relations would find much to add to this account, and perhaps something to alter in it. But no memoir of McTaggart which approximated to the truth could fail to convey the impression of a thinker of the very first rank, and of a rich, original, and lovable personality.

C. D. Broad.

136. THOMAS HARDY

Born 1840 Died 1928

HE was not large or countrified or robust. He was spare and straight in figure, hands white and soft and loose-skinned, face grey-white like delicate wax, lined with thin wrinkles, thoughtful and pathetic and profoundly sad, showing little of power or rage or physical courage; eyes bluish-grey, already whitening, head rather bald, but fringed with soft light hair, the eyebrows and moustache of the same colour and thin texture. / He sat quite silent at first, and took little notice of the conversation. Then he began to talk, always with simple and quite unconscious modesty, attempting no phrase or eloquence such as Meredith delighted in, but just stating his opinion or telling some reminiscence or story—always a little

shyly like a country cousin among quick-witted Londoners. Indeed, at a later meeting he told me that when among Londoners he at first felt overcome by their wit and knowledge, but afterwards he perceived they usually had only three ideas which they repeated.

Henry W. Nevinson.

137. A. E. HOUSMAN

Born 1859 Died 1936

HOUSMAN became a member of the Cambridge Philological Society in 1889, and he had read occasional papers to it since that year, finding, no doubt, its Proceedings and Transactions a convenient place in which to dispose some part of his large output. He had in consequence acquired friends in Cambridge and sometimes visited them. It was on one of these visits, in 1909 or 1910, that I was first introduced to him, but his appearance, though later study revealed the fine lines of face and skull, was at first sight unimpressive, and beyond a memory of a somewhat silent and impassive figure, I took little away from the dinner party at which we met except a disappointing answer to the question where he spent his vacations; he went, it seemed, not to Shropshire but to Paris. In 1911 he spent a week-end with Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who wrote in his diary, "He does not smoke, drinks little, and would, I think, be quite silent if he were allowed to be." Housman said the description was perfectly accurate (except that so far as he could remember there was little to drink), and certainly it tallies with my memory of my own first meeting with him. In February 1911, however, Housman, after his election to the Kennedy Professorship, was admitted to a Fellowship at Trinity College. Later in the year I was myself admitted to a Fellowship at the same College, and the way to closer acquaintance lay open.

The way lay open but it was not, for all that, a very easy one to pursue. Chance or choice might seat one by Housman at the High Table dinner, but Housman, as he once said, "had no small-talk," and if one had too much respect for him to serve up mere tittle-tattle, dinner was a somewhat exhausting

affair. One racked one's brain for some theme worth introducing, and found it lasting only for a few sentences of conversation. In fact such anxiety was unnecessary, for Housman, aware of his weakness, liked to be talked to, at any rate at meal-times, and endured with patience and even gratitude the converse of those from whom others fled. When one chanced to meet him on more intimate occasions, he could prove himself a spirited talker, but to the end of his life he remained, in ordinary society, a little difficult by reason of his silence. He was, moreover, a newcomer to Cambridge, and slow to overcome an initial mistrust of our intentions; and though the arrogance he sometimes showed in print was absent from his speech, he was yet sufficiently aware of his own eminence to resent what might seem a liberty taken with him by others, from shyness sometimes mistaking for a liberty what was not so meant, and, again from shyness, silencing the speaker with more asperity than he intended. Later on, when time had put our respect beyond question, one could be more venturesome, hazarding a quip with some confidence that it would be recognized and returned for what it was, not mistaken for an affront. But it was not a game one played very often, and some even of those who knew him well probably never played it at all.

For to know Housman well was not, at any rate at this time, to know him intimately. In earlier life no doubt it had been otherwise. *A Shropshire Lad* and some of the poems published after his death spoke of friendship in terms which evidently came from the heart; and, if more proof were needed, the dedication of his *Manilius* was unambiguous as to the warmth of the friendship between Housman and Jackson. But if in later years Housman still had intimate friends, they did not visit him in Cambridge, or at least they did not come our way, and we knew him as one of those who deliberately choose to restrict their friendships to the surface, neither giving nor asking for confidences. It was not that he was indifferent to other people. Deaths within the circle of his acquaintance moved him strongly even when they were not near the inner circle, and the barriers wherewith he surrounded himself may have been, in part, his defences against such shocks as these. The posthumous poems, however, seem to reveal a

more powerful motive, for it is plain that friendship had once meant to him a whole-hearted devotion which its objects were not always able to repay in kind.

His folly has not fellow
Beneath the blue of day
That gives to man or woman
His heart and soul away,

he wrote in *A Shropshire Lad*, and I imagine that it was disappointments of this sort which caused him, later in life, to draw such ties no tighter than was necessary for the pleasures of social intercourse. Those who pushed acquaintance far enough for it to be unembarrassed by alarm on their side and by suspicion on his could hardly fail to be aware of a generous warmth of heart however sedulously concealed, but I doubt if anybody in Cambridge pushed it further than that, and to push it even so far required both time and determination. To many of those who met him casually at High Tables or on University committees he remained, as to the outside world, a figure alarming, remote, mysterious.

To see Housman at his best, therefore, it was well to meet him in a small social circle, or at the fortnightly dinners of the Family, a dining club of a dozen members to which he belonged. He liked good cheer and good wine, of which he was a connoisseur, and, responding to their tonic, would draw upon surprising stores of knowledge in unexpected fields and show himself as vivacious as any member of the party. He would illuminate the conversation with flashes of wit, heralded by a slight arching of the wrist as it lay idle on knee or table, and, by a characteristic downward glance ("He was the only person I have known," said a member of his lecture class, "who so habitually and ominously looked down his nose"), would pour out from his accurate and retentive memory anecdote and reminiscence with a felicity and economy of language which made him an admirable raconteur; and would greet the contributions of others with bursts of silvery laughter which retained to the end of his life something boyish and infectious. Sometimes, too, in *tête-à-tête* conversation, if one chanced upon him in a favourable mood or was lucky in one's choice of theme, the barrier of reserve would be relaxed, and one would

be rewarded by discourse full of information, of apposite analogy or quotation, of judgments of men, books or events, incisive, personal and sometimes prejudiced, yet supported on challenge by arguments which were never hackneyed or commonplace.

Such occasions were, however, the exception. In general he was, as has been said, inclined to silence, and he was a lonely man. That his daily constitutional should have been solitary is not surprising, for it is known from the Leslie Stephen Lecture that it was on such occasions that his poetry came to him, and it is probable also that much of his work was done by pondering problems as he walked. And when, as often, one met him taking his usual exercise in the country some miles from Cambridge, he walked with a visibly abstracted air and often failed to notice one as he passed. But he was solitary too in College, seldom visiting and seldom visited, retiring after Hall to his book-crowded unlovely rooms in Whewell's Court to work or, perhaps more often, to read poetry or detective fiction. He would lunch or dine out, and it was possible to lure him to the theatre; but it was not easy, and unless provoked he went nowhere, and he entertained very little.

All this does not sound as though Housman led a very happy life, and those familiar with his poetry would not expect it to have been otherwise. The critic in whose eyes "high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation," the rebel forced "by man's bedevilment and God's" into unwilling conformity with standards which he condemned, was marked for a life of discontents, and they were reinforced by the antinomies of his mental outlook. That his desire for friendship had been overborne by fear of what friendship might hold in store, has already been suggested, and his desire for fame was similarly counterbalanced by fear of the honours which in most men would have gratified it. He was offered many, but accepted only an Honorary Fellowship at St. John's College, Oxford—not, I think, because, if one attain a sufficient eminence, it is, in the long run, more distinguished to remain plain Mr. Housman without honorific prefixes and suffixes, but because he mistrusted the judgment of his fellow-men. "You should

be welcome to praise me," he wrote in one of the prefaces, "if you did not praise one another"; they might have bestowed upon him this honour or that if they had not also bestowed them upon recipients whom he thought unworthy. Moreover, Housman's ambition to leave behind him a name which should endure was in conflict not only with his mistrust of human judgment and with the doubt, expressed in the last volume of his *Manilius*, whether there would be any long posterity for classical studies, but, more fundamentally, with his view of life as a "long fool's-errand to the grave" and with such beliefs as to the very nature of existence as make men "fasten their hands upon their hearts." If Housman's philosophy was sound, then the great ambition of his life was unattainable and its pursuit futile.

A. S. F. Gow.

NOTES

1. Sir John Hayward (1564?-1627) in his *Life of William the Second* (*Lives of The III Normans, Kings of England*, 1613) follows the early chronicles; e.g. in his translation of "fronte fenestrata" by "his forehead foure square like a window." See Sir James H. Ramsay's *The Foundations of England* (1898), Vol. II. p. 225.
2. From *The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond* translated by L. Cecil Janes, Chatto & Windus. Samson was Abbot of St Edmund's at Bury; he and Jocelin are familiar to many from Carlyle's *Past and Present*. "He [Jocelin] was, as we have hinted, a kind of born *Boswell*, though an infinitesimally small one; neither did he altogether want his Johnson even there and then."
3. From *A Treatise contayninge the lyfe and manner of death of that most holy prelat and constant martyr of christ, John Fisher Bishop of Rochester, and Cardinall of the holy church of Rome*. Harleian MS. 6382, printed by the Early English Text Society (1921).
4. Nicholas Harpsfield (1519-1575) was only 16 years old when More was executed. The sources from which he took his material are given in the margins of the edition of his *Life and Death of Sr Thomas Moore*, published by the Early English Text Society in 1932. William Roper, More's son-in-law, and Erasmus are authorities for the passages I have chosen. More's second wife, Alice Middleton, was a widow seven years older than More. She is described as neither beautiful nor well educated but an active and vigilant housewife. (*D.N.B.*)
5. From *The Scholemaster* (1570). Roger Ascham (1515-1568). Nicholas Metcalfe was chaplain to Fisher, and in 1515 was appointed Archdeacon of Rochester.
6. Sir John Perrot, commonly reputed (I rely on the *D.N.B.*) to be a son of Henry VIII, held several naval commands, and became Lord-Deputy of Ireland. His government is described as "efficient but indiscreet." He returned to England in disgrace, and died in the Tower. My extract is from *The History of That Most Eminent Statesman Sir John Perrott* (1728). Stauffer says the *Life* was written about 1600. There is a manuscript of the *Life*: MS. Bodleian Wood D. 35. Perrot is one of the characters in *Fragmenta Regalia*: see No. 10.
7. From Sir John Hayward's *The Life and Raigne of King Edward the Sixth. With the beginning of the Raigne of Queene Elizabeth* (1636). Hayward's *Edward the Sixth*, without "Queene Elizabeth," had been published in 1630. In the dedication of *The III Normans* (*supra*, No. 1) Hayward records an interesting conversation between himself and Prince Henry on the difficulty of writing

history because of the susceptibilities of the living. Hayward, who is an attractive writer, had got into trouble over an earlier book, *The Life and Raigne of King Henrie the III* (1599). His "Queene Elizabeth" is a portion of a larger work printed by the Camden Society in 1840.

8. From *The Life of . . . John Whitgift, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury* (1612). The author, Sir George Paule (1563 ?-1637), was for long in the service of Whitgift. He was also Registrar of the Court of High Commission. Whitgift became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1583.
9. From *Discoveries* (1640). Ben Jonson's famous lines to Shakespeare printed in the First Folio (1623), if less critical, are less personal than this passage. Professor C. H. Herford remarked (*Ben Jonson*, 1925) that Jonson's qualification of his praise of Shakespeare in the piece I quote and his statement to Drummond that Shakespeare "wanted arte" are developments of the verse tribute in the Folio, not contradictions of it. *Discoveries* were the jottings in a manuscript commonplace-book which Jonson had planned to publish in some form.
10. From *Fragmenta Regalia* (1641), by Sir R. Naunton (1563-1635). This small volume containing Naunton's recollections of some of the chief personages of Elizabeth's Court, was not published till six years after Naunton's death when the suppression of the Court of Star Chamber removed restrictions on the press. My extract is from the third edition (1653) reprinted by Arber. There is a description of Raleigh in Sir Arthur Wilson's *James the First* (1653) (see No. 12), but part of it is taken direct from Naunton.
11. From *The Court and Character of King James. Written and taken by Sir A. W. being an eye, and eare witnesse* (1650). Sir Anthony Weldon (died 1649 ?) was Clerk of the Kitchen to James I. Weldon separates the character from the rest of the book. First published in 1650, it may have been written a good many years before Weldon's death. A book—a kind of answer to it—*Aulicus Coquinaria*, was published later in the same year. My text is from the second edition, 1651. Arthur Wilson (see No. 12) describes the king: "His Stature was of the Middle Size; rather tall than low, well set and somewhat plump, of a ruddy Complexion, his hair of a light brown in his full perfection, had at last a Tincture of White. If he had any predominant Humor to Ballance his Choler, it was Sanguine, which made his Mirth Witty. His Beard was scattering on the Chin, and very thin; and though his Clothes were seldome fashioned to the Vulgar garb, yet in the whole man he was not uncomely."
12. From *The History of Great Britain, Being The Life and Reign of King James the First* (1653), by Arthur Wilson (1595-1652). Wilson, who wrote several plays, was a Gentleman-in-waiting

to Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex. The story of Fulke Greville and the beer has not been generally believed.

13. From the MS. of Clarendon's History. I have taken my passages from Clarendon from Professor Nichol Smith's *Characters of the Seventeenth Century* as he had access to the original manuscripts. This is his account of the sources: "Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England* is made up of two works composed with different purposes and at a distance of twenty years. The first, which may be called the 'Manuscript History,' belongs to 1646-8; the second, the 'Manuscript Life,' to 1668-1670. They were combined to form the *History* as we now read it in 1671, when new sections were added to give continuity and to complete the narrative. On Clarendon's death in 1674 the manuscript passed to his two sons, Henry Hyde, second Earl of Clarendon, and Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and under the supervision of the latter a transcript of the *History* was made for the printers. The work was published at Oxford in three handsome folio volumes in 1702, 1703 and 1704, and became the property of the University. The portions of the 'Manuscript Life' which Clarendon had not incorporated in the *History* as being too personal, were published by the University in 1759, under the title *The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon*, and were likewise printed from a transcript." See also Sir C. H. Firth on Clarendon's *History* in *The English Historical Review* (1904) and "Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon" in Firth's *Essays* (1938).
14. From Ben Jonson's conversations with Drummond (1585-1649), *Ben Jonson*, edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson, Vol. I. (1925). Jonson walked to Scotland and stayed with Drummond at Hawthornden in January 1619. Drummond made memoranda of Jonson's conversation. I have given a few of these, with Drummond's observations on his guest.
15. From "A Life of Nicholas Ferrar" by his brother, John Ferrar, *The Ferrar Papers*, edited by B. Blackstone (1938), Cambridge University Press. The last two paragraphs, beginning "Though he was far from . . . volatile," are from a Life of Ferrar by Dr. Jebb, in *Two Lives*, edited by J. E. B. Mayor (1855). "Doctor Jebb's Life is in substance and generally in expression" the work of Francis Turner (1638?-1700), Master of St. John's College, Cambridge (1670-1679), subsequently Bishop of Ely.
16. From Clarendon's MS. History. Sir Philip Warwick describes Strafford: "In his person he was of a tall stature, but stooped much in the neck. His countenance was cloudy whilst he moved, or sat thinking; but when he spake, either seriously or facetiously, he had a lightsom and a very pleasant ayre: and indeed whatever he then did, he performed very gracefully."
17. From *The Life of Bishop Bedell. By His Son*, edited by J. E. B. Mayor (1871). William Bedell became Bishop of Kilmore in

Ireland. The Life was also printed by the Camden Society in 1872, and in *Two Biographies of William Bedell* (1902).

18. From Clarendon's MS. History. The difference in tone between the last sentence and the rest of the character led to a suspicion that it had been interpolated. It was; but by Clarendon himself, as was shown when the MS. became available.
19. From Clarendon's MS. Life.
20. From Clarendon's MS. Life. Fuller and Sir P. Warwick both emphasize Laud's great infirmity—a quick temper. Fuller describes him: "He was low of stature, little in bulk, chearful in countenance, (wherein gravity and quickness were well compounded) of a sharp and piercing eye, clear judgement, and (abating the influence of age) firme memory. He wore his hair very close, and though in the beginning of his greatness many measured the length of mens strictness by the shortness of their hair, yet some will say, that since out of Antipathy to conform to his example his opposites have therein indulged more liberty to themselves."
21. From *Historical Discourses Upon Several Occasions* (1705), by Sir Edward Walker (1612-1677), Garter King-at-Arms. Clarendon, who disliked Arundel, wrote an unsympathetic character of him. For an estimate of Arundel see H. M. Hake, *The English Historic Portrait* (*Proceedings of the British Academy*, 1943).
22. From Clarendon's MS. Life.
23. *Memoires of the reigne of King Charles I . . .* (1701). Sir Philip Warwick (1609-1683) was the member for Radnor in the Long Parliament, and was returned for Westminster in 1661. He was secretary to Charles, 1647-8, and later to the Lord Treasurer. According to Burnet, Warwick was so honest that "during seven years management of the Treasury he made but an ordinary fortune out of it." His *Memoires*, written between 1676 and 1677, contain several excellent "characters."
24. Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667) was for a time chaplain to Richard Vaughan, second Earl of Carbery, of Golden Grove, Carmarthen-shire. It was Lord Vaughan's second wife Frances, daughter of Sir John Altham, whom Taylor eulogizes in the sermon from which I have given extracts. My text is from *Sermons Preached at Golden Grove* (1651).
25. From "The Fragment of Autobiography," by the first Earl of Shaftesbury (1621-1683). Henry Hastings was the second son of George, fourth Earl of Huntingdon. He lived near Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire. See W. D. Christie's *Memoirs of Shaftesbury* (1859) and his *Life of Shaftesbury* (1871).
26. From *The Life of the Most Reverend Father in God, James Usher, Late Lord Arch-Bishop of Armagh . . . by Richard Parr, D.D., his Lordship's Chaplain, at the time of his Death . . .* (1686). Richard Parr (1617-1691). Thomas Marshall (1621-1685) assisted Dr. Parr.

27. The first part of Clarendon's character of Cromwell is from the MS. History; the second, beginning "He was one of those men," is from the MS. Life. Sir P. Warwick describes Cromwell's appearance: "I came one morning into the House well clad, and perceived a Gentleman speaking (whom I knew not) very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth-sute, which seemed to have bin made by an ill country-taylor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band,* which was not much larger than his collar; his hatt was without a hatt-band: his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor."
28. Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle (1599-1660), was the wife of Lord Hay of Sawley, afterwards Earl of Carlisle. She was of considerable political importance, and was, besides, much praised by contemporary poets including Cartwright and Herrick. Davenant and Waller wrote verses to her on the death of her husband. She is the subject of a dialogue of doubtful propriety in Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea* (1648). See p. 348.
29. From *The Life of . . . Dr. H. Hammond. Written by John Fell, D.D., Dean of Christ-Church in Oxford* (1661). Dr. Fell (1625-1686) became Dean of Christ Church in 1660. Dr. Hammond held the living of Penshurst for a time, where he taught Sir William Temple. He was appointed a Canon of Christ Church in 1645. He was imprisoned by an order of Parliament, but was removed to the house of Sir Philip Warwick. Hammond was a theologian of great distinction. He appealed strongly to Keble, whose *Miscellaneous Poems* (1869) contain two poems referring to him.
30. From *The Life of that Reverend Divine, and Learned Historian Dr. Thomas Fuller* (1661). So far as I know, the author has not been identified.
31. From the *Memoirs of The Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town . . . Written by his Widow Lucy . . . Now first Published from the Original Manuscript by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson* (1806). Colonel Hutchinson was one of the regicides. He was saved by family influence at the Restoration, but was imprisoned 1663-1664.
32. From *The Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe. . . . Reprinted from the Original Manuscript* (1907). Sir R. Fanshawe was ambassador to Portugal and Spain among other employments. He was a poet of some distinction. See p. 348.
33. From *The Life of General Monck, Duke of Albemarle* (1671), by Thomas Gumble, D.D. Gumble (d. 1676) was Chaplain to Monck.
34. From *The Life & Death of Edmund Staunton, D.D. Published by Richard Mayo of Kingston, Minister of the Gospel* (1673). Dr. Staunton was elected President of Corpus in 1648. He was

- ejected in 1660, and took to preaching in conventicles. William Fulman ridiculed the *Life* in *A Short Appendix to the Life of Edmund Staunton* (1673). See p. 548.
35. From *The Early Lives of Milton*, edited by Helen Darbishire (1932), Constable. Miss Darbishire printed the *Life* of Milton, from which my extract is taken, for the first time from a manuscript in the Bodleian. She ascribed the *Life* to John Phillips, a nephew of Milton and the author of the *Satyr Against Hypocrites* (1655). The ascription has been questioned, but not convincingly.
36. From *The Life of . . . William Cavendish Duke . . . of Newcastle* (1667). Newcastle commanded in Yorkshire during part of the Civil War. Neither Clarendon nor Sir P. Warwick had much opinion of Newcastle as a General. Clarendon remarks that "the substantial part, and fatigue of a General, he did not in any degree understand (being utterly unacquainted with War) nor could submit to." Newcastle was a patron of poets and himself a writer of plays. He "chose Sir William Davenant, an eminent good Poet, and loyal Gentleman, to be Lieutenant Generall of his Ordnance" (Sir P. Warwick).
37. From "Some Account of the Life of Dr. Isaac Barrow" prefixed to *The Works of Isaac Barrow, Late Master of Trinity College in Cambridge* (1683-1689). The account is by A.[braham] H.[ill]. Barrow became professor of Greek at Cambridge in 1660: he then became first Lucasian professor of mathematics, but resigned in favour of his pupil, Isaac Newton, in 1669. He was made Master of Trinity in 1672. The verse is by Cowley. A. Hill (1635-1721), a Fellow of The Royal Society.
38. From Miss H. C. Foxcroft's *Supplement to Burnet's History of My Own Time* (1902). For the differences between the text of the MSS. printed by Miss Foxcroft and the *History* see Miss Foxcroft's introduction. Burnet, in the *History*, omitted details "often vivid and characteristic, in some cases through a respect for the delicacy of the persons concerned, in others as obviously from an excessive respect for the dignity of history." He also changed much of the phraseology, though he remained a clumsy writer to the end. I have used the *Supplement* in preference to the *History* when a "character" is available in the two versions except in the case of Shaftesbury, where I have given both.
39. The account of Hobbes is the fullest of Aubrey's *Lives*. The text is from *Brief Lives* (1898) edited by Andrew Clark. Aubrey (1626-1697) knew Hobbes well.
40. First printed in *The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr. Samuel Butler. . . . With Notes by R. Thyer* (1759). Although in the form of a Theophrastan character, this is obviously intended for the second Duke of Buckingham. Butler (1612-1680) acted as the Duke's secretary in 1673, when he was Chancellor of

Cambridge University. The character is believed to have been written earlier.

41. From the *Supplement* to Burnet's *History*.
 42. From Burnet's famous account of Rochester published soon after the poet's death: *Some Passages of the Life and Death of . . . John Earl of Rochester* (1680).
 43. From *A Breviate of The Life of Margaret, The Daughter of Francis Charlton of Apply in Shropshire, Esq; And Wife of Richard Baxter* (1681). This rare pamphlet was reprinted in 1826, and rather inaccurately by J. T. Wilkinson in 1928. Baxter married Margaret Charlton in September 1662, he being forty-seven and Margaret twenty-six.
 44. From Burnet's *History of his own Time*. Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715) became Bishop of Salisbury in 1689. The *History* was first published in 1723-1734.
 45. From *Memoirs of Thomas Earl of Ailesbury Written by Himself*. The Roxburghe Club (1890). The second Earl of Ailesbury (1655?-1741). Ailesbury remained an adherent of the Stuarts and died in Brussels.
 46. From *The Life of . . . Sir Dudley North . . . and Dr. John North* (1744), by Roger North (1653-1734). Dr. John North was a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. He was appointed Master of Trinity in 1677, a position for which he was little suited.
 47. From *The Life of . . . Francis North Baron Guilford* (1742). This character was reprinted by Coleridge in *The Friend*. Born of poor parents, Saunders appeared as counsel against Shaftesbury in 1681. He was made Lord Chief Justice in 1682.
 48. *Ibid.*
 - 49, 50. The first character of Shaftesbury is from the *Supplement* to Burnet's *History*: the second is from the *History*. See No. 38.
 - 51, 52, 53. Burnet's character of Charles II is from the *Supplement*. Halifax died in 1695. His marvellous analysis of the king's character was published in 1750, from a MS. in the possession of Halifax's granddaughter, Lady Burlington. Dryden's slight sketch is from the dedication of his *King Arthur* (1691) to Halifax.
- The Earls of Mulgrave and Ailesbury, Aurelian Cook and the Whig physician, James Wellwood, also wrote characters of the king.
54. From the *Supplement* to Burnet's *History*.
 55. Newton matriculated at Trinity in 1661, and was elected a Fellow in 1667. He was appointed Master of the Mint in 1699. Humphrey Newton was Isaac Newton's assistant and amanuensis for some years. The accounts of Newton at Trinity are from two letters written in January and February 1728 to John Conduit, appointed Master of the Mint in 1727. Conduit married Sir Isaac Newton's niece and collected materials for

a Life of Newton. The letters are printed in L. T. More's *Isaac Newton* (1934).

56. This character is the final portion of "A Continuation of Mr. Bunyan's life; beginning where he left off" added to the seventh edition (1692) of *Grace Abounding*, Bunyan's autobiography first published in 1666. The writer calls himself "a true friend, and long acquaintance of Mr. Bunyan's. Dr. John Brown in his *John Bunyan, His Life, Times and Work* surmises that he was George Cokayne who is mentioned in the church records at Bedford in 1657. In the later part of his life he was minister of the congregation in Red Cross Street, London. See p. 348.
57. From a letter of John Evelyn (1620-1706) to Wotton dated 30 March 1696. Text from *Memoirs Illustrative of . . . John Evelyn and a Selection of his Familiar Letters*. Second Edition (1819). Robert Boyle was the famous chemist and physicist. See p. 348.
58. From *A Collection of Several Pieces of Mr. John Locke, never before printed* (1720). Edward Pococke, the orientalist, was Professor of Hebrew at Oxford from 1648. John Locke (1632-1704), the philosopher, took his M.A. degree in 1658. He was for a time a lecturer at Christ Church. He left, but returned and lived at Oxford till he was expelled in 1684 for his alleged complicity in Shaftesbury's plot.
59. From Burnet's *History*. "This," as Professor Nichol Smith says, "is not one of Burnet's best characters." I include it because it illustrates Burnet's limitations, especially his lack of understanding of a man so subtle as Halifax.
60. Lady Giffard (1664-1722) was Temple's sister and the wife of Sir Thomas Giffard of Co. Meath. *The Life and Character of Sir William Temple, Bart.*, was published in 1728.
61. Congreve's character of Dryden is part of his dedication to the Duke of Newcastle of a collected edition of Dryden's plays published in 1717. In the verses addressed to Congreve prefixed to his comedy, *The Double Dealer* (1694), Dryden had written:

"Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,
Against your Judgment, your departed Friend!
Let not the insulting Foe my Fame pursue;
But shade those Laurels which descend to you:
And take for Tribute what these Lines express:
You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do less."

62. From Evelyn's *Diary*, Austin Dobson's edition (1906). Pepys' *Diary* was not published in any form until 1825, so that Evelyn's view of him was not affected by the intimate knowledge of his early life which we possess.
63. This character of Halifax is printed in Burnet's *History*, Vol. II (1734), p. 725, where it is ascribed to the "Marquiss of Halifax"

in a marginal note. Miss Foxcroft, in her *Life and Letters of Halifax* (1898), regards the authorship as an open question.

64. *A short Character of His Ex[cellency] T[homas] E[arl] of W[harton]* (1711). Wharton was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1708. Addison was his secretary. Swift hated Wharton as a Whig and because Wharton had refused him a chaplaincy. He was created Marquis in 1715.
65. From *Memoirs of Richard Cumberland. By Himself* (1806). Cumberland, who was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, was—among other things—a dramatist. His best known play is *The West-Indian*. Dr. Bentley was his maternal grandfather. Cumberland's account of the famous scholar and Master of Trinity shows him in a very different light from that in which Bentley was seen by most of the Fellows of the College in the notorious quarrel which disturbed Cambridge for many years.
66. From *The Life of Sir John Leake*. (Naval Records Society, 1920.) Admiral of the Fleet, Sir John Leake, held many commands, and for a time was M.P. for Rochester.
 Stephen Martin-Leake (1702-1775), the eldest son of Captain Stephen Martin, was an antiquary who became Garter King-at-Arms. He assumed the name of Leake on being adopted heir of Sir John Leake who was his uncle-in-law. His *Life of Sir John Leake* was published in an edition of 50 copies in 1750.
67. From *The Life of Captain Stephen Martin*. (Naval Records Society, 1895.) Captain Stephen Martin—the father of Stephen Martin-Leake—served in Sir John Leake's ship at La Hogue.
68. From *Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, to the Works of the English Poets* (1779-1781), generally known as *The Lives of the Poets*. Dr. Johnson's *Life of Savage* was first published in 1744.
69. From *The Life of Alexander Pope, Esq., Compiled from Original Manuscripts . . .* (1769). Dr. Johnson said that Ruffhead (1723-1769) "knew nothing of Pope and nothing of Poetry." Ruffhead's *Life* has never been held in much estimation, but it was supervised by the elderly Bishop Warburton (1698-1779), who was Pope's friend and literary executor.
70. From Vol. XI of Temple Scott's edition of Swift's Prose Works (1907).
71. From *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift. The Second Edition Corrected* (1752). First published in 1751. John, fifth Earl of Orrery (1707-1762) was a F.R.S., and a friend of Dr. Johnson and Pope, as well as of Swift.
72. From Chesterfield's *Characters of Eminent Personages of His Own Time* (1777). The first edition of this book is extremely rare. My text is from the second edition, published in the same year. Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773). The characters were also printed in his *Miscellaneous*

Works in Two Volumes (1777), where short parallel characters "by other respectable writers" were printed with them.

73. From *Some Materials Towards Memoirs of the Reign of King George II.* By John, Lord Hervey. Edited by Romney Sedgwick (1931), Eyre & Spottiswoode. Lord Hervey, Pope's "Lord Fanny," was born in 1696 and died in 1743. Mr. Sedgwick describes him as "a Boswell of the royal family." The substance of the *Memoirs*, he adds, as a "general picture of the Palace in its domestic and political aspects, is amply confirmed from other sources."

74. From *The Works of James Thomson* (1762). The author of the *Life*, prefixed to the *Works*, was Patrick Murdoch, D.D., F.R.S. (died 1774).

James Thomson was, of course, the author of *The Seasons*. I have transposed the account of Thomson's death. In the *Life* it comes before the description of Thomson.

75. From Hervey's *Memoirs*.

76. This passage occurs at the end of Dr. Johnson's "Life of Edmund Smith" in *The Lives of the Poets*. Gilbert Walmsley was a native of Lichfield and a barrister.

77. Text from *The Lives of the Poets*. Dr. Johnson had written part of the character: "Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature . . . but that is the best" for *The Poetical Calendar* (1763).

78. From *Memoirs from 1754 to 1758.* By James Earl Waldegrave, K.G. (1821). The second Earl Waldegrave (1715-1763) was a confidant of George II and Governor of the Prince of Wales (George III). He was Prime Minister for five days in June 1757.

79. Text from Chesterfield's *Miscellaneous Works* (1777). This character is not included in the first or second editions of Chesterfield's *Characters of Eminent Personages*. See No. 72.

80. From Waldegrave's *Memoirs*. Thomas Pelham Holles was Chancellor of Cambridge University and held various ministerial posts.

81. Text from Chesterfield's *Miscellaneous Works* (1777).

82. From *Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third*, re-edited by G. F. Russell Baker (1894). The Marquis of Granby, after being at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, served in Flanders in 1747. He commanded at many continental battles.

83. From a "Memoir of his Life," prefixed to *The Works of Tobias Smollett* (1797). Dr. John Moore (1729-1802) was a novelist. He had been Smollett's friend and doctor. My text is from J. P. Browne's edition of Smollett's *Works* (1872).

84. From *Thraliana, The Diary of Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale*, 1776-1809, edited by Katharine C. Balderston (1942).

85. T. Lowe (Canon of Windsor) on Boswell quoted in *Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft* (1816). Text from the edition edited by Elbridge Colby (1925).

86. From *Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third*.

87. From *The Autobiography* of the Rev. Alexander Carlyle (1722-1805). Carlyle was known as "Jupiter Carlyle" from his fine appearance. The autobiography was published in 1860. Dr. Robertson (1721-1793), the historian. Dr. Hugh Blair (1718-1800), Professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh.
88. Erasmus Darwin, the author of *The Loves of the Plants*, was described by more than one of his contemporaries. My extract is from *The Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck* (1858). This lady, who was born in 1778 and died in 1856, was somewhat eccentric herself. She became a Moravian in 1818.
- 89, 90. The characters of these Scottish judges are from Henry Cockburn's *Memorials of His Time* (1856). The *Memorials* were written between 1821 and 1830. My text is from H. A. Cockburn's edition (1909).
91. From *The Creevey Papers*, edited by Sir H. Maxwell, 1903. Thurlow became Lord Chancellor in 1778.
92. From *The Last Journals of Horace Walpole* (1910). Sir William Petty, first Marquis of Lansdowne and second Earl of Shelburne, was a very unpopular statesman. He became First Lord of the Treasury in 1782.
93. From Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography* (1850, enlarged in 1860).
94. From *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (1858).
95. From *Nollekens and his Times* (1829). Text from W. Whitten's edition (1920). J. T. Smith entered Nollekens' studio in 1778. He later became Keeper of the prints and drawings at the British Museum.
96. From *Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington* (1834), by Marguerite, Countess of Blessington (1789-1849).
97. From Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*. Fuseli (1741-1825), the painter and author, was a native of Zurich.
Bonnycastle (1750?-1821) was the author of some works on mathematics.
98. These three passages are from *The Greville Memoirs: A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV and King William IV*, Henry Reeve's second edition (1874). Charles C. F. Greville was Clerk to the Council; and his complete *Memoirs*, which run from 1818 to 1860, contain numerous characters of his contemporaries.
99. From *My Friends and Acquaintance* (1854). P. G. Patmore (1786-1855). Also wrote *Imitations of Celebrated Authors* (1826).
100. From "My First Acquaintance with Poets," *The Liberal* (1823); republished in *Literary Remains and Winterslow* (1850), from which volume I have taken my text.
101. From *The Life of John Stirling* (1851).
102. From a *Second Gallery of Literary Portraits* (1850). George Gillfillan (1813-1878) is best known for his editions of the poets, with their *Lives*, 1853-1860.
103. From *Autobiography* (1873) of John Stuart Mill (1806-1873).

104. From *The Greville Memoirs: A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1837 to 1852* (1885). The third Earl of Egremont was a patron of the arts. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex, 1819-1835.
105. From *Eöthen* (1844). Text from second edition. See p. 348.
106. From *The Greville Memoirs, 1837 to 1852*.
107. From *Kilvert's Diary*, edited by William Plomer (1938-1940), Cape.
108. From *Carlyle's Reminiscences*, first published by J. A. Froude in 1881. C. E. Norton published a correct edition in 1887. This was used for the "Everyman" reprint, from which I have taken my text. See p. 348.
109. From *Reminiscences of the English Lakes and the Lake Poets*. De Quincey (1785-1859) contributed his reminiscences to Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine*, much to the annoyance of Wordsworth. Mary Hutchinson, Mrs Wordsworth (1770-1859). Dorothy Wordsworth (1771-1855).
110. From *Biographical Sketches*. Harriet Martineau (1802-1876) wrote a series of obituary notices for the *Daily News* for some years from 1852. They were first collected and published in 1869. My text is from the fourth edition (1877).
111. From *Lord George Bentinck: A Political Biography* (1852), by B. Disraeli (1804-1881). Text from Charles Whibley's edition (1905).
112. From G. R. Gleig's novel *The Subaltern* (1826). Text from the revised edition (1872). Gleig, who wrote a *Life of Wellington*, was present at the incident he describes. See p. 348.
113. From *The Greville Memoirs, 1837 to 1852*.
114. From Dean Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men* (1888). Dr. Routh was President of Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1791 till his death at the age of 99. He was one of the few Heads of Houses at Oxford who were not antagonistic to the Oxford Movement.
John William Burgon (1813-1888) was a Fellow of Oriel and became Dean of Chichester in 1876.
115. From *Twelve Good Men*. Samuel Wilberforce, "Soapy Sam," was Bishop of Oxford and later Bishop of Winchester. He was by no means universally popular, especially in Oxford. "Went to hear the afternoon sermon at St. Mary's—the Bp. of Oxford. His pomposity increases rather than otherwise. My dislike of the preacher, the great heat, and Mrs Cotton's enormous fur cloak made the attendance anything but satisfactory to me." *Pages from the Diary of an Oxford Lady, 1843-1862* (1932).
- 116, 117, 118. From *My Confidences* (1896).
119. Text from Mabel E. Wotton's *Word Portraits of Famous Writers* (1887).
120. From Lord Bryce's *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (1903).

121. From T. Hall Caine's *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1882).
122. From "Reminiscences of My Father's Everyday Life." My text is from *Charles Darwin* (1892). This is an abridged version of *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* (1887). Francis Darwin made some small changes in the text of the "Reminiscences" in the later version.
123. From a "Memoir" before *Papers, Literary, Scientific, &c.* By the late *Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S., LL.D.* (1887). *Fleeming Jenkin* (1835-1885) was a distinguished engineer. *R. L. Stevenson* (1850-1894).
124. From *Portraits of the Seventies* (1916).
125. From *A Writer's Recollections* (1918). *Mrs. Humphry Ward* (1851-1920).
126. From "The Oxford Counter-Reformation" in *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (1883).
127. From *Three Friends* (1932 edition), by permission of the Clarendon Press. The Memoir was first published in *Dixon's Selected Poems* (1909).
128. From *The Trembling of the Veil* (1922), reprinted in *Autobiographies* (1926), Macmillan. *W. B. Yeats* (1865-1939).
129. From a contribution by *J. B. Yeats* to *Frederick York Powell: A Life* (1906), by *Oliver Elton*.
Oscar Wilde (1856-1900). *W. E. Henley* (1849-1903).
F. York Powell was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford (1894-1904). His personality was more outstanding than his contribution to history.
130. From *The Leaves of the Tree* (1911). This volume contains a series of characters of eminent Cambridge men, and of *Matthew Arnold*. *Newton* was a very distinguished ornithologist.
131. From *Portraits and Sketches* (1912), Heinemann.
132. From *Portraits* (1931), Putnam.
133. From *The Portrait of a Scholar* (1920).
134. The first part of this character is from *Mr. MacCarthy's Criticism* (1932), Putnam. The last, "I have spoken of the extreme demureness," is from his *Remnants* (1918).
135. From *Professor Broad's obituary notice of McTaggart* (*Proceedings of the British Academy*, 1927). The Societies to which *McTaggart* was devoted (p. 526) were Clifton, Trinity and England.
136. From *P.E.N. Books* (1941), George Allen & Unwin.
137. From *A. E. Housman: A Sketch* (1936), Cambridge University Press.

ADDENDA

- 28. Sir Tobie Matthew (1577-1655). Text from *A Collection of Letters made by Sr Tobie Mathews* (1660).
- 32. The *Memoirs* of her husband, by Lady Fanshawe (1625-1680) were first published in 1829-30.
- 34. My extract is part of an addition to *The Life* of Staunton.
- 56. My text is from Bunyan's *Works* (1737), corrected by the 1692 edition of *Grace Abounding*.
- 57. "he" in the second line refers to Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork.
- 105. Kinglake altered his text, mostly verbally, in successive editions.
- 108. Carlyle was probably mistaken in supposing that the "small, withered, puckered, winking lady" was the poet's wife.
- 112. G. R. Gleig (1796-1888) became Chaplain-General of the Forces.

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